

AUTOBIOGRAPHY
AND
MISCELLANEA
BY
JOHN C. WIGHT

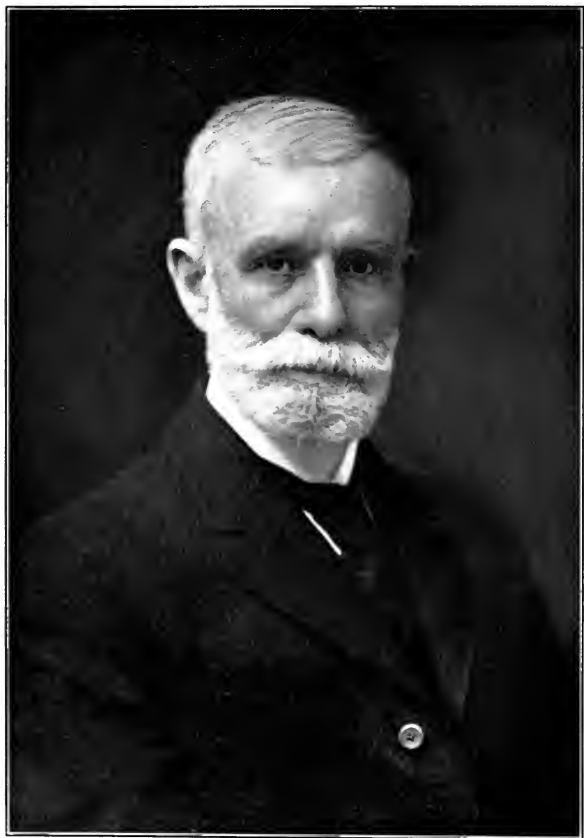
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Navy Experience

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John B. Wright-

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

AND

MISCELLANEA

BY

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PREFATORY NOTE

THESE FRAGMENTS, GATHERED DURING THE BUSY LIFE OF A TEACHER, ARE PUBLISHED CHIEFLY IN THE HOPE THAT THEY WILL BE OF INTEREST TO FRIENDS, FORMER ASSOCIATE TEACHERS AND PUPILS. THE BOOK IS, WITH SINCERE AFFECTION, DEDICATED TO MY WIFE.

JOHN G. WIGHT.

Clinton, Oneida Co., N. Y.



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AUTOBIOGRAPHY

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE AND EDUCATION.

THE earliest remembered incident of my life is of being on horse-back, sitting in front of my father, on our way through a narrow wooded glen. Our mission at the time was to carry salt to the stock—principally young cattle—which were summering in a back pasture. The picture, still graphic after more than sixty years, is only a glimpse of the horse and its two riders as they halted for a moment beneath the sheltering branches of hemlock and spruce. The little white salt-bag, which indicated our business, is particularly distinct in memory. Of what had preceded, as well as of what followed, this brief resting spell, I have not the faintest recollection; nor can I imagine why this particular mental snap-shot, taken during a morning ride, should have left so indelible an impress. Why, it might with reason be asked, should I not rather have retained (what I must have witnessed) the spectacle of salt-hungry animals as they gathered in rough-and-tumble impatience at the usual salting place? This incident must have occurred as early as my third or fourth year.

Inasmuch as my father died shortly after my fifth birthday, my recollections of him are neither many nor very clear. Strange to say, the few I do retain are chiefly associated with riding and driving. One such recollection is of an early morning drive, in the course of which my father purchased a string of beautiful trout, for which he paid a silver half-dollar. The scene is now, after so many years, as if it were of yesterday. Below us was the river, with its frothy eddy, where lurked the speckled beauties. In the middle of the stream the water was turbulent and foamed about what was called the “ford-ing rock.” This rock was so named because it was possible to know from its appearance at any time whether the river

was low enough to make fording safe at a place farther down the stream. Another instance I recall was of driving with my father when he was going to one of his farms six miles distant, but on which occasion he decided to leave me on the way at an uncle's, to play with two girl cousins until his return. This visit is memorable for the thorough wetting I got by falling into a brook near which we were frolicking. The sequel of this mishap was my being put to bed while my clothes were drying.

My father's funeral is distinctly remembered. The funeral service was conducted in the old unpainted meeting-house, which stood on the other side of the Androscoggin directly opposite our home. The scene, however, made but little impression on my unreasoning years. It is to me a cause of thankfulness that even a few glimpses of my father are among the treasures of memory. I sometimes try to imagine what his influence upon me would have been, had he not been so early cut off.

Space must here be given for a few words about the old meeting-house. At the time referred to it was the only house for public worship in primitive Gilead, one of the Westernmost towns of Oxford County, in Maine. As was then the case with most rural sections of New England, the Gilead homesteads were more populous sixty years ago than they are to-day; and it was the rule for all, so far as age and domestic duties permitted, to attend church. As there was no bridge over the river, those living on our side, that is, the north side, were accustomed, on Sunday mornings, to congregate at the river on our farm, and, after making their horses secure in the little grove that skirted the river-bank, to cross in a large flat-bottomed boat, which was navigated by means of oars and poles. The gatherings at church, at a time, it must be remembered, when the Androscoggin Valley had no railroad and but little communication with the outside world, had not only religious but social attractions, especially in the summer time, when at the noon intermission the people gathered at a nearby spring to eat their gingerbread and indulge in neighborly gossip. The congregations were large in those days and were reverently attentive to the simple discourse

of the preacher. The choir, hardly second in importance to the minister (who was either a Methodist or a Congregationalist), was very large and had for accompaniment violins and a bass viol. The last mentioned instrument to my eyes looked abnormally big and was almost terror-inspiring for its thunderous tone. Sometimes at the services there were amusing happenings. On one occasion, after the choir had finished the usual voluntary anthem, the preacher, a stranger, turned to the chorister and requested that they "sing another verse." At another time, according to tradition, at the close of the service a local exhorter, who was by no means a favorite in the community, rose in the congregation and said: "If there is no objection, I will occupy this pulpit next Sunday." After due waiting, as naturally there was no expressed objection, he proceeded to say: "Silence gives consent; you may expect me to preach."

Gilead is not without its interesting traditions, relating both to the sad and the mirthful sides of life. The Millerite, or second adventist, delusion, of about 1840, is said to have been taken with greater seriousness by the Gileadites than generally by other communities. The most enthusiastic converts to the teaching of Miller (who, it is well known, had set the very day of the "second coming") gave away their stock, carriages, farming implements, and even their clothing, under the belief that after the fateful day there would be no use for them. The ludicrousness of the situation appeared when, as at the expiration of the appointed time no cataclysm took place, these deluded ones were in the humiliating position of begging for the return of what in their folly they had given away. Apropos of the Millerite hallucination an interesting *bon mot* of Emerson is related. He was one day met by a disciple of Miller who said to him: "Mr. Emerson, don't you know that the world will come to an end next Thursday?" To which Emerson replied: "Oh, well, I guess I can get along without it." Socrates never said anything happier. Gilead, too, had its murder horror, known as the "Wild River Tragedy." This occurred at the time of the building of the railroad, when a new and turbulent population came like a flood into the humdrum town, producing a

state of disquiet among the staid natives. It was a double murder,—in brief, the act of a jealous blacksmith, who shot his handsome wife and then himself. The deed, so unheard of in the town, was shocking in the extreme. The day of the funeral, when both victims were placed in a single grave, is still recalled for the breathless awe that hung like a pall over the inhabitants. Nor is Gilead without its traditions of odd sayings of queer people of the place. One such shall suffice. A half-witted fellow of our neighborhood, one night observing the clouds furiously blown across the face of the full moon, giving an apparent rapid motion to that luminary, ejaculated: “Gosh, I’ve seen a good many moons in my day, but I never see one go like that before.”

I am not a little proud of the natural attractions of Gilead, as being the place where I was born on the 2nd of March, 1842. The landscape of the town comprises, mainly, a nearly straight valley, extending east and west. Through the midst of this valley flows a river of moderate size, which embraces in its arms occasional islands of exquisite beauty. The valley is guarded on either side by a considerable mountain wall, partly bare and ledgy and partly wooded, and having sufficient variety of height and form to escape monotony and give pleasure to the sight. The intervalles that skirt the river-banks have in right measure a sprinkling of graceful elms and other comely trees, just enough, indeed, to complete the scene. Back of the meadows, and reaching up the sides of the mountains, are attractive pasture foot-hills, groves and grazing land combined in fascinating harmony. Add to this a distant view of Madison and Adams, the north-eastern peaks of the White Mountains, and the picture becomes one of unusual beauty.

The particular homestead of my nativity is a farm extending nearly half a mile along the river and reaching mountainward almost indefinitely. It was the most westerly of four contiguous farms owned by four brothers. The buildings occupied an elevated site fifty feet above the intervalle, and had as their immediate background a mountain called “Tumble-Down-Dick,” that in places attains a height of 2,000 feet. In one part this mountain has the appearance of an almost vertical wall. The mountain received its name from a disas-

trous fall had there by one Dick Peabody. Another part, called "Seavey Mountain," is marked by the effects of a nearly perpendicular slide, which left piled at the mountain's base a vast heap of fragments of rock varying in size and irregular in shape. Chance had so placed these massive stones as to form a large cave, which bears the name of "Devil's Den." This cave was generally shunned by the children, though they dared to climb to the plateau above it, where an extensive view of the valley is obtained. It is recalled as a charming incident of my childhood, that one summer day the schoolmistress, a woman of unusual intelligence and imagination, took us on an excursion to this picturesque outlook, where we sang familiar school songs, among them "Ye banks and braes of Bonny Doon."

The schoolhouse, situated about seventy rods below the aforesaid cave, was on my father's property. It was a small unpainted structure, rude without and within. Its desks, made of long pine planks, were fantastically disfigured with knife-carvings. The building vanished long ago, leaving only traces of its simple foundation—uncut stones now in druidical ruin. A brook, convenient for damming and adaptable for the installing of little water-wheels, flowed past the door, half encircling the school grounds. Midway between the schoolhouse and the brook was a large boulder, whose flat top was a favorite resort of the pupils. I remember that I once thoughtlessly left my Colburn's arithmetic over night on this stone, to be found in the morning drenched with rain and nearly ruined. The mishap was not told my mother at the time, but the condition of the book necessarily became known when brought home at the end of the term. The explanation I gave of its pitiful coverless condition was, that the teacher had used it to rap on the window to call in the pupils at recess. This was, in fact, a half-truth—one of those subterfuges that ingenious youths find it convenient to resort to sometimes when in a tight place. Such luncheons as were brought to that school in winter! The sight of them, as they still appear in memory, makes my mouth water. The contents of a certain tin pail two of my cousins used to bring were, in particular, something most appetizing. In this pail were apples

of Oregonian size and color, and of a flavor such as was never dreamed of by dwellers on the Pacific coast. Then, there were tempting doughnuts, large and savory, and intermingled with them generous pieces of cheese of ambrosial quality; and apple and mince pie of surpassing excellence, "such as mother used to make." This particular school luncheon, which, by the way, was not exceptional, came from a home noted for housewifely neatness, where, according to report, even the dog was taught to wipe his feet before entering the door.

My mother, during nine years of widowhood, had the responsibility of bringing up a family of nine children, five boys and four girls. Their ages, at the time of her bereavement, ranged from two to eighteen years. I was seventh in the list. It was a trust calling for wisdom and fortitude, qualities she possessed in good degree, and which were happily supplemented by unfailing patience. She submitted to her difficult condition uncomplainingly, as to something providential.

As can well be imagined, the Gilead homes were but meagerly supplied with books. They contained but few beyond what were required for use in school. As I remember, our home had in the way of a library almost nothing except the Bible. I recall the scandal that was caused by the report that in one family the daughters were reading a *novel*, "yellow-covered."

In my fourteenth year, accompanying my mother, who had contracted a second marriage, I was taken to a new home in Gorham, N. H., at what was called the upper village, a mile above the village proper. This place is on the Androscoggin, twelve miles farther up than Gilead. Unlike its direct course in Gilead, the Androscoggin, as it passes through Gorham, bends in a sharp and graceful curve. Gorham, in appearance, is mountain-walled on every side. I recall the appropriateness of a sermon once preached by a summer visitor. The complete shut-in-ness of the place was happily suggested by his choice of a text—"As the mountains are round about Jerusalem." As we are now immediately in the White Mountains, it seems proper to give a brief description of the Presidential Range.

There is an ever increasing fascination in this unique group

of mountain peaks, the crown of the Appalachian system, in its happy setting among almost countless minor elevations. The visitor naturally feels an inclination to give expression to the emotions awakened by what is here seen and admired. But so faithfully and felicitously has the grandeur of this region been depicted by Starr King, even to the minutest details of valleys, rivers, and less pretentious surrounding heights, that his "White Hills" comes nigh being exclusive of further attempts at description. From a literary point of view, it would be as vain to attempt to write another "White Hills" as to try to improve upon Irving's *Westminster Abbey*. Since King's day there has developed a new interest in these New Hampshire mountains, an enthusiasm quite unknown in his time. I refer to the practice of "crossing the range," and to the more general climbing of mountains in the vicinity. To-day it is not, as formerly, enough merely to ascend Mount Washington. The almost endless variety of views obtainable from the surrounding peaks must be added to make the enjoyment of mountain scenery complete. To Starr King, however, does belong the credit of having taken the initiative in traversing the Presidential peaks other than Washington. He claims to have been the first to sleep on Mount Adams, near its summit. He and his guide lay side by side on the bare stones wrapped in blankets. Now, not far from their night encampment, a comfortable stone hut is at the tourist's service.

The manner of naming mountains is an interesting study. While it is the general custom in other countries to allow wide diversity in respect to such names, in the United States mountains are usually called after distinguished Americans. It was but natural that our earliest national executives should be chosen for this, perhaps our greatest possible distinction in the bestowing of mountain nomenclature. Consistency in the order of naming the four Presidential peaks has been disregarded by placing Jefferson between Washington and Adams. It is believed that originally Adams had the second place, and that the interchange of names subsequently made may have been out of deference to the juxtaposition of the mountain and the town Jefferson. New Hampshire's intellectual giant, her orator and statesman, Daniel Webster, is obscurely recogniz-

ed in the southern terminal of the range, and Henry Clay, the idol of the whig party, is represented by an even less prominent formation between Washington and Jefferson. These two great Americans, Webster and Clay, would seem to have been accorded each a humble place in the Presidential group, with something of irony be it said, because of their inordinate desire to be President.

Owing to its well defined isolation, the Presidential group of the White Mountains offers to the observer below a great variety of charming aspects, according as he changes his point of view. On the north, from the Androscoggin Valley, Madison and Adams are to the front; on the south, especially as viewed from the upper Saco and the Notch, Washington is prominent; on the west, or Jefferson side, are seen, in quite distinct individuality, all the members of the group, appearing as the convex arc of a great circular wall; while on the east side, from the Glen, a concave view of the same arc is obtained, the different peaks being even more clearly individualized. The Glen valley view, especially from a point half a mile north of the Glen house site, surpasses in grandeur all the other views of the four great peaks which are obtainable from below.

In Gorham I had better opportunities for schooling. The terms were longer, the school building and equipment better, and the teaching of a higher order. Besides, I had every year the advantage of at least one short term of private school.

On my sixteenth birthday I began my first term of school away from home. This was at Gould Academy, in Bethel. It was at the time when boys and young men were just coming to think it the proper thing to wear shawls, the silliest deviation from customary dress I have ever known young Americans of the sterner sex to be guilty of. To me, at the time, the affected manner of the self-conscious beshawled youths was something of a burlesque. It should be mentioned in connection with this stage of my education, that through the influence of a Dartmouth junior who had taught our school the previous winter, I had been induced to begin the study of Latin and to think about going to college. The effect of taking up this ancient language was one of the greatest inspirations of my life. The lack of pecuniary means to warrant the

thought of getting a college education was made good by the generosity of an older brother. After four terms, not continuous by the way, at Bethel, I completed my preparation at the Maine State Seminary, now Bates College, at Lewiston, and entered Bowdoin College in the summer of 1860. It should be stated that previous to this time I had already taught one term of winter school in my home district, where I had been a pupil the previous year, and where I had as pupils most of my former school companions, several of them being older than myself. To all the obvious disadvantages of the position there was added the drawback implied in the well attested truth, that familiarity breeds contempt. The conditions were hard, especially as I was young and new to the business; and yet I believe the trying ordeal is to be counted in many respects a most valuable part of my training. I also, for earning a little money by teaching, made available the winter vacations of the freshman and the sophomore years. These, it will be recalled, were years of great unrest owing to the opening scenes of the civil war. Many students, who could not endure the strain of contemplating the possibility of our national disruption, left college to join the army. In the summer of 1862 I also heeded the call, and in consequence spent my junior year in the navy. The experiences of that year are to me of such significance that I shall give them somewhat in detail.

CHAPTER II.

NAVY EXPERIENCE.

THERE is, strictly speaking, no such thing as a history of our civil war, but there are hundreds of thousands of partial histories, most of which will never be read but by individual hearts. Each participant in that great struggle has his own story, unlike that of every other,—what he saw in a peculiar way of places, people, and stirring events in which he had a part. A single year spent in such a manner surpasses in interest all the remainder of one's life. In view of these facts, and having in mind the wish expressed by some one, that we had more biographies of obscure men, I am venturing to relate how I spent the junior year of my college course as a landsman in the U. S. navy, believing that the narration will have sufficient interest to justify its appearing in print.

Many incidents, mirthful as well as sad, are recalled in connection with college at the breaking out of the civil war. One touching occurrence at Bowdoin, which was doubtless somewhat common at the time in the colleges of the North, was the sudden departure of two students who were from the South, and who, as soon as secession was proclaimed, very naturally felt constrained to espouse the cause of their people at home. The senior class, of which they were members, escorted them to the train in a body and bade them good-by in the friendliest manner, well knowing that chance might bring it about that they should meet as enemies on the battlefield. The war spirit, so suddenly awakened and so new to that generation, with its attendant distraction, absorbed the thought of all. The forming of student militia companies, their almost constant drilling and marching, accentuated by the suggestive beating of drums, forbade the pretense of study. Every heart, uneasy with the sense of duty and feeling keenly possible reproofs for indecision at such a crisis, was kept at a high tension, and relentlessly urged the man to enroll himself as a soldier. It may be mentioned here parenthetically

that all the names of Bowdoin students who at some time in the course of the war answered the nation's call, and considering the size of the college the number is large, are inscribed on bronze tablets in the memorial building on the college campus.

The exciting war meetings, held almost daily in Brunswick and thronged by multitudes, were enthusiastically attended by the students and members of the college faculty, at which meetings some of the latter made their first attempts at stump oratory. There comes to mind in particular, and with striking vividness, a quiet, soft-voiced, and exceedingly urbane professor, who, to the surprise of everyone, became possessed by the common enthusiasm. His sudden transformation from a person of exceptional mildness to one of extreme military ardor presented an incongruity that provoked merriment among his acquaintances. His zeal brought him as an orator before these large, popular assemblies. At such times his vehemence occasionally got the better of his facility in extempore speaking. Naturally he drew his figures from the experiences of the classroom, some of which are remembered for their aptness and force. Appealing to the young men in his audience, many of whom he had instructed in rhetoric, he would say, "The only gesture you have to learn now is, down in front," intimating a sabre-thrust. One unpremeditated comparison which he made was this: "The time has come," said he, "when we are to determine whether we are a nation or a—or a—or a basket of chips." This man at length received a Colonel's commission and went to the front with the 20th Maine. After he had gone, but before his mettle had been put to the test, the boys, still doubting their professor's soldiership, gathered in groups about the campus, would jokingly picture to one another his probable conduct in battle. They imagined that his instinctive politeness would cause him to commence an engagement somewhat after the following manner. He would first cavalierly salute the enemy and then say: "Gentlemen, if you please, we shall now proceed to fire." But how completely his military record belies these predictions. No braver man or better soldier than Joshua L. Chamberlain served in either army. For he-

roic conduct on the field, for soldierly bearing and honorable, almost death-giving wounds, he rose to the rank of major-general. With his brave troops, in a critical hour at Gettysburg, he held "Little Round Top." For a gallant charge before Petersburg Grant made him a brigadier on the field. And finally, when the collapse of the Confederacy came, and the great Lee was over-mastered by the silent man of Galena, this modest professor was intrusted by his chief with the details of surrender at Appomattox.

The gathering of the students at the station to see the train-loads of soldiers as they passed through the town, an almost daily occurrence, was a memorable event. It was interesting to note the cheerful faces and listen to the jovial talk of these fresh recruits, who seemed wholly thoughtless of the trials and perils they had voluntarily covenanted to undergo. In particular, the occasion is recalled when Col. Benjamin F. Butler passed through with his regiment. It was the only time I ever saw the dauntless chief, whose characteristic features have been so often pictured, sometimes in a spirit of admiration, often of detestation. As he stood on the rear platform of the last car, he made a brief speech, the purport of which I do not remember. I do remember that as the train pulled out, the regimental band played "The girl I left behind me," the tones gradually dying away as they became more distant. One college episode of 1861, pathetic as reviewed at the distance of fifty years, was associated with the first Bull Run disaster. The president of the college, the courtly and revered Dr. Woods, had, up to the time alluded to, never given the slightest evidence of sympathy with the union sentiment that was engrossing the general thought. It had been observed, with much impatience and some ill feeling on the part of the students, that never once at afternoon prayers had the president made any allusion to the civil disturbance that was threatening the nation's life. On the afternoon of the day when news came of that pitiful rout in July, the students placed, in conspicuous letters, on a large canvas stretched above the chapel entrance, these words: "Pray for the country." Since the president, as he stood at the reading desk that day, had to face the un-

pleasant admonition, it could not escape his notice. It is needless to say that the hint was acted upon.

The academic year 1862-3, which was my junior year, had been preceded by some of the momentous occurrences of the war. Chief among these events are the battle of Bull Run, the Trent affair, the capture of Fort Donelson, the battle of Pittsburg Landing, the fight between the Monitor and the Merrimac, the capture of New Orleans, and McClellan's ill-starred Peninsular Campaign. During the summer of 1862, when the national exigencies were appealing for renewed activity in raising troops, there were enrolled throughout the North, in addition to those already in the field, thousands of college students, whose patriotism had become too profoundly stirred to admit of their remaining longer in peaceful halls of learning. In fact, young men in every calling throughout the loyal states were in large numbers at this time deciding that duty demanded their example and strength in maintaining the integrity of the union. Not a little of their zeal, it may be said, was due to a desire to have some personal share in solving the question whether a republic like ours is capable of self-preservation. In my own case, two motives in particular induced me to prefer service in the navy rather than in the army. These motives were, ill health resulting from a prolonged fever, it being my hope that life at sea would be physically beneficial, and the possibility of entering that arm of the national service for one year only, after which time I might hope to return, as in fact I did, to finish the college course.

On the 16th of August, 1862, in company with five New Hampshire boys of my acquaintance, I enlisted, or rather shipped, at Portsmouth, choosing that place rather than Charlestown, since I was desirous of being counted in the quota of men required from the New Hampshire town where I lived. In my physical examination at the navy yard I got a first taste of the gruff sea-dog, an old surgeon, who from his blunt and coarse questioning evidently looked upon me as a veteran man-of-war's-man, and not as the greenest kind of landsman. I might state here that up to this time I had never stepped upon the deck of a sea-going vessel. All went well with our

sextet until it came to signing the shipping articles. One of our number, as it proved with too much assurance, proposed that we write our own names. Being the oldest, it was natural for him to sign first. As fate would have it, and no doubt it was partly due to nervousness, he allowed a large drop of ink to fall on the otherwise immaculate page, and as a result of the mishap, came nigh being petrified, as did the rest of us, by a sudden outburst of nautical profanity, the first, but by no means the last, we were to hear in our twelve months' sailing. The startling remark, as I clearly remember it, was, "You fellows are so ——— smart." But the language itself, bad as it was, was nothing in comparison with its forceful delivery. It is well known that in the vigorous use of profane oaths the sailor is *sui similis*.

Previous to reporting for duty at Charlestown, we enjoyed two days of freedom in Boston, where at our hotel we met officers of the San Jacinto, the vessel which nine months before had figured in the famous seizing of Mason and Slidell, an episode that threatened to entangle us unpleasantly with England, and when Lincoln, with his neverfailing good sense, checked the popular clamor with the timely warning, "One war at a time." Having purchased sailor outfits at Hanover square, we at length reported on board the receiving ship Ohio, at the Charlestown navy yard. The introduction to this ship, with its two thousand sailors representing more than a score of nationalities, and with characters of every shade peculiar to such a motley crew, gave me the greatest shock of my life. Whatever ordeal I have been called upon to pass through at any other time is dwarfed by a comparison with this one. At the time of our arrival the Ohio was preparing for a visit by the Secretary of the navy. As new recruits we were stowed away in the background. Two or three among the fresh arrivals, who, like us, were being introduced to strange conditions, when ordered by a tall, red-nosed, pirate-visaged lieutenant to "get amidships," were inclined to be facetious, when he thundered out, "Damn you, don't you know what amidships means?" The fact was, none of us did.

One of my early difficulties as a man-o-war's-man came in connection with the lashing up of a hammock. This achieve-

ment, when performed by an expert, is a work of art. My first effort in this line of duty fell so far short of success, that, instead of being neatly and firmly lashed, and, as a properly lashed hammock should be, able to stand on end, it showed the blankets painfully protruding at both ends, as well as between the slack turns of the cord, and instead of being able to stand erect, was so limp that, if held by the middle, the two ends would have touched underneath. Such was my sorry-looking hammock as I passed it the first morning to the sailor standing inside the hammock nettings to stow it away. He looked first at the hammock and then at me, and then made the crushing remark, which was prefaced by a smart oath, "You'd better go back to making hay." It may not be generally known that "haymaker" is, with the sailor, a withering term of reproach.

Well do I remember August 24, my first Sunday on a man-of-war. The contrast between its attendant bustle and the quiet of the church-going Sunday I had previously known was extreme. Profanity instead of prayers. Hundreds of sunburnt faces on every hand. Feet pacing and repacing the same planks times without number, aimless and apparently automatic in their action. Such is the imperfect picture of a holy day of rest on a receiving ship. But after a week of this strange life I began to adapt myself to the new conditions, and thus proved man's marvelous capacity for resignation when forced to meet the inevitable. I soon found myself fraternizing with these rough characters, and with surprising readiness becoming accustomed to life and fare on shipboard. Hard bread, cabbage soup, and colorless coffee were becoming daily less repugnant to the taste. The grim smiles of my companions, as we sat together by the hour in some port-hole of the old ship, and conversed in a make-the-best-of-it spirit, were somewhat comforting if in a measure forced. Here for the first time I met natives of Greece, one of whom carried with him a Greek poem in heroic measure. He was communicative and congenial, and as he possessed but a small stock of English, we played the part of teacher to each other. He was a fine figure, tall and well proportioned, and had a gentle and childlike spirit.

Much of the discomfort I felt was due to the unceasing din peculiar to such a pent up company. If I sat down and tried to think, the whistle and hoarse cry of the boatswain's mate, a horrid old Dutchman, would scare away my thoughts, and immediately my attention would be absorbed with what was going on around me. As I became better acquainted with sailor character by actual intercourse, I found that, in exceptional cases at least, he is not altogether the despicable creature I had been led to fancy him. In some of these rough men there were disclosed, beneath an uninviting exterior, traces of culture and refinement, and sometimes in their conversation there was remarked a discriminating acquaintance with what is best in literature. The presence of such men in the navy was in most cases accounted for by habits of intemperance. It may be noticed in passing, that Bunker Hill monument was in distinct view from the Ohio, the sight of which started grave reflections upon our national history and the making of history, a business we were now intently engaged in.

Occasionally, on visiting days, friends came on board the Ohio, and among them once a young girl, who had been one of my pupils the previous winter in a village school in Maine. At the first sight of my sailor attire, so strange to her eyes, she burst into tears.

Nearly every day some vessel's crew was drafted from our number and sailed away to take part in the actualities of war. Two of these ships, the Housatonic and Ossipee, are remembered with special interest, as we saw them later in Southern waters and exchanged greetings with such of their crews as we had met at Charlestown. As it happened, for several months the following winter and spring, the Housatonic had anchorage next us on the blockade. She was a fine specimen of a fighting ship of the wooden type. She at last met a tragic end. Some time in the year 1864, while at her station before Charleston, she was surprised by a Confederate torpedo boat and sunk, and for a time lay with her masts showing above the water.

The only time in my life I have ever been guilty of resorting to bribery was in an endeavor to be drafted for the Ossipee. Several of us who had become tired of receiving ship

life, by a common agreement tried to influence the clerk in charge of the drafting to take us as a part of the Ossipee's crew. But there were evidently too many "in the game" for all to succeed. Of this I am certain, I never saw my five dollars again. Aside from the pecuniary loss I never had occasion to regret my failure at "grafting."

It may be worth recording that during the first two weeks of my service in the navy grog was served daily to the men, and for the last time. I used to take my place in line with the others, and with them marched by the foremast, receiving my allowance in a diminutive tin cup, but not to drink it, as by a previous understanding its allaying influence was to be enjoyed as a second potation by the man next in front of me. By distributing this favor I gained a new friend each day.

Two of our New Hampshire chums, Fisk and Chipman, who were musicians, were detailed for the band of the Ohio; the four remaining,—Green, Hubbard, Ingalls, and myself, were placed in a draft of 300 men destined for Philadelphia. From Stonington to New York our transportation was by water, this being my introduction to a steamboat. From New York we went by rail through the flat Jersey country, a route to be familiar in after years.

If the Ohio had been disagreeable, the Princeton proved to be much more so. It was more crowded, and was filthy beyond description. It had a more diversified and repulsive collection of men, a mixture of all the elements I had left augmented by "contrabands." Here were also found blockade-running shipmasters, straight-haired Southerners, who were held as prisoners of war. These latter were naturally restless, surly, and inclined to be uncommunicative; but once the ice was broken, they talked more freely, giving their views of the war and of its probable issue, to their way of thinking, the dissolution of the Union. They had decided opinions regarding Southern commanders, and predicted that the two Hills, one of Virginia and one of South Carolina, would eventually prove to be the great military leaders of the South.

I found gazing on the Delaware River an interesting diversion, and used to watch it by the hour in the daytime, and at night, as I leaned on a broadside gun, would look

through a port-hole at the silver path made across it by the rays of the full moon. For a time, owing to the crowded condition of the ship, I was obliged to sling my hammock beneath the uncovered timbers of a casual deck, with nothing between me and the sky. I used to watch the silent stars till they became dim in my drowsy sight, and then in dreams I would leave the horrid ship and go away to a familiar mountain land and have bright visions of home.

It was our fate to lie here on the Delaware for several weeks, with the navy yard close at hand, where the government's "sore task did not divide the Sunday from the week." The usual din on shipboard was greatly augmented by the clash of axes and the beating of hammers wielded by shipwrights. The New Ironsides, preparing under hurry orders, was but a few cable-lengths distant, and at that period of our naval development a formidable fighting machine it indeed seemed to be. It sailed away the 22nd of September, to be welcomed by us a few months later at a critical hour before Charleston.

The battle of Antietam, the climax of Lee's first serious attempt to invade the North, occurred September 16th and 17th. This Union victory revived in a wonderful manner the spirits of the nation, which Pope's fiasco in the Second Bull Run had brought to a low degree of despondency. The exciting events occurring on land were watched by those on shipboard with feelings of intense anxiety or glad relief, as the issues were against us or in our favor. The greatest activity was at this time aroused in the North, as was apparent in the hasty equipping of troops and the hurrying of them to the front. Within a period of a few weeks I saw at least one hundred thousand soldiers ferried across the Delaware, each crowded boat appearing one solid blue.

After a time our blockade-running prisoners were removed to Fort LaFayette. They were to be congratulated on their deliverance from the detestable receiving ship. Outwardly and practically their imprisonment had been the same as my own. The only difference was, that mine was voluntary while theirs was forced. Sailor life on the Princeton made a lasting impression on my mind. The squeaking of the pump at

the head, and the thick-lipped, long-heeled workers at it are distinct in memory to-day. After fifty years there still comes to me from the yard the clicking of caulkers' hammers. I can clearly see the particular joist where I sat of a morning and the very faces that were around me. Brutal fights were not uncommon on this ship. I used to characterize them as "dog fights between two men." These personal encounters, having their origin in a mean epithet or a dispute over a piece of bread, were often winked at by the officers, and sometimes were fought to a finish under prize-ring rules.

The general topography about Philadelphia, as it appeared to me, especially the flatness of the country in every direction, impressed me unfavorably. Although I could see but little of the outskirts of the city, I imagined it to be unattractive. I then little dreamed that I was one day to have a home there and come to regard it quite differently.

October 28 was an eventful day for us New Hampshire boys, because of a visit from the *Augusta's* first lieutenant, Mr. Henry L. Howison. He came in response to a letter one of our number had written to Enoch G. Parrott, commander of the *Augusta*, who was a native of Portsmouth, a competent officer and a gentleman. In this letter a request had been made that we might be taken as members of the *Augusta's* crew. This Mr. Howison was a graduate of Annapolis, an ideal officer, and a man worthy of the highest respect,—afterwards the distinguished Admiral Howison, the ranking officer in our navy at the time of Dewey's reception in New York, in which imposing pageant he participated. The outcome of this interview—a most fortunate one for us, was, that we were accepted for the *Augusta*. We went on board this, our third vessel, at 3 o'clock, Friday, October 31. Things here had a more cheering and hopeful look.

November came in this year with unprecedented cold. On the 7th there was a severe snowstorm accompanied by a terrific wind. Owing to the gale we dragged anchor and our vessel collided with the *Atlantic*, a Bath ship, and also with a small schooner. In disentangling the fouled anchor cable an opportunity was given for expert sailors to win promotion. An able seaman, by his efficient assistance in accom-

plishing this difficult task, won the captaincy of the fore-castle. He later showed resources of another kind by taking "French leave" at Aspinwall. It is worth noting that on this occasion the officer of the deck, one of the sailing masters, previously a master in the merchant service, and a man of brutal instincts, showed rare qualities of a practical sailor. This one virtue was remembered ever afterwards and went far towards redeeming his general meanness. Commander Parrott once placed him and another officer under arrest for drunkenness.

On Sunday, November 9, it was "up anchor," and we sailed away from the Quaker City. While going down the Delaware we met the U. S. frigate Powhattan, a large side-wheeler we were afterwards to hail with feelings of relief on the blockade. I now found myself studying geography by the laboratory method, and was learning places by the examination of original sources. Strange as it may seem, it had never before occurred to me that Philadelphia is 100 miles from the sea.

At 8 p. m., the second day, after passing Smith's Island and Cape Henry, we came to anchor at Fortress Monroe, a place of special interest as being the scene of the Monitor and Merrimac fight, an engagement that revolutionized marine warfare by introducing the turreted ironclad. Here I saw one of the monitor type, and had the privilege of visiting it and of examining its wonderful turret and thirteen-inch gun. It was at Fortress Monroe that I had my first drill with small arms, in particular single-stick practice. Here also I scrubbed my hammock for the first time. It was in sad need of a washing, so begrimed was it with three months' accumulation of receiving ship dirt. And it was here that I made my first essay in the sartorial art, the cutting and making of a shirt. Quite naturally this garment turned out to be slouchy and ill fitting; the various parts were insecurely held together by ludicrously erratic stitches. Thursday, November 27, was our national Thanksgiving, and it occasioned mixed reflections. In my "log," which was kept scrupulously throughout the year, I find this entry: "One year ago to-day, at about this hour, I was sitting upon a mountain side in Gilead, my native town in Maine. The day was much like this. The sun's warmth was nearly as great as it is here now

in a more southern latitude. Then my eyes and mind were engaged upon scenes and thoughts far different from those which are forced upon my attention now. Then I watched the smoke curling up from an old farmhouse roof, which had sheltered my childhood. From the winding river sparkling rays emitted from diamonds of floating anchor-ice were thrown across the green meadows where cattle were feeding. To-day I am among strangers, and sailors at that. Instead of moss beside a familiar rock, a little box under the lee of the bulwark affords a seat. Instead of smoke from a rustic chimney, the smokestack of a warship rises near me. No Thanksgiving dinner awaits me here." A few days later, however, a box of dainty edibles, previously heralded by letter, came from home, a pleasant reminder of the New England Saturnalia. These unusual luxuries evoked the jealousy and even ridicule of my less fortunate shipmates, not all of whom could share my bounty.

On the fourth of December, in fulfilment of a rumor that had prevailed for several days, we started south as a convoy to Banks's expedition, which was destined for the Gulf, and we soon had a taste of real life at sea, an experience sufficiently intensified when we were passing Cape Hatteras in a gale. Nearly all the crew were seasick at the time, the inexperienced landsmen naturally suffering most. When the storm was at its height and the sea roughest, I recall the agony of Hubbard who was for the first time standing lookout at the masthead. As the rolling *Augusta* caused him to make a lengthy arc against the heavens, his white face and shrinking figure were objects pitiful to see. At length we passed the lighthouse at the southern extremity of Florida and entered the Gulf of Mexico, not having in sight a single transport of those we were supposed to be safeguarding. This was on the eleventh of December. The sea was calm during the succeeding two days' sail, until we reached Ship Island. This place we found low, sandy, forlorn, and in every respect uninteresting. Here, as one of the third cutter's crew, I had the opportunity to go ashore. The occasion for this was, that at some little distance from the island an army steamer, named the *Curlew*, was lying fast aground. I hap-

pened to be one of the crew sent with kedge anchors to get her off. We made two futile attempts to relieve the stranded boat. While engaged in this work we had free access to the army stores, and helped ourselves to fresh hardtack, bacon and brown sugar.

For some unknown reason Cuba was made our next objective point, where we arrived the 21st of December. As we approached Cuba, it chanced that I was standing lookout at the masthead. It was my first experience in sighting land; and it was my duty to make known its first possible discovery. My sense-perception, wholly untrained in such duty, was put to a severe test. For a long time I watched the dim outline of what appeared to be mountains, but I was chary of announcing my impression, for fear of taking for land what might prove to be only a bank of clouds. I was all the more wary because a few nights before a landsman, untrained like myself, had made himself an object of ridicule by shouting "Light ho" when he saw the edge of the moon rising out of the water. At length, after long and painful deliberation, I mustered courage to cry "Land ho," when "Papa" Heath, the good-natured sailing master in charge of the watch, rather contemptuously informed me that he had seen it for an hour and a half. About the middle of the afternoon of December 21st we entered the channel leading to the city of Havana, passed under historic Moro Castle and anchored inside the harbor. This was my first sight of a foreign country, and it afforded me uncommon satisfaction. This quaint seaport I found peculiarly charming, both from natural environment and historic associations. As we were moving to a place of anchorage, a small bumboat containing a single "Dago," through some lack of caution on his part, was allowed to get in our way and was smashed beneath the Augusta's port paddle-wheel. The accident caused much excitement as it threatened certain death to the unfortunate man. But the occupant of the boat, as the sequel proved, dived in time to clear the wheel and save his life; he shortly after came up astern unharmed. The harbor was crowded with vessels of every description, there being among them merchantmen, men-of-war, and blockade-runners. Some of them carried the Confederate

flag. Here, for the first time, I saw the "Stars and Bars," emblem of that new republic that, fortunately for us all, was not to be. As a war vessel representing a nation actually engaged in war, we were not permitted to remain in a neutral port longer than twenty-four hours, unless a war vessel of the enemy had left the port during our stay, when we would be required to remain in the harbor a certain length of time before leaving. While we were at anchor in the harbor of Havana, I was for two hours stationed on the starboard bow or cathead, to hail all approaching craft and to report to the quartermaster whatever answers were received. The replies that came up from the passing boats were various in tone and substance: some were even sarcastic and discourteous. One coxswain of a small boat answered my "Boat ahoy" with "Who the devil are you?" a reply I did not think it wise to repeat.

From Havana we went to Key West, where we learned that about two weeks before the Confederate privateer Alabama had reached this side of the Atlantic on its dreaded mission, and that somewhere near the east coast of Cuba had captured the Ariel, one of the gold steamers plying between New York and the Isthmus. This piece of news sent us next to Aspinwall, or Colon, as it is now called, to convoy North any steamer that might be preparing to take passengers and treasure to the United States. We were seven days making the voyage through the Caribbean, and while they were days of anxiety, owing to the possibility of meeting the Confederate privateer, they were in many respects the pleasantest of the year. We were now on our sea-legs and proof against seasickness. Although at times we had rough weather, the unsteady motion of the vessel was exhilarating rather than vexing. The hours passed asleep in a hammock at this time, though I was roughly jostled against my neighbor on either side, were deliciously restful. The experience on this Caribbean voyage was such as to make me reflect that if to-day, while crossing the Atlantic, we could but sleep in a hammock, swinging free, instead of being stifled in a close stateroom, a trip to Europe would be relieved of much of its discomfort. I recall many pleasant conversations I had during these days

with a sailor named Ryley, who was acting as lieutenant's clerk. He was a cultivated man, and yet a sailor to the manner born. We used to lean over the side during an off-watch and enjoy the summer-like breeze of an afternoon, observing the clouds "backed like a whale," and discussing Polonius and Hamlet. We would try to quote accurately from memory passages out of Shakespeare, and in particular the oft-quoted one from Macbeth,—

"If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly."

As Ryley's geographical knowledge was of the reliable sailor kind, in our various movements from place to place he would explain most intelligently whatever was new and of interest to me. At times, following the example of others, I went barefoot, the extreme heat making it a luxury. Upon the whole, I have retained an exceedingly agreeable memory of the Caribbean sea. It may be worth recording, that we made but a single sail during the seven days.

We arrived at Aspinwall the last day of the year. As, in accordance with an arrangement between our government and this port, the natives were employed to coal ship, our crew while here had only trivial duties to perform, and consequently enjoyed a season of rest. About the only thing to be done was the keeping of anchor watch. Even the squilgeeing of the decks had to be remitted owing to the prevalence of coal dust. One night while standing lookout on the forecastle from 12 to 2, I experienced to the fullest extent the drenching of a tropical rain, and received such a soaking as I wished never to undergo again. Just before leaving Aspinwall, and when we were anchored some little distance from the wharf, a report came that there was a riot on shore, and two-thirds of our crew, armed with rifles, were sent to assist in quieting the disturbance. As it turned out, their aid as mob-quellers proved to be unnecessary. Three able seamen of our crew deserted at this place, one of them being the man who won distinction at the time of the storm on the Delaware.

On the 9th of January we left Aspinwall in company with the *Champion*, the gold steamer we were to guard on its pas-

age North. This steamer was forced to proceed at our slow rate, ten knots or so, and for seven days we kept company with her, all the while on the lookout for the Alabama, which would naturally rather capture gold than anything else. Our apprehensions from this quarter were not realized, and fortunately so for us, as our vessel, a former Savannah packet and a side-wheeler, with boilers and machinery exposed, would have been no match for the rakish privateer, though the latter's crew and armament were both inferior to ours. It may be stated here, that it was subsequently learned that the Alabama after crossing our southward track had gone to Galveston, and that somewhere outside the harbor had engaged and sunk the United States gunboat Hatteras, the only armed vessel, except the Kearsarge, she ever encountered in her eighteen months of commerce-destroying. Her ultimate fate off Cherbourg is well known. On the 14th day of January we passed to the east of Cuba, and two days later parted company with the Champion, leaving her to make the remainder of the voyage alone.

Port Royal, S. C., our next objective point, was reached Sunday, January 18. As we passed from the Gulf Stream and neared the coast, the sudden change from summer heat to a chilling temperature was exceedingly disagreeable. I have rarely at any time of my life been so unpleasantly affected by the cold. Not only were we thinly clad, but the vessel, like all war vessels, was without available artificial heat. Only by walking the deck resolutely were we able to relieve in a measure our benumbed limbs.

It will be remembered that in November, 1861, Port Royal, from a strategic point of view one of the most important places on the Southern coast, was taken by an expedition under Dupont and Sherman. The Augusta was one of the vessels composing Dupont's fleet at the time. Many of our crew had taken part in the fight and were able to give a graphic account of the manoeuvres of the ships.

It was at Port Royal that we got our first "liberty," when we had an opportunity to visit the soldiers on Bay Point. Through some misunderstanding we were put ashore on a small island, where we were completely shut off from the

main land by a deep inlet of considerable width. There was, consequently, nothing to do but swim to the other side. With our clothing hastily wound about our heads we plunged into the water and soon reached the farther shore. I remember being the first to complete the crossing, but not until I had subjected my clothes to a pretty thorough wetting. One poor fellow, an inexperienced swimmer, in the effort to get over, came nigh being drowned. He was rescued by a shipmate, who, on returning to the ship, was complimented for his gallantry. The soldiers found at Bay Point were a part of a New Hampshire regiment, among whom were men who knew persons of my acquaintance.

Our chief business during the week at Port Royal was coaling ship, the coal being taken from a schooner brought alongside. It was a slow process, and particularly difficult, as we were frequently interrupted by rain and rough weather. There is an interesting episode connected with the coaling. In view of the sailor's well known addiction to strong drink, the masters and crews of coaling schooners were accustomed to carry a supply of liquor, which the war-vessel's crew had but little difficulty in smuggling aboard. A demijohn of whiskey was obtained by the Augusta's men and secretly placed in the forecastle, where it was carefully guarded and made accessible to the knowing ones. It was not long before a majority of the bluejackets were initiated, and as a result were "half-seas over." They presented a most ludicrous spectacle to those of us who remained sober. Though at first the cause of so unusual eccentricity of conduct was not understood, the true situation was not long concealed. The actions of the second boatswain's mate, a tall, lank, generally good-natured fellow, were particularly amusing. He was a little tipsier than the average, but feeling his responsibility as a petty officer, he tried to maintain his dignity by giving absurd orders and in futile attempts to blow his whistle. He had been one of the most active in procuring the grog, and, while himself exposing the real situation by his speech and unsteady carriage, comically warned the others to be extremely careful not to let the secret out.

Sunday, January 25, found us stationed on the blockade

before Charleston, where we were to remain nearly five months, and where we were to witness and take part in events more or less exciting. The blockading fleet consisted of a dozen or more vessels, ours being next to the Housatonic, previously mentioned, which was about three-quarters of a mile distant from us and was at the northern extremity of the line. The Housatonic, being the ranking vessel of the fleet at the time of our arrival, was of course the flagship.

At times, on the blockade, we felt the cold disagreeably, though generally the temperature was not inhospitable. Almost every night, by signal rockets sent up from forts Sumter and Moultrie and from various places along the beach, we were apprised that blockade runners were stealing their way into or out of Charleston, being guided by these Confederate lights, which had for the officers a secret meaning. It was usual for our crew to be called to quarters at least once each night to attend to these alarms. At such night musters it was customary to slip anchor and run about somewhat at random in the darkness, looking, generally in vain, for the evasive steamers that were carrying arms in and cotton out in the interest of the Confederacy. The process of "slipping anchor" was as follows: The cable was parted near the place where it enters the starboard bow, the end of the detached portion being joined to a hawser with buoy attached; the buoy was then thrown overboard to remain on the surface over the anchor; the latter could then be located by daylight and picked up. Perhaps the most lasting remembrance of the blockade is the order, "Slip anchor." This, it must be remembered, was before war vessels were provided with searchlights. Steam alone, it may be observed, made possible even such a blockade as ours then was. The searchlights with which our vessels are now supplied would make blockade running almost impossible. It is to be noted that the vessels engaged in running the blockade were provided with powerful engines and were built for speed; the officers, moreover, were highly efficient, many of them having served in the British navy. Though these wary steamers were generally successful in avoiding capture, once in a while they were unfortunate, missed their bearings, and ran aground. One such,

the *Princess Royal*, was captured a few days after we arrived before Charleston. Six of her crew, as I remember, were brought aboard the *Augusta*. I afterwards received one hundred dollars in prize money as my share in this capture. The rule governing the distribution of prize money was, that the officers and men of all vessels in sight of the prize when taken were to share, each portion being greater as the recipient's official station was higher. Firing at these tricky crafts was quite common every night along the whole extent of our line. The flash of the guns was often seen when the distance was too great for the sound to be heard. On the morning of the last day of January, at about four o'clock, we were hurriedly called to quarters to witness an unusual demonstration in the southern portion of our fleet. There was brisk firing there, and it was evidently not one-sided. Flash answered flash, and it soon dawned upon us that the long predicted rams, two in number, had at last made a sally from Charleston intent upon breaking up the blockade. It was the eager hope of the Confederates, that by destroying the effectiveness of our fleet at so important a port as Charleston, and opening the door there to commerce, they would gain recognition by foreign powers. In some way our officers had been informed of the building of these rams, which, as it proved, were ferry boats strongly armored with railroad iron, and consequently they were on the lookout for them. When, at daybreak, the rams were dimly discovered through the mist, the *Augusta* opened fire with "Gentle Annie," our 100-pound Parrott, of which gun's crew I was a member. A broadside followed quickly from our guns. This brought a return fire from the Confederates. One of their shot hissed distinctly over our heads, another passed shrieking astern, and a third, a nine-inch shell, after ricocheting from the water, struck and pierced our starboard side, and after cutting in two a row of hammocks which had but a short time before been vacated by their occupants, lodged in the port side of the ship. It made a large opening where it entered, but well above the water line. Fortunately, it did not explode. This little skirmish was the only occurrence in which I had the sensation of being under fire. As the tide was going out and a treach-

erous bar must be crossed, the rams, much to our relief, withdrew to Charleston, never afterwards to trouble our fleet. As a result of the raid, they had captured one of our vessels, which in the circumstances they were unable to hold, and also had crippled another, and had killed or wounded a dozen Union sailors. It may be of interest to state that the Confederate officer, Col. Parker, who was in command of one of the rams, gives in his reminiscences of the war an interesting account of his side of the affair. Commander Parrott was at once despatched to Port Royal to communicate with Admiral Dupont. After performing this duty he immediately returned to Charleston, to find that all had been quiet during our absence. On February 4 the New Ironsides came to strengthen us against further attack from Charleston.

It was about this time that General Foster's troops were collecting on Morris Island, a preliminary to cooperation with the fleet in an attempt to take Charleston, the one place, Richmond excepted, which the North was most desirous of capturing, and yet one of the very last of the strongholds of the South to be taken, and then not from the sea, but by Sherman's attack on the unprotected land side.

I recall, as one of the little incidents of the blockade, that I once pulled an oar in the third cutter which was sent to meet a flag of truce from Charleston. The import of the communication was, of course, never known. I remember, in particular, the courteous way in which the officer in charge of the flag of truce cautioned his men against clashing with our boat as they came alongside.

During the daytime, while we were before Charleston, monotony prevailed for the greater part of the time. The old sailors spun yarns, and I was permitted to hear many an interesting personal history. I remember with particular distinctness old Dick Drew's account of how he came to decide suddenly to go to sea. He was a boy at school in Liverpool, and becoming involved in some breach of discipline, he threw his slate at the master's head, jumped out of the window, and took refuge on a vessel that was just ready to sail: and before he realized what he was doing, he found himself going down the Mersey, repenting too late of his rash act, but having taken

the initiative in a course of life which was to make him what he called a "d—d old reprobate." Another told his experience on a slaver loaded with negro captives. Their vessel was in danger of being overhauled by a man-of-war, when, in order to destroy all evidence of carrying the unlawful cargo, the blacks were made to stand in a row and to be fastened to the anchor cable, the intention being, as a last resort, to let the anchor go and drag the wretched creatures with it to the bottom of the ocean.

It was amusing to listen to the discussions that took place between the wise ones of the crew on the progress of the war. The yeoman, named Murphy, was particularly eloquent in discoursing upon the relative abilities of our generals. The army of the Potomac, which was so often discomfited by the superior generalship of Lee, until at last he yielded to the persistent hammering of Grant, was a common theme of discourse. Burnside's star had gone down at Fredericksburg. "Fighting Joe" Hooker, who had succeeded Burnside, was our yeoman's admiration. It was an inspiration to hear Murphy expatiate upon his hero, who, he confidently predicted, was to do up the Confederacy in short order and march triumphantly into Richmond. But what a fall was there! Hooker's pitiful failure was one of the saddest disappointments of the war. Papers from the north and letters from home were received fortnightly and greatly relieved the tedium. Especially every scrap of news relating to the conduct of the war was read with eagerness. The bitter issues of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville produced a feeling of despondency, that happily was to be relieved by Vicksburg and Gettysburg.

Books were so scarce on our ship as to be a luxury. I had brought from home and carried constantly inside the bosom of my shirt a small volume of Byron's select poems, which I read, reread, and memorized so thoroughly that I have never cared for the author since. Hubbard had brought with him a copy of Tennyson. This also was read and nearly devoured, but with a result quite different from that produced by reading Byron. I have had a growing love for Tennyson ever since. In the delights derived from reading his poems one feels that "the appetite grows with what it feeds on."

Somewhere among the ship's crew, I think in the possession of the sergeant of marines, a copy of Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables* was discovered. This I was fortunate enough to borrow. During off watches I read the story to an attentive group of sailors, often fifty or sixty at a time, as we sat together tailor fashion on the deck. Each day as the reading progressed, new listeners would gather on the outer circle and become interested in the enchanting novel. At the close of each day's reading the late-comers remained to get an outline of that part of the story they had missed. These reviews made all the incidents and details of the book so familiar to me, that they have persisted in memory as the substance of no other work of fiction has ever done. No experience of the year, as I look back upon it, produced so agreeable an impression as did these readings from Hugo's masterpiece. This particular work of fiction, as it has come to be well known, was, during the war, a great favorite with the soldiers and sailors of both the North and the South. Some waggish soldier, it is said, seeing a forlorn-looking company of Confederate prisoners, called them "Lee's *Misérables*."

As Washington's birthday this year came on Sunday, our fleet deferred all celebration of the event until Monday. But not so the Confederates. At noon on Sunday forts Sumter and Moultrie fired salutes, and in the evening both were for hours ablaze with fireworks. This demonstration naturally gave rise to strange musings, the thought that forces so antagonistic in patriotic temper could possibly be vying with each other in doing honor to the same man, the hero of what had been their common country. Quite naturally, both sections claimed Washington. He was, indeed, even during the four years' conflict, always a kind of bond between the North and South, a bond ever most reluctant to break. It was, in fact, never wholly severed, but remained an abiding influence to draw the disaffected states back to their allegiance after the war. It is a blessed national hope we have, that Washington will continue to be a central magnet, attracting all parts of the republic to himself, and consequently to one another. Whenever we left the blockade, it was usually to go to Port Royal for coal or to make repairs. Here we had

opportunities to go ashore and to wander about at our sweet will. It was a strangely populated place. Contrabands had collected here in great numbers and constituted much the larger part of the population; and to us from the north they were an amusing throng. In one out of the way place I found the tent of an army sutler who had with him his little daughter. She seemed most unnaturally placed amid such surroundings. She was the only white person of woman kind I had seen for months. The old ship-of-the-line *Vermont* was the store ship at Port Royal. She had served as a transport in Dupont and Sherman's expedition, having on board several regiments of soldiers. The history of her stormy passage was often told with much particularity. On the voyage her rudder was carried away in a gale, and for several days she drifted at the mercy of the waves, until her ingenious boatswain contrived a steering gear by which she was enabled to reach her destination. While we were at Port Royal, near the end of March, four monitors and several transports with troops on board left suddenly, going in the direction of Charleston, an omen of the beginning of active operations before that city. It was afterwards learned that the destination of these vessels was the little harbor at the mouth of the North Edisto river, which had been made the rendezvous of our ironclads and other vessels until the time should come for making the attack on Charleston. This obscure Edisto inlet is a snug, deep and well protected port, and in many ways a fascinating place. It is the one place above all others in the South, Charleston excepted, I have wished I could revisit in time of peace. The secluded harbor, narrow and safe, in which vessels are sheltered behind the Edisto island, gave a sense of restful quiet. It is situated about midway between Charleston and Port Royal. We went there on the 4th of April and passed the night at anchor. We found ourselves closely shut in by pleasant shores bordered with trees and here and there grassy fields. Occasionally there was espied a dwelling among the moderate hills. If inhabitants were there at the time, they kept out of sight. They may have been there in concealment, and though themselves unseen, yet have been able to observe our fleet. If so, its appearance must have been

hateful to them. On a slight elevation, half a mile away, stood a small white church resembling very much a New England meeting house. The Confederates, so Southern writers upon the war tell us, were accustomed to use the steeple of this church as a lookout; and later in the war, as Colonel Parker relates, a considerable Confederate force was sent there, transporting small boats overland, with the purpose of seizing the ironclads that were then lying there. The project was in some way divulged to our officers, and in consequence failed. As it happened, at the time of our stay in this cozy harbor, I had the third night watch on the forecastle, where I struck the bells half hourly, supplementing the ringing with the cry of "Starboard cathead." The night stillness in the harbor, where at least fifty craft of various kinds were lying at anchor, was decidedly oppressive. One solitary voice, repeated after short pauses for some time, came from a schooner that was moving to a place of anchorage. It was the musical strain emitted by the man throwing the lead, who measurably sang, "By the deep seven." At times during this watch it was with the greatest difficulty that I overcame a persistent inclination to fall asleep. As I walked back and forth by the side of the little brass howitzer, I even found it necessary to pinch myself in various parts of the body to ward off drowsiness. On this particular night I found myself indulging in a most pessimistic mood; life has never at any other time seemed so little worth living. For the moment I seemed to have lost all ambition, and looked forward with complete satisfaction to the obscurest existence possible. Like Horace, all I wanted was a few acres traversed by a singing brook and with a background of tall shadowy trees. The following day, which was Sunday, we took the monitor Passaic in tow and returned to Charleston, cheered by the thought that we should soon see the capture of that much offending city.

At about 3 p. m., April 7, the first federal gun from our ironclad fleet was discharged at Fort Sumter, a prelude to the general attack. A continuous fire was kept up by six of the monitors, the turtle-backed ironclad Keokuk, and the New Ironsides. For an hour and a half the fighting was fierce on both sides, when the New Ironsides and two of the

monitors withdrew, apparently to engage some shore batteries. A little later all the remaining vessels retreated in like manner. To those of us who were mere onlookers it seemed likely that the attack would be resumed on the following day, but the expectation was not to be realized. The only serious casualty to our fleet in this attack was the sinking of the Keokuk. This type of ironclad was an experiment, and in this first trial proved its inferiority to the monitor. Ten of the Keokuk's crew were killed and several wounded, among the latter her commander. One of the monitors was hit over ninety times, as marks on her turret and hull showed. I had seen, at a safe distance and with a clear and favorable view, the first fight in which an ironclad fleet had ever engaged, and had realized a boyish conceit I once had, of seeing a real engagement of forces in war without participating in it myself. The Confederates very naturally claimed a victory. The government at Washington, though having expected impossibilities, was greatly disappointed. Admiral Dupont's prestige was hopelessly injured, and as a sequel Admiral Dahlgren succeeded to the command of the North Atlantic squadron, a position in which he won no laurels.

On the 26th of April, in obedience to an order by the government, our entire ship's crew were required to take the oath of allegiance.

On May 12th, a small rowboat containing a lone contraband was seen coming towards us from Charleston. The venturesome ducky, who called himself "Ned," was picked up and taken on board. His first ejaculation after coming over the side was, "Stonewall Jackson's dead." This was the first news we had of the battle of Chancellorsville, a signal disaster to the Union arms, a disaster, however, in some measure counterbalanced by the South's irreparable loss in the death of one of her greatest generals.

We left the blockade for good the 29th of May and went to Port Royal. As we were about to enter the latter harbor, through the carelessness of the sailor heaving the lead we got into the shallow water before we were aware of it and the Augusta's bottom touched the ground, causing consternation to our officers, Commander Parrott in particular. For-

tunately no harm resulted. The man to whose neglect the accident was due, was courtmartialed, with just what result is not remembered. Our lieutenant, Mr. Howison, left us June 8th, to serve on one of the monitors. I was of the boat's crew that conveyed him to his new post. As he took leave of us, like the gentleman he was, he shook hands with each of the cutter's crew.

On July 6th, we started North, having on board Admiral Dupont, who was now to return to private life. Owing to our distinguished passenger, our departure was preceded by salutes and the manning of the yards, as is customary at such a time, which observance was participated in by the frigate Wabash, also a French frigate, and other warships in the harbor. The three days' voyage to the mouth of the Delaware was uneventful. Even stormy Hatteras for once allowed a friendly passage. We left Admiral Dupont at Wilmington. As he was about to go over the side, where officers and side-boys were duly arranged to show him the last naval honors he was ever to receive, he chanced to espy among the crowd of bluejackets a white-haired old sailor, who had cruised with him up the Mediterranean many years before. He abruptly turned away from those who were standing ready to pay him respect, pressed his way in among the throng, and took the old Scotchman by the hand. "McPherson," said he, in an affectionate tone of voice, "I remember you." Dupont was always in great esteem with his officers and men. Young officers liked to serve under him. Probably no finer character has ever graced our naval service. It is gratifying to find that his merits are recognized at the National Capitol in the "Dupont Circle," from which radiate some of the beautiful avenues of that beautiful city.

It was at Wilmington that we first learned of the victories at Gettysburg and Vicksburg. The joyful news was electrifying to a degree indescribable, and was taken as an omen of the final triumph of the Union.

To give further variety to our year's experiences, we were sent on a short cruise off Cape Cod, to protect our fishermen, who had recently been harassed by small venturesome sailing craft, acting the part of privateers. We visited Block Island,

Holmes' Hole, Provincetown, and Nantucket. Catching codfish was our only excitement while on this brief excursion.

We moored the *Augusta* at the Brooklyn navy yard the last day of July, and then went on board our third receiving ship, the *North Carolina*, familiarly known as the "Old North," where we were paid off and had the satisfaction of presenting a field glass to our gentlemanly sailing master, Mr. Holly. As I went down the side, bag in hand and hammock on shoulder, the latter now lashed in a seamanlike manner, I heard from a porthole above me some one say, "Hello, Bowdoin," and looking up I saw an old sailor whom I had met on the *Ohio* nearly a year before. He had evidently forgotten my name, but remembered that of my college.

CHAPTER III.

TEACHING EXPERIENCE.

AFTER leaving college I came at once to a close view of the most critical and disheartening problem the impecunious graduate ever has to face—the question of choosing a pursuit as a means of obtaining a livelihood. It is a pitiful situation, when one is thus thrown upon the world, to find that there is no place prepared for him. Hitherto there has been for even the indigent student no serious thought beyond the day; but now, when he must think of and provide for the morrow and an indefinite future, the prospect is a gloomy one. I at first chose law as a profession, and for three months, in the fall of 1864, read Blackstone and Kent in a law office at Lancaster, the county seat. But like many another in similar circumstances, I felt the pressing need of money and sought relief in teaching,—in the first instance in a large village school, where I received the then princely salary of 50 dollars a month. This was the turning point; it settled what my life business was to be. From this time on, without a break for 46 years, I was to be a school-master engaged in secondary schools, and for 43 of these years was to be a principal. In the spring of 1865 I was an assistant in Bridgton Academy, Maine. In May of the same year I went to Cooperstown, N. Y., and was engaged as an assistant in Cooperstown Seminary, where I continued until the summer of 1867, when I was recalled to Bridgton Academy as principal, to hold the position until the summer of 1870. I was then recalled to Cooperstown to become principal of the Union School and Academy of that place. Here I remained twenty years and one term. During the next four years I was principal of the Worcester (Mass.) Classical High School; and then for three years was head of the Philadelphia High School for Girls. From 1897 to 1910 I was principal of the Wadleigh High School for Girls. This is one of the first three high schools established in Manhattan and the Bronx. I retired at the end of the academic year 1910.

At this point it seems proper to give a more complete account of my service in the various schools enumerated. Reference has already been made to my first term of teaching, in my home district. The next winter, that of my freshman year, I taught at Berlin Falls, N. H., a small village of most primitive character. With but two or three exceptions the houses in this place, the schoolhouse among them, were unpainted and of rather poverty-stricken appearance. Where now there is a city of 12,000 inhabitants, there was then, clustered about one of the three noted waterfalls of the Androscoggin, a dozen or more families who were chiefly interested in lumbering. Among my pupils were two intelligent young ladies, who spent the winters with their parents in Berlin, where their father was extensively engaged in logging. This family had a good supply of books and periodicals. To them I owe my introduction to Tennyson, as I had the privilege of borrowing the *Idyls of the King*. It was at Berlin that I had my first experience with truants. If there chanced to be a wreck on the railroad, some of the boys would be missing. How to deal with such cases was a problem that kept me awake nights. One chronic case was a boy who seemed determined not to go to school despite all influences that could be brought to bear upon him. On one of his truant days, as I happened to look through the window about ten o'clock, I observed this boy coming towards the schoolhouse closely followed by his father, the latter vigorously applying a switch to the youngster's legs. Immediately the door was unceremoniously opened, and the boy thrust headlong into the middle of the room. He gathered himself up, sheepishly took his seat, and proceeded to the business of the day as if nothing unusual had happened. He was not asked for an excuse for lateness. An incident of the first day in this school is so exceptional that mention should be made of it. Quite without design, that morning, I asked a boy to shut the door, and by thanking him in a polite manner I won the esteem and loyalty of the worst boy in school. Many times, in various places, I tried the same thing afterwards, but without signal success.

My winter vacation of sophomore year was spent in the

village of North Waterford, Maine, where single-handed I was supposed to give instruction to eighty pupils, of all ages from five to twenty. How far below the ideal my work there must have been may be readily imagined. Yet, judged by appearances and general report, I came nearer spelling the word "success" in this school than ever in any other place. The chairman of the school committee, for some reason, took a liking to me and sounded my praises accordingly. He insisted upon my being present at the Town Meeting in March, to hear his report. His complimentary reference to the North Waterford school was fulsome almost to offensiveness. This school had one singular feature, the ability on the part of all the pupils to converse with their fingers deaf-mute fashion. This state of things was due to the influence of a very popular family of deaf mutes who lived in the place. Though this practice was annoying to the teacher, especially as he did not understand what was said, it had the virtue at least of being a noiseless kind of whispering. Communication by this means was necessarily public, as all who could see the moving fingers knew what was said. It was not uncommon even at church, during the service, to see a girl in the choir, with her hand dropped below the gallery railing, conversing with some friend in one of the pews.

After teaching a term in the winter of 1865, in Gorham village, I was engaged for one term as an assistant in Bridgton Academy, at North Bridgton, Maine. Here I came in contact with a rare class of students, young men and young women. They were mostly poor in worldly possessions, but eager for knowledge to a degree I have never seen surpassed elsewhere. Many came from the stony farms of Oxford County.

One morning in April the old stage-driver was seen to stop his coach in front of the academy, a most unusual thing for him to do, and climb the hill holding a newspaper in his hand. This he gave to the principal. It contained the thrilling announcement of Lee's surrender. The paper, as yet unread, was brought to the door of my classroom and handed to me with a request that the class be brought out to complete a full assembly. I was then asked to read the most important despatch ever wired in this country. The cheers that followed

the reading were the loudest and heartiest that ever awoke the echoes in that old hall.

From Bridgton Academy I went as an assistant to Cooperstown Seminary, at Cooperstown, N. Y., a village where, at two different times, I was to live nearly twenty-three years. Cooperstown is of unusual interest to me, in that I resided so long in one of the most attractive places in this or any other country. Besides, during the three years of my first residence there, I was associated with a school of rare quality as regards the student body. This was true in particular of the young men, a large number of whom had just been given back by the army to citizen life. They were somewhat beyond the school age, were of rich experience and seriously studious.

I was now recalled to Bridgton Academy as principal, where for nearly three years I taught Greek and Latin and began to prepare students for college. Here I was not only the executive of the school, but taught classes regularly,—even did teaching both before and after school hours. From the point of view of hard work and exhaustion, this was the most strenuous period of my life. The results of these hard years, so far as scholarship is concerned, were most satisfactory. I am not a little proud of the after-lives of the young men I sent to college from North Bridgton.

Again I was called to Cooperstown, to become both superintendent and principal of the public schools of the place, rather, it should be said, a combination school known as the Cooperstown Union School and Academy. This position I held for twenty years and one term. I was now, the summer of 1890, forty-eight years old, at a period of life supposed by some to be the end of a teacher's usefulness. In fact, however, the twenty-six years of teaching hitherto proved in my case to be a needed apprenticeship for what was to be my most significant service, namely, that of twenty years as principal of three of the largest city high schools of the country. Cooperstown is the place, of all the places where I have lived, that seems most like home. My children were reared there. There, year after year, I walked with them, hand in hand, over the surrounding hills, enjoyed with them charming

Otsego Lake, where we rowed in summer and skated in winter, and where I stored up a fund of enjoyments to be remembered throughout a life-time. The boys and girls, pupils of that earlier time, the most of whom I have known from infancy, now grown to middle age, are in large numbers filling stations of responsibility and honor. My associate teachers of those years (alas, many of whom are not now living) hold no small place in my affections.

The next move, and, taking all the circumstances into account, the most ambitious I have ever made, was going from a village of but little more than 2,000 inhabitants to Worcester, Mass., to take charge of the largest mixed high school in New England. Here I had between thirty and forty associate teachers, generally experienced, efficient, and devoted to the school's best interests. The students, at one time numbering nearly 1,000, were, on the average, above the usual high school age and of a high grade of scholarship. It had always been my dream some day to be principal of a city high school. The longed-for time had now come. It was, it must be confessed, with considerable fear and trembling that I assumed this larger responsibility. To meet its demands and uncertainties, I decided at the outset to be indifferent as regarded my fate—to do my duty in as faithful a manner as possible and abide the consequences. Here I realized, and most happily, how dependent a principal is upon the loyal support of his associates. This acknowledgment is made in justice to the Worcester teachers. Here I was allowed, and even required, to read the Scriptures at assembly, something I had never done in Cooperstown,—a practice, I may say, that was also to be required later in Philadelphia and New York City. While it is easy to understand, from various points of view, the grounds of objection to giving anything like definite religious instruction in the public schools, I think it a most desirable way of beginning the daily session, to have the school assemble for the reading of a short, judiciously selected portion of the Bible and for singing, this very properly to be followed occasionally by brief remarks, generally relating to the conduct of the school. But such assembly exercises would be barren indeed, if the Bible were left out. Nothing can take

its place. An amusing coincidence anent the reading of the Scriptures in school happened in Worcester, and was associated with the temperance question. It was a "license year," and on the morning of the day when the license law went into effect, I chanced to read from Isaiah, "Ho, every one that thirsteth," quite unaware of its timeliness, until one of the teachers, after the assembly, called attention to it.

The three years in the Philadelphia High School for Girls brought a new experience, with a school of one sex only. While of the opinion that a mixed high school, numbering not to exceed 1,000 pupils, may be preferable, in a school of gigantic size I would not choose to have both sexes. The teaching force in Philadelphia, numbering about 80, and, with one exception, all ladies, was conspicuous for faithfulness and efficiency. In Worcester the corps of instruction was, in point of sex, about equally divided,—a happy proportion it has seemed to me, and one desirable even in a girls' school. The Philadelphia teachers, in comparison with those I had previously known, were more spontaneous, exhibiting the amiable qualities of a more southern latitude. It is well known that we New Englanders, in particular, are an undemonstrative and rather cold-blooded folk, a characteristic to some extent also of sections of the Middle States. I am glad that I lived three years in the Quaker City, and that I am able to hold in memory the pleasant associations I enjoyed with teachers and pupils both at Seventeenth Street and at Broad.

Thirteen years in the Wadleigh High School for Girls, located for the greater part of the time at 114th St. and 7th Avenue, New York City, was to be the rounding-out of my 46 years of teaching. The enrollment of this school for a single year, at one time, reached as high as 3,800 pupils. Here, for the first time, I enjoyed (what was of no small consideration) the satisfaction of taking the leading part in the inauguration of a school, where I was not to be hampered by a school's traditions. It may not be generally known that, until the summer of 1897 New York proper, that is, before enlargement, had been without high schools. At that date three such were established—one for girls, one for boys, and one for both sexes. It was my fortune to be called as

head of the first mentioned. The work of organizing the school was interesting, if somewhat unpleasant. For six years the school occupied rooms in as many as five different grammar school buildings, some of them being five miles apart. In many instances, owing to the rapid increase of high school pupils, the classrooms were over-crowded, often two girls being obliged to occupy one chair. In the beginning the three high schools had altogether a meagre attendance of less than 1,000 students. To-day, in the seven high schools occupying the same territory (boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx), more than 17,000 students are enrolled. A distinguishing feature of the Wadleigh High School has been the cosmopolitan character of its faculty. This was owing in great part to their manner of selection and appointment. Competition being the rule, candidates were invited from all sections of the country, and were drawn anywhere from Maine to Louisiana, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. They represented at least a score of states and more than a dozen colleges. They were mostly strangers to one another. A group so dissimilar necessarily had both its advantages and its drawbacks. It was a corps of unusual strength and loyalty. While there was wanting at first desirable cohesiveness, this was soon acquired. The corps of instruction had a large preponderance of women teachers. Of the whole number of teachers, at times over 120, only eight or ten were men, all of superior character and ability.

Some of the important happenings in New York from 1897 to 1910 were: Dewey's return, the Lincoln Centennial, and the Hudson-Fulton celebration; all of which were more or less of concern to the schools,—the last two being occasions of which the schools took particular cognizance. There were sad occurrences affecting the school in these years, the most awful being the burning of the steamer *General Slocum*, among the victims of which disaster there were more than a dozen Wadleigh girls.

At this stage of my reminiscences some general reflections may be made upon the teaching profession, or, perhaps better, the teacher's "calling." I shall speak as a principal, and shall first mention some of the drawbacks of teaching as a

life pursuit. From the principal's point of view teaching is more nearly all-absorbing than most callings. It so exhausts the resources of the mind, that there is allowed but little opportunity for initiative in any collateral endeavor. For example, the successful principal hardly ever essays authorship. Whatever his literary taste may be, especially if it tend towards literary creation, he is hardly ever able to indulge it with any good results. It is true he may do a vast amount of reading, and as a consequence may cultivate the appreciative faculty. This is possible in spite of fatigued body and mind. Even in such a condition reading may be a recreation. It will, however, necessarily be fragmentary. It is to be borne in mind that the principal's school duties are not confined to the schoolroom and to the regular school hours, but that they are almost constantly in his thoughts. This being the case, reading must often be done in mere snatches of time. Although in this way the critical faculty may be improved to the teacher's great enjoyment, the inventive and expressional faculties, of much greater significance, are likely to be wholly neglected. It is far from the whole truth to say, as some one has done, that "the only art of expression is to have something to express." Though "reading maketh a full man" according to Bacon, the best-read man, who rarely finds it possible to think, is helpless so far as invention and expression are concerned. Again, as "it is only early practice that makes the artist," even, when after many years of teaching one gives up his vocation and attempts to write, with whatever unremitting effort, the product of his pen is unlikely to be of much value. Whatever natural endowments one might early have found available for some degree of success have become atrophied by disuse. The business of teaching has another disadvantage, in the little prospect it affords of personal aggrandizement. The schoolmaster is not in this respect on a par with those engaged in any one of the three usually recognized professions. The very indefiniteness of pedagogy as a science so mystifies aims and minimizes results, that there is no sure criterion of success to be adopted as a common working principle. Those who have ranked highest as teachers have generally owed their distinction to

unusual personality, something that cannot be imitated by another. Thomas Arnold had no system of philosophy of education, but acted independently of rules that were susceptible of formulation. To steal his art would have been "as difficult as to steal Hercules's club." Nor have the prominent writers on pedagogy generally been noted as teachers. Again, it is no small objection to the business of teaching, that its pecuniary rewards are not inviting. It is a pursuit that does not encourage either good business habits or thrift. In this respect it is like the ministry. Furthermore, it lacks opportunities for developing the strength and virility that result from dealing with persons of mature age rather than with the young. The foregoing objections to the teacher's calling, by no means all that could be brought forward, are, perhaps, the most obvious. And yet, weighty as they appear, they are, I believe, more than counterbalanced by the satisfactions that accompany and result from a life devoted to instructing and training youth. The teacher's rewards are chiefly incorporeal. They are not to be measured by money or social position. They are, in a word, the consciousness of doing good by influencing multitudes of plastic minds through personal contact. If there is any nobler way of serving mankind, it is not readily apparent. A life spent in improving and enriching the lives of others, and at a period of those lives when thought and feeling are most impressionable, is the nearest approach mortals have to immortality. The enthusiasm kindled in one generation is as a torch to be passed on to generations succeeding. That this influence, or enthusiasm, is not always realized by the pupil until later in life is only natural. It may be unconscious tuition, though none the less genuine in its effects. Nor is this satisfaction enjoyed by the teacher his only reward. Amid the perplexities of the school, from which hardly a day is free, there comes an occasional hour of unsurpassed gladness, when exaltation of thought and feeling holds sway, and more than outweighs all the hours of vexation and discouragement. The effect of such a supreme hour has a parallel in what we sometimes feel when viewing a gorgeous sunset, the momentary sight of which is enough to cancel all the ills of existence.

One of the constant and absorbing pleasures of life consists in looking forward to a time of rest, when serious work shall be finally suspended. And yet the realization of what this period of retirement has in store far surpasses the anticipation of it. While no small part of the satisfaction that may be experienced at this late stage of life is the consciousness of having performed one's duties, there is something sweetly attractive in the very rest itself, in the sense of relief from pressing activities and harassing cares, and in the possible enjoyment of congenial occupations long wished for. Granted, that age has somewhat impaired the natural faculties and dulled the keener susceptibilities of youth, still old age has in the way of pleasures resources of its own, resources as impossible for youth as youth's natural inheritances are irrelevant to age. Moreover, what a store of memories old age has! What friendships to be re-enacted in thought! What acquisitions by the intellect and the senses, derived from books and persons, to be drawn from! The reflections of Cicero in *De Senectute* support what is here affirmed. He would have it that old age even delights in congenial activities. He tells us that Plato, in his eighty-first year, died while writing, and insists that the intellectual powers remain, provided study and application are kept up. Longfellow's *Morituri Salutamus* in like manner re-enforces the same idea. One of the resources that remain undiminished to declining years is a love of nature, which shows itself in such things as practical gardening and arboriculture. "God," says Bacon, "first planted a garden." Another gratification that solaces old age, and, it would appear, a crowning one, may be found in having descendants—children and grandchildren, in whom we shall continue to live, and who will in a manner inherit whatever we may have achieved.

CHAPTER IV.

LETTERS.

Stratford-on-Avon, Aug. 2, 1895.

AT last my eyes are blessed by the realization of a life-long dream—the sight of Shakspeare's birth-place. A few days ago when at Melrose, we were shown within the precincts of that splendid old abbey ruin a stone on which Walter Scott used to sit and muse and write, and were told that he has in some mysterious way communicated such a virtue to the place that it inspires any one who sits there. Hallowed as that spot is by the Wizard of the North, I chose to wait and do my worshiping in a place where every stone and everything around in earth and air has been given inspiration power by the greater necromancer of the Avon. We had purposely reserved Stratford as the place of our final sojourn before quitting Great Britain for home. We arrived last night in twilight not too dim to see plainly the graceful Childs fountain, in which all Philadelphians take pride. The driver could not adequately express his praise of Mr. Childs, and when he learned that I was from Philadelphia he drew still more heavily upon his, to me, quaint dialect, telling how all the shops were closed in Stratford on the day of the generous man's funeral. I was awakened early this morning by the chirping of a single loquacious sparrow, of the voracious, pugnacious type so common now in American towns and cities. From natural impulse I was in a hurry to get out and see the place by daylight. I found no one stirring about the house; both front doors were locked and the keys had been taken out; but I succeeded in opening a door in the rear, and passing through the back yard climbed over a wall eight feet high and made for the river. Finding no one in charge, I "borrowed" one of several small boats I found carelessly tied by the wharf, headed it down stream and rowed with nervous expectation in the direction of a church steeple. Of course I took off my hat and kept it off while rowing by the Stratford Church.

Some time in June I wrote you of my plans to spend three weeks in Great Britain, and told you that rest was to be my chief aim. As I look back now, near the expiration of the allotted time, I see nothing but haste since landing in Liverpool. The imprisonment on the Atlantic for ten days has at least one redeeming feature; it compels restless, hustling Americans to keep still for a while and get rest in spite of themselves. The crossing of the Atlantic was exceptionally pleasant and uneventful. Perhaps the most unusual occurrence was the simple ceremony of burying an infant at sea. The Church of England service was read impressively by a Philadelphia clergyman, standing near the port bulwark aft; and at the proper moment two sailors dropped the rude casket over the side.

We made the acquaintance of Liverpool at midnight, as it was necessary to be out of the way of another steamer to arrive next morning. The first impression was of large crowds gathered even at that late hour around the bulletin boards watching "the returns." In America one night suffices for this; here they keep up voting for two or three weeks. The papers have for a long time contained little besides politics. I find myself just about as much mixed on British politics as I am on church architecture. "Conservative and radical," "unionist and separatist," "tory," and something or other else, are, however, somewhat less confused than when I came.

We left Liverpool about noon Wednesday, July 17th, and after a pleasant journey of three or four hours through interesting rural scenery found Lake Windermere a perfect dream. Early in the day it had rained, but it was now clear and the charming combination of water, green shores, islands and hills was something never to be forgotten. The beauty of this particular lake seemed so much in excess of what I found elsewhere in England that I am led to wonder at the too faint praise given it. We chose Ambleside for our one night among the English lakes and found the best kind of English Inn comfort at the unpretentious White Lion. We here for the first time experienced the lengthening twilight of high latitudes. We know but little of such a phenomenon from reading about it. On the passage up the lake we were

shown, on a point, the old inn where Wordsworth, Scott, and other congenial souls used to meet in social communion; also the house of Mrs. Hemans; and were told that the renowned Manchester aqueduct follows the eastern shore. You of course know that this great work brings the pure water of Thirlmere to Manchester, after much tunneling of mountains, a distance of sixty miles. Ruskin's home is about eight miles west of Ambleside and is well worth the visit we could not pay it. Wasn't Ruskin seriously talked of for poet laureate after Tennyson's death? Just now England is suffering from a dearth of poets. We, of course, walked about Harriet Martineau's house at Ambleside. The greatest attraction here, however, is the fame given it by Wordsworth, perhaps England's third greatest poet. His house, closed to all visitors, is two miles from the village and lake, in a picturesque spot cuddling under ambitious hills, rocky, precipitous, rough, and peaked like mountains. These surrounding elevations, if less than mountains, are certainly more than hills. Perhaps no great violence would be done to our language if they were called mountlets. In all this region and in parts of Scotland we meet many such elevations and are quite at a loss to know what to call them. Why Wordsworth and Southey did not choose for their residences places bordering a lake is a mystery. Evidently they fancied mountains more. So Scott, with a wealth of Scottish lakes to choose from, selected the bank of the Tweed, which lacks even picturesque surroundings. Two miles farther on our way from Ambleside, we found the grave of Wordsworth in the quiet little churchyard of Grasmere. I should mention that the journey from Ambleside to Keswick, seventeen miles, is made by coach, and a most delightful journey it is, if one is as fortunate as we were, in having a clear day. As the interest at Lake Windermere is inseparable from Wordsworth, so that at Keswick and Derwent Water keeps Southey in the foreground. Here Coleridge and Shelley both lived, though but little account of the fact seems to be taken by the natives. I believe Landor once visited Southey here. The old sexton, who showed us the church and surroundings and Southey's grave, had seen all these celebrities. He thought Southey a good fellow, and said but for inebriety

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Hartley Coleridge would have been a more brilliant man than Samuel Taylor. An insignificant waterfall near Derwent Water was the occasion of Southey's "How the water comes down at Lodore." Keswick and surroundings have been greatly praised for natural beauty, even said to surpass anything else in Europe. I was not impressed inordinately.

Stratford-on-Avon, Aug. 3, 1895.

On our way to Scotland we stopped over at Carlisle, and through the kindness of northern twilight had three hours to give to our first, and on the whole least interesting, cathedral. It has a much praised window, claimed by the verger to be the finest in Great Britain, a distinction we found not allowed by the vergers of at least two other cathedrals. Here I first began to be bothered with church architecture, which I had never seriously studied, and for two or three days the terms used made confusion in my tired head. After such an experience as I have had one feels under a moral obligation to give attention to the study of the art of building. How some of our friends, seeing so much of ecclesiastical interest, would revel in the "decorated," "parallel," "Norman," "Early English," "gargoyles," "lanterns," "lady chapels," tombs of "venerable Bedes," and all that sort of thing. What about Carlisle cathedral interested me most was the fact that Walter Scott was married in it. The verger with much pomp showed us the exact spot where the happy pair stood at the altar. Glasgow greeted us with a Scotch rain, and the day given to the journey through the lakes to Edinburgh, instead of being the most delightful of our whole tour, as we had expected, proved the dismalest. The rugged shores of Loch Lomond were enveloped in clouds from the top of the mountain down, and their beauty was almost wholly lost to us. Innumerable frothy streamlets coursing down the ravines were all that relieved the general gloom. Much of the time we were compelled to stay below, where we saw little besides fog and water, and those through glass windows. From Inversnaid to Loch Katrine we coached it under dripping umbrellas and were simply drenched. The

coach load of twenty was entirely composed of Americans. One of them, a gentleman from Kansas, and evidently a little wetter than the rest, tried to take grief with a smile. In the midst of the wild scenery of Loch Katrine, the clouds for the time having lifted, while others were filled with admiration, he calmly asked if I knew the geological formation of the surrounding cliffs. A little while before, when several were discussing the relative desirability of a quick or a slow passage across the Atlantic, he expressed most emphatically a willingness to recross in just one minute. At the head of Loch Katrine, near Ellen's Isle, we had a view of unusual beauty. In my list I rank it with Lake Windermere for impressiveness. Patience in wet buskins is said to have its limits. Passing through the Trossachs in a thoroughly wet skin is too much for even American enthusiasm. It goes without saying that we were disgusted and unhappy when we descended to Aberfoyle.

Stratford-on-Avon, Aug. 5, 1895.

In my previous letter I had reached Aberfoyle, with our distressed but good natured company, about the middle of the afternoon of the one really disappointing day of our whole tour. At Stirling we had three hours of most satisfactory sight-seeing. The good impression made by this castle may be due in part to its being my first castle of the kind; also I may have been in an unusually happy frame of mind, just having emerged from the unfriendly Trossachs. Evidently the conditions were all right at Stirling, and it is to be remembered that we always speak of the fair as our own goods have gone in the market. The views from Stirling Castle are very similar to those obtained from the heights at Edinburgh and Windsor. Each of these has, like Stirling, an extended flat landscape happily variegated with cultivated fields, woods, and running waters; but the wide mouth of the Forth, besides being too far away for the best effect, is not so charming as the same stream, narrow and deep, as it winds with grace beneath the monuments of Wallace and Bruce. Nor is the Thames at Windsor so charming as the Forth at Stirl-

ing. To Americans, who have been familiar with the majesty of the Hudson and the Delaware, English rivers are not natural objects of great impressiveness, however much they may have been hallowed by poetry and historic associations. But the Forth as seen from the top of Stirling Castle is as a part of the natural landscape the most pleasing river scene I have met in Great Britain. The Thames nowhere, not even at Windsor, equals it. However, that which makes Stirling so superlatively interesting is something besides beautiful landscape, with its green and cultivated fields, river, and wooded tracts, displayed in happiest combination. In these respects the valley of the Connecticut has places to match it; but they have no Bannockburn or battleground consecrated by Wallace's heroism. These two famous fields of strife are in plain sight on opposite sides of the castle and add to the place a charm not possessed by any other fortress visited. Near the castle on the side toward the field of Bannockburn are the tournament grounds still preserved in their original form and very much as they were when Mary Queen of Scots, a captive in the tower, used to watch the tilting knights from a narrow slit in the wall. In some form or other this poor Queen seemed to be at hand wherever we went. At one time we were shown the room she occupied in a palace; at another, one of the places of her incarceration; again, and this frequently, her portrait by some master; and again some slight memento, as a cross or lock of hair. Near the castle on a little ambitious bluff is a splendid monument to Wallace, a fit companion to that of Bruce on the Castle's Esplanade. I lose none of my enthusiasm for Stirling as I am removed from it in time and space. No one of a hundred interesting things seen since has been able to displace it in my regard. We crossed the renowned Forth bridge, nearly five miles in length, and at half past nine in the evening entered Edinburgh, the Scotch Athens. Three days had wisely been apportioned to this superb city. Having favorable weather, we made good use of the time. We had high expectations of a city claiming to be the finest in the world and were not conscious of disappointment. Upon emerging from the Waverly Station one is easily convinced that Walter

Scott owns the town, as everything in the neighborhood seems to be called Waverly, the splendid Waverly monument close at hand being the most conspicuous. It can be said in general that Great Britain takes good care of her great men, whether literary, military, or naval. She is particularly regardful of the memory of those who have fought her battles. Nelson and Wellington are honored with the most costly memorials. St. Paul's in London has more heroes than saints and quite resembles a temple of victory. Edinburgh has been described minutely by so many that it is one of the best known of all foreign cities, and it would be foolish for me to go into any details regarding it. We found Darling's Hotel, centrally situated on Princess street, a most satisfactory place of entertainment. I mention this fact in gratitude for what I found exceptional, and because I believe it only right to praise a good thing when you find it in this imperfect world. Our plans contemplated spending the three Sundays of our itinerary at Edinburgh, London, and Stratford. We made the Sunday at Edinburgh a full day, attending church three times, at St. Giles's, Dr. McGregor's and St. Mary's Cathedral. St. Giles's is where the Queen worships in Edinburgh, and for a Presbyterian church has a tendency to be English or "high" Presbyterian. We were attracted to the military service at half past nine, as hundreds of other Americans were. The musical part of the service there is led or accompanied by a fine military band, and the effect was inspiring and most satisfactory. The preacher, evidently of only moderate abilities, turned his back to us and preached at the soldier end of the church; consequently we felt at liberty to study the fine windows and tattered battleflags hanging above. The manner of taking up a collection was a revelation, a pouch being passed from hand to hand. Probably everybody else had known this before. I wonder that I had never read about it. But this is not the only thing I have in a similar manner been surprised at within the past three weeks. How does it happen that no one has ever told me with adequate emphasis of the peculiar charms of Lake Windermere and Stirling Castle? The service at St. Giles's was unique in being just an hour long. It closed with "God Save the Queen"

instead of the doxology, and as the opening notes of the band gave a hint of our familiar air, we Americans had ready on our lips the words, "My Country 'tis of Thee," but only sang them in our hearts. By walking rapidly we reached Dr. McGregor's church in time for another morning service. This church has a name of its own, but just now it is forgotten. This is an instance where the preacher is sufficiently renowned to give his own name to his church. Beecher's Church and Spurgeon's Church are other examples. I was sadly disappointed in Dr. McGregor; in fact I usually have been disappointed in great preachers. Phillips Brooks is about the only exception. As a general thing the best sermons I have heard have been by men not celebrated, that is, men not likely to draw crowds merely by disjointed rhetoric and impassioned oratory. In the evening we attended a very proper Church of England service at St. Mary's Cathedral, a beautiful edifice of recent construction, the munificence of two wealthy but devout maiden ladies. I feel that in writing of the grandeur of Edinburgh I am only repeating twice told tales. We visited the wonderful castle and saw the Scotch soldiers on parade. A sudden shower drove them and us under cover, our refuge being little St. Margaret's chapel, which for twenty minutes was crowded to the door with Americans from every part of the Union. We visited the haunts of John Knox, met again Mary Queen of Scots at Holyrood Palace, and saw with admiration the monument to Nelson and Wellington on Calton Hill. I was interested in the house where Hume lived and could not admire enough the princely Princess street. After all, the greatest thing in Edinburgh, as it is also the greatest thing in Scotland, is Walter Scott. He sits enthroned under the splendid Scott monument, which is open on four sides of the base and shows the Wizard seated as he has been pictured to the ends of the civilized world. When taking the round of the "circuit" on the top of a bus, I was shown by an intelligent gentleman sitting near me the house where Scott, as a little child, met Robert Burns, it being the only time he ever saw him. Few things in this famous city pleased me more.

It is not in my line, as has already been intimated, to write

up the cathedral towns. I must therefore be brief and avoid technicalities. Naturally we visited the well-preserved ruin of Melrose Abbey first and then Abbotsford near by. This Abbey so much exceeds in interest for the tourist the ill-preserved Kenilworth, that the latter but for the pen of Scott has no great attractiveness. Kenilworth is only a great suggestion mantled with bewitching ivy; Melrose retains something of reality. Abbotsford, three miles from Melrose, has but meagre help from nature, but abounds in the resources of associations bestowed upon it by an inspired man. A visitor once complained to the owner that Abbotsford lacked picturesqueness. Scott told him that the very barrenness was to him beauty. I asked the keeper of the place if I might be allowed to walk across the narrow strip of meadow to get a closer view of the Tweed, but was refused. The interior of the house was to me intensely interesting. The relics, not too numerous to be examined without painful exertion, I would rather see again than the crown jewels in London Tower. Here we saw the sword of Rob Roy, really more interesting than Cromwell's armor hanging on the wall at Warwick Castle; and the cross held by Mary Queen of Scots just before her execution. On our way to London we visited the cathedrals of Durham, York, Lincoln, and Ely. Each has its own excellence and peculiar characteristics. Durham, of necessity, being nearest the border, has about it most of the air of a church militant. Its elevated site admirably adapts it for defense; its monks must have been good fighters. The chapel, or the Galilee as it is called, contains the remains of the venerable Bede. York with its antiquity, splendid Minster, and walls both Roman and modern, is a place to tarry in. We stayed but one day, getting the impression that its chapter house surpassed everything else in England in the way of fine carved ornamentation. At Lincoln it is the tower they praise for excellence. Ely has the longest nave, is "low church," is light, and has a modern look, as if a comfortable place to worship in. Cambridge, where we spent a day, quite captivated us. King's College Chapel and Old Trinity interested us most of the university buildings. We were charmed with the Cam and the "Backs," the latter being the well-

known park-like border of the river behind the college on the farther shore, having a delightful walk close to the stream. Cambridge and Stratford are the only places where we have indulged in row-boats. We were proud of our ladies who, having been educated at the source of the Susquehanna, stepped into a small boat with no sign of timidity, and feathered an oar in the classic *Cam* as if to the manner born. Through the kindness of the "bed-woman" and the gentle persuasiveness of a sixpence we saw the rooms once occupied by Newton, Macaulay, and Thackeray at Old Trinity, and of course the famous hole in the door for Newton's cat.

Stratford-on-Avon, August 5, 1895.

What most impressed me in London was in not being particularly impressed. Seldom have my preconceived notions of a city been so true as in this instance, which was owing no doubt to the abundant good literature upon the topography and history of the place with which I have been conversant all my life. I seemed to be quite at home in the vicinity of Fleet street, the Strand, and St. Paul's. The descriptions of Westminster Abbey, so vivid in Sir Roger de Coverley and in the writings of almost numberless literary men of high rank, in a measure prepared me for a recognition of everything within its hallowed precincts. Some of these artistic delineations might, like Byron's description of the Colosseum by moonlight, be pronounced better than the reality. Piccadilly, with its sea of crowded human-freighted busses, had a familiar look; and I felt sure of having previously held my ear to the wall in the whispering gallery of St. Paul's Cathedral and to have surveyed the mighty city from its dome. After all, the things I didn't see in London, but of which I have learned from good writers, impress me even more than what I saw there in one poor week. Truly, as has been said, London is England. Here we find English history centuries deep.

Hardly anything in Great Britain is more remarkable than the absence of colored people. I saw but three while there. All the waiter population in England is decidedly English.

and how fatally they all misuse the letter "h," even the otherwise accomplished verger, who looks as if he might be the Archbishop of Canterbury! This same English lower class, however, has certain elegancies of pronunciation, and especially in the sounds of the vowels, which cultivated Americans might emulate. It made me envious to hear a railway porter say "half-past." Other surprises were the infrequency of bicyclists, especially women; the lateness at which business London bestirs itself in the morning, it being almost impossible to find a cab before seven o'clock; the dearth of American news in the English dailies; and the fact that newspaper venders on the street seldom have the London Times.

We heard Carmen, with a cast including both Calve and Melba, at Covent Garden. In the royal box were the Princess of Wales and her daughters. To me the charm of the performance was, in spite of Calve's great acting, Melba's divinely sweet singing.

Time and again when we have expressed admiration for something beautiful in the way of architecture, our guide would inform us with a tone and look of severe reproof, that the object of our admiration was not at all worthy of notice, as it was less than two hundred years old. In the hope of touching upon some theme that is not hackneyed or prominent in the latest "Baedeker," I propose to defy custom and speak of two literary characters but recently deceased, who attracted me quite as much as the "Cheshire Cheese" and the houses where Lamb, Johnson, and Boswell each lived. Our last day in London was given almost exclusively to Thomas Carlyle and George Eliot.

On the Cheyne Walk, bordering the Thames Embankment in Chelsea, in a diminutive park, is to be seen in an elevated sitting posture a bronze statue of Thomas Carlyle. The whole neighborhood is too Carlylish to be mistaken. The courts, shops, and at least one hotel perpetuate the fact of his residence in this part of London. Carlyle's house, but a stone's throw from the station, where he lived and worked the greater part of his active life, is most commonplace both externally and internally. On the outside of the front wall, at the centre of the second story, a small bronze tablet shows

Carlyle's face in relief. I found a woman in charge, who took my shilling most amiably and informed me that the place had been but recently opened as a museum; that a reliable association composed of admirers of Carlyle had purchased the property with the hope of sometime making it what Abbotsford is; that at present there was but little in the way of relics to be seen, but that there was no doubt many such would in a few years be collected by gift and purchase. I was shown over the premises in a most courteous manner, from kitchen to uppermost rooms. Naturally taking me for an American, she manifested much pride in showing the chamber where Mr. Emerson slept when a guest of Mr. Carlyle. The great author's study is at the top of the house, and is cheerfully lighted from the roof. It is decidedly unique in having double walls with a space of about three feet between. This arrangement, an afterthought, was a futile attempt to keep out the noise of the street. As an indication of Carlyle's over-sensitiveness to noises of all kinds, an incident is related of his rather unamiable expostulation with a widow, a neighbor of his, for keeping a rooster whose crowing annoyed him. To her natural retort that the rooster crowed but seldom, he rejoined: "That isn't it; what troubles me is, the apprehension that he will crow." It was decidedly impressive to stand in this room, where Carlyle spent eleven years in writing his *Frederick the Great*. Among other mementos I was shown the great Scotchman's chair, cane, and inkstands; but the back yard, a small grassy rectangle thickly fringed with small trees, interested me most of all. It contains a dried stump which was Carlyle's favorite seat when he was engaged in deep meditation. Here he used to sit and talk when receiving visits from Tennyson and other literary friends. Close by the fence at the rear is the grave of Carlyle's favorite dog. It seems that Carlyle, Landor, and Scott were as partial to dogs as Shakspeare was to horses.

We had much difficulty in finding George Eliot's grave, which is in a cemetery at Highgate, where she rests near Mr. Lewes. As we had not as yet tried the London underground railway, and did not wish to leave the city without doing so, we took at Victoria station this means of transit in going

to Highgate, though by an unnecessarily long and circuitous route. An episode at Highgate is one of our pleasantest reminiscences of London. After several ineffectual inquiries regarding the burial place of perhaps the most intellectual woman the world has ever known, I ventured to accost, in what must have seemed to him a rather abrupt manner, a gentleman of attractive appearance who was stretching out his hands to greet his little children who were running on before their nurse to welcome him home. With a good natured smile and a frank acknowledgment of ignorance on the subject of my inquiry, he invited us all, with a cordial insistence such as I never experienced anywhere else, to go to his house a little way on, telling the maid to run ahead and have his wife prepare tea for some tired Americans who were searching for dead people three thousand miles away from home. The grace of welcome with which his wife received us was inimitable in its warmth and naturalness and made us at once quite at home. To our surprise we were informed that within a stone's throw of the house where we were, the remains of Samuel Taylor Coleridge were buried beneath a Grammar School. Our host with his uniform good-natured frankness confessed that he had never taken the trouble during his twelve years' residence in the place to see Coleridge's tomb, and but for our visit had been more likely to visit the tomb of Washington Irving than that of Coleridge. The Grammar School, which had been built over the grave, has conspicuous in front an interesting Latin motto: *Vera loqui aut tacere*. Under the guidance of our genial English friends we soon found the object of our search—a rather diminutive monument inscribed as follows, the first two lines being taken from one of George Eliot's poems:

"Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence."

Here lies the body
of

"George Eliot."

Mary Ann Cross.

Born 22 November, 1819.

Died 22 December, 1880.

Stratford-on-Avon, Aug. 6, 1895.

Of the American writers who have left their impressions of Stratford, Washington Irving easily stands first. In fact nothing from his pen is so Irving and classic as the Sketch Book. His greatest gift of style, so original and so much his own that others try to copy it in vain, is most conspicuously shown when, as here, his subject is trite and inconsequential. What Irving wrote about the birthplace of Shakspeare is so completely the work of an accomplished litterateur, that others who have attempted the same task since have been hopelessly handicapped. It could not be expected that Hawthorne, whose genius is in the highest sense creative, should equal his distinguished countryman and forerunner in the sphere of description. Mr. William Winter has attempted twice to be a second Irving and to depict with literary charm whatever is of human interest in and about Stratford; but his pages, at first possessing some fascination, are too repetitious to hold the reader's interest. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his *Hundred Days in Europe*, makes but a pitiable exhibition of his brilliant powers as a writer when treating of Stratford, and shows how ill adapted he is to shine where Irving shone brightest.

While the Sketch Book is as fresh and as satisfying to the cultivated taste as when it first appeared to the delight of all England as well as America, its author would find to-day quite a different Stratford from the one he knew even so recently. Shakspearian critics, during the past thirty years, have made a new Shakspeare, showing him, despite the attempt of some to throw doubt upon the authorship of his plays, to be even greater than his most ardent admirers had thought him. The Germans are said to have discovered Shakspeare a century ago, and as a consequence hundreds and thousands of the English-speaking race are to-day studying him with a new amazement; and the end is not yet. The very doubt that is heard on every hand about Shakspeare's being the author of the plays that are accredited to him, has its birth in this overwhelming amazement. Intelligent men and women, who have become possessed of a "little dangerous learning" concerning these marvelous dramas, are ready to

think that, while they do not know who wrote them, a man of Shakspeare's education and opportunities could not have done it. To me, when I consider how superhuman such a literary achievement seems, it would appear saner to conclude that no mere mortal could have done such work, and to take refuge with one despairing writer who claims as the only possible solution of the difficulty, that Shakspeare is a case of the re-incarnation. In the numerous small shops here one may find nearly all the heretical books ever written about Shakspeare, from Delia Bacon to Donnelly of the cryptogram notoriety. It is a fact not to be gainsaid that hundreds of intelligent and well meaning men are infected with these heresies. Within the past few days I have met two such Americans. In a conversation with one of these as to the fact that three times as many people visit Ayr as Stratford each year, he gave as a reason that people are beginning to doubt Shakspeare. He further informed me that visitors to the home of Shakspeare are, in consequence of this doubt, falling off in number each year, a statement, by the way, quite the reverse of truth, as I am assured on the best authority that the number of annual visitors here increases steadily. This anti-Shakspearian tendency is not likely, in the long run, to do any considerable harm, but genuine Shakspearian scholars are clearly remiss in their indifference towards it. They either ignore it altogether or pass it by after a "shoo fly" fashion. Instead of acting in this manner, the most thoroughly equipped among them could do the world a great benefit by answering in a single volume all the alleged arguments that have ever been promulgated in proof of the non-Shakspearian authority of what is known as the works of William Shakspeare.

Stratford-on-Avon, Aug. 6, 1895.

A few years ago I met an Englishman who was making a brief summer tour of the United States and Canada. In addition to the usual attractions of the countries he was to visit, such as Saratoga and Niagara Falls, he had determined to select for visitation one place which should combine beau-

tiful rural scenery and literary celebrity. Three such places in particular presented themselves, each having in its peculiar way the double attraction alluded to. These were Irvington on the Hudson, Concord, Mass., and Cooperstown, N. Y. For certain reasons his choice fell upon Otsego Lake, with its harmonious setting of hills at the source of the Susquehanna, and to my mind he could not have done better. To an American visiting England in search of country scenes enhanced by the charm of letters, one place in particular attracts him, and that is Warwickshire, the garden of England, and the birthplace of Shakspeare, Landor, and George Eliot. It is well for the stranger coming to this much frequented part of England, to bear in mind that there is more than one literary celebrity intimately associated with this region. During my few hours' stay in Warwick my interest was naturally divided between the well preserved Warwick Castle, with its walls Avon-washed, and its distinguished prose-poet Walter Savage Landor; and I was amazed to find how little this remarkable man is cared for in his native town. Besides a bust in St. Mary's Cathedral and the inscription of his name and birth-date on the house where he was born, there seems to be nothing in the county of Warwick, and I might say in England elsewhere, to preserve the memory of a man whom Shakspeare might gladly have admitted to participation in a common literary renown. It is difficult at first thought for a stranger, especially one acquainted with his real merit as an author, to understand why Landor is so neglected in England; but much light is thrown upon the situation when we come to understand the man's strange personal characteristics. Landor's unpatriotic spirit was most pronounced. His openly expressed contempt for England, and especially his bitter hostility to the English government, not to mention his self-imposed banishment to a foreign country, were offenses too great for his contemporary countrymen to condone. It is to be hoped that another Warwickshire generation, jealous of the glory reflected upon it by so rare a man, and willing to forgive his extravagant faults, will deem it just and wise to supplement even Shakspeare's fame by causing Landor's name to be associated with his in some humble way at Stratford. Another

character of Warwickshire birth, already mentioned, who deserves at least a modest place beside the great bard, is George Eliot. I have little doubt but that in years to come the visitor will find here in Stratford memorials of both Landor and George Eliot. It is one of my regrets in leaving England that time has not sufficed to visit the early home of this genius among women, to see with my own eyes what is so vividly depicted in the beautiful illustrated volume entitled "George Eliot's Land." At Kenilworth we were within a few miles of Arbury Park, but could not spare the time to go there.

Other places in Great Britain I have left after a brief stay with something akin to resignation. This place I shall leave most reluctantly. Three months would be little enough time in which to gain a satisfactory acquaintance with what is of superlative interest in this famous county of England. One ought to walk to Kenilworth a dozen times, and unaccompanied, to take in the quiet beauty of the landscape with its rich relief of storied castle and with its numerous objects of quaint historic and traditional interest. We never can know a landscape until with many repetitions we walk through it musingly and alone.

Last March a tornado of great severity swept over this portion of England, leaving in its track marks of destruction pitiful to see. Hundreds of the giant elms which grace the roads in all directions, and which give the country one of its greatest charms, were uprooted, and their huge wrecked bodies are seen at frequent intervals skirting the way.

Nothing more appropriate could be conceived of as a means of honoring the memory of England's great poet than the Shakspeare Memorial Building. This structure, the gift of Charles Edward Flower of Stratford, had its corner-stone laid on Shakspeare's birthday, April 23, 1877, and was dedicated just three years later. It stands on the west bank of the Avon, a short distance above Holy Trinity Church. The design of the building is three-fold, and in this respect the conception is most happy. It is at once a theatre, a picture gallery, and a library, all these three phases being essentially Shakspearian. The last week in April of each year, or rather the week including April 23, witnesses here a superb repre-

sentation of one of Shakspeare's plays by the best known histrionic talent. A point of special interest in the bringing on of the annual play is the great pains taken in choosing the text and in proper staging. In making this choice the best traditions of Shakspearian dramatic performances are studiously scrutinized. The committee having the matter in charge issue each year in pamphlet form the play of that year just as rendered by the Memorial company. A copy of *Winter's Tale*, courteously presented to me by the librarian, shows some unique features. The whole text appears, the parts actually recited being in larger type than the parts omitted on the stage, with slight changes in words and phrases, always with metrical elegance, to soften the occasional gross expressions and sentiments unsuited to the taste of the nineteenth century. The picture gallery and library, wholly distinct from the theatre proper, are essentially distinct from each other, while both contain Shakspearian relics which give them an antiquarian appearance. Among the paintings, in addition to several of Shakspeare himself, are found portraits of the leading actors who have appeared at these Stratford annuals. The library contains all the editions of Shakspeare's plays ever issued and all books treating of his life and works, excepting, of course, those that are monstrously heretical as to the authorship of the plays. The edition of the plays edited by Dr. Horace Howard Furness of Philadelphia, is of course here, and it is pleasing to American pride to know that it is conceded to be the best. An interesting thing to be seen in the library is a collection of well preserved botanical specimens, each labeled and containing a line or two from Shakspeare illustrating every flower and plant mentioned in the poet's works, the quotation subscribed in each case being the poet's allusion to the flower or plant in question.

In marked contrast to the ordinary ushers, vergers, and cicerones we have been accustomed to meet in England, there are two gentlemen installed here at Stratford who deserve a passing word of favorable comment. They are Mr. Richard Savage, for several years in charge of the Shakspeare House, and Mr. W. Salt Brassington, F. S. A., recently placed in charge of the Shakspeare Memorial Library. These

gentlemen are of superior general intelligence, specially qualified for the technical duties they are charged with, and extremely courteous. In reply to the question as to which is the correct form, Stratford-upon-Avon or Stratford-on-Avon, Mr. Brassington said the preposition was *super* in the original documents, and that each person might translate it to suit himself. He writes Stratford-upon-Avon. The fine extended view from the tower of the Memorial Building, which should not on any account be missed by the tourist, is a mild reproduction of that from Stirling Castle, while it is amid associations unequaled by anything battlefields can give. Bruce and Wallace are not Shakspeare, nor is the winding Forth, narrow and deep, with all its Rob Roy romance, to be compared with the silvery Avon.

Colorado Springs, Col.,
July 20, 1905.

Editor of *The Mountaineer*:

A brief letter from a Gorham boy who has visited Pike's Peak may be of interest to your readers, as there is much here that is suggestive of the White Mountain region. Colorado Springs is of the same elevation as the summit of Mount Washington, or very nearly so. Besides being a famous health resort, it has unusual charms of natural scenery, and is peculiarly attractive as a place of residence. Its natural feature of first importance is Pike's Peak, over 14,000 feet above sea level, higher than the Jungfrau and more than twice as high as Mount Washington.

From my chamber window I have an enchanting view of its snow-streaked summit twelve miles away. During the ten days of my stay here I have seen it cloud-capped but once, and then for a few hours only. At almost any time an ascent is certain to be rewarded with a clear view from the summit. The case with Mount Washington, as is well known, is quite different, as its summit is oftener concealed by clouds than otherwise. I have in my lifetime ascended Mount Washington at least a dozen times, and remember having but two good views from the top. It must be remembered, however,

that the best views from mountains are not always from the highest points.

I made the ascent of Pike's Peak by way of the cog road. As I had once made the ascent of Mount Washington by a similar road, I was desirous of comparing the two pioneers in this manner of mountain climbing. We reached the foot of the cog road by trolley, going through Colorado City, once the capital of the state, and Manitou, famous for its soda and iron springs, a distance of five miles. Our party, numbering about 150 persons, made the ascent of eight miles in three trains or sections, each section consisting of a locomotive and one car. The train had the same catchy, jolting motion which I remember to have characterized the climb up Mount Washington. Our rate of speed was about five miles an hour, the rate being remarkably uniform for both ascending and descending. The road bed here is elaborately made and is graded throughout its whole extent in the same manner as an ordinary railroad, in this respect differing from the White Mountain road, which, as is generally known, is made by laying ties and timbers over the natural rocks.

In point of barrenness near the top the two mountains are quite similar. Both have snow in some measure nearly all through the summer. The snow is much more conspicuous, and is more nearly continuous throughout the summer, on the Colorado than on the New Hampshire mountain, though even here, according to report, it usually disappears before the end of August. As we neared the summit, I found it convenient to put on a light overcoat, though the cold was not annoying. The absence of winds impressed me, in marked contrast to the fierce blasts that one almost always encounters on the Presidential range. Snow banks four or five feet deep in places, having a substratum of clear ice, were frequent, and in places covered several acres. Going a few steps down the side of the mountain, I brushed away the surface stratum and filled my cup with clean snow, which I ate with boyish relish during our descent.

The cone of the mountain down the distance of three-quarters of a mile is in appearance and formation much like that of Mount Washington, being a heap of individual rocks

and boulders tumbled together in a most haphazard manner, the only apparent difference being that here the stones are smaller and of a decided red color. Wee flowers of varied hues cheer the sight all the way to the summit. The surrounding mountains, "Alp on Alp," are quite as companionable as those sentineled by the giants of the White Hills, but are almost wholly devoid of trees or other verdure. A slight haziness, due no doubt to smoke, renders the distant horizon indistinct; otherwise Denver would be plainly visible. The lower half of the Pike's Peak railway, passing through and overlooking wild cañons of marvelous rock formation, has far more picturesque scenery than that of Mount Washington. And yet the hundreds of varied views one gets in passing over the Presidential range have an interest and charm of their own and are in their kind unrivaled by what one sees from Pike's Peak.

Pasadena, California,
July 27, 1905.

It would be impossible to give you an adequate idea of the remarkable scenery we have passed through since leaving Colorado Springs last Saturday. In the scenic effects about Colorado Springs I imagined the limit of grandeur to have been reached, especially in what the South Cheyenne Cañon had to offer, when the profusion and confusion of red giants of startling height seemed to threaten destruction at every step. But we found the cañons of the Arkansas still more marvelous. Thirty miles south of Colorado Springs, at Pueblo, we struck the Arkansas River, at this point a swift, muddy stream, and followed it to its source, a distance of 140 miles. The most attractive feature along this wild route is the Royal Gorge, something quite exceptional for cañon sublimity. In one place, a pass between huge mountains of perpendicular sides, a space too narrow for ordinary railroad building, the train passes over a hanging bridge, unique in kind, and, I fear, too technical for my powers of description. Nearly all the way to the divide, which is in the vicinity of Leadville, and where there is an elevation of 10,000 ft., we had on our

left the snowy peaks of the Sangre de Cristo range. The three highest of these peaks are named Yale, Harvard, and Princeton. The western descent of the divide is richly picturesque. From the mountain sides, along which our road wound, we had in continual view a deep valley, through which a small stream, called Eagle River, threads its way. We passed Glenwood Springs, a kind of Saratoga, on the Grand River, after dark, and had the good fortune to sleep while entering the uninviting Salt Lake basin, which we were to traverse for a distance of a thousand miles.

We found Salt Lake City, on the whole, a disappointment. The excessive heat and prevalent dust were no doubt contributory to our feelings of mild disgust. The street cars, having for their service a mere apology of a road-bed, over which are laid inadequate ties and puny rails, are the worst imaginable. It was also an unpleasant surprise to find that the city is eighteen miles away from the lake. The accommodations for getting to the lake are quite out of date and exceedingly trying to the patience. The conveyance is by a steam road having as a city terminal a dirty and unsightly station. The train is chiefly made up of observation cars unupholstered and, generally speaking, of a Rip Van Winkle type. To all this discomfort there remains to be added abundant smoke and cinders. Again, the railroad ends where the water used to be before the shrinkage of recent years, half a mile from the lake's present border. There is a creditable Casino here with as fine a dancing floor as is likely to be met with anywhere. Some of the business streets of Salt Lake City, and a few of the residential ones, would be a credit to any modern, progressive city. We took a jerky, see-sawing trolley to Fort Douglas, and while walking about the post were nearly broiled in the midday sun.

The "show things" of Salt Lake City all smack of Mormonism. The buildings of the Latter Day Saints.—Temple, Tabernacle, and Assembly, are inclosed with an imposing wall ten or twelve feet in height, and are rich in appearance and architecturally grand. From a religious point of view it is impossible to regard the whole Mormon organization and exhibit as other than a farce. We attended the Sunday service

in the Tabernacle, finding everything as previous reading on the subject had led us to expect. There was the huge auditorium with a seating capacity of 10,000. There was the immense audience, a majority being gentiles, and in the circumstances of undevout spirit. There were the rows of elders, looking abnormally important. There was the mixed choir, of summer size only, probably numbering 150. Last, and not least, there was the great organ, manipulated by electric devices and presided over by a master. The organ voluntary was, in points of execution, tone, and harmony, perfection itself. It was the one thing in the service that had the air of devotion. The service proper began with prayer by an aged saint, whose voice was feeble and trembly, his elocution defective, his articulation indistinct. From what I was able to hear, I thought he prayed very much after the stereotyped manner of our orthodox clergy, using familiar New Testament phraseology with great freedom. Next came a hymn, in which the congregation was requested to join. The choir leader even turned towards the audience and marked the time for them. As might be expected, the singing was not good. Both time and tune were wanting. Despite the emphatic use of the baton, the laggards were much in evidence, and the loud organ notes nearly drowned the whole. It is unaccountable that in congregational singing, as in liturgical responses, there will always be a few "independents" bringing up the rear sonorously. Senator Hoar, in his Reminiscences, tells of a distinguished judge who was entertaining a company of his associates, and on Sunday took them all with him to the Episcopal Church. One of the guests, a devout churchman, was notable for long-drawn-out responses. As they were returning to the house after the service, one of the company, who had been humorously affected by the belated responses of the aforesaid gentleman, said to him: "Davis, why couldn't you descend into hell with the rest of us?" The sermon, nearly an hour long, was by a clear-voiced elder, or saint (the Mormons have no clergy), every word of which could be distinctly heard in all parts of the vast auditorium. His theme was the reasonableness of further, or later, revelation, Christ being, not the end, but only one link

in a long chain of prophets. The New Testament was quoted freely, the concluding verses of Revelation being obviously strained to favor the line of argument. After the sermon a male quartet, with doubtful success, came as a diversion. The first tenor had a voice of phenomenal range and natural purity, but of little effectiveness, as evidently he had never learned how to sing. The other three voices were hardly more than ordinary. When the spirit moved an elder by the name of Smith, a low-pressure speaker, to rise and utter himself, a spirit of another kind at the same time moved us to retire, which we did regardless of frequent notices posted on the pillars requesting visitors not to leave until the end of the service.

July 24 is celebrated at Salt Lake City as Pioneer Day. It commemorates the discovery by Brigham Young of this semi-desert land, which under artificial irrigation has been made to blossom as the rose. This day is here more honored than the Fourth of July. We went to the Park in the morning and saw one hundred Indians, Bannocks and Shoshones,—men, women, and papooses, who are brought in from the reservations to play a part in reproducing the scenes of 1847. It was a memorable sight—these befeathered and barbarously painted warriors and women, the former mounted on horses and equipped with the war implements of savagery. When spoken to they were either silent or responded with a grunt. Pieces of raw beef were hanging here and there among the branches in primitive aboriginal fashion.

Brigham Young's monument, occupying a prominent position in the square near the Temple, represents the Mormon chief above, full-length, and has around the base figures symbolical of pioneer days—aboriginal and frontier life and character being cleverly depicted. As a work of art, the monument is more than respectable.

We took the Southern Pacific route, and crossed by the famous trestle the northern end of Salt Lake. In one place the span of this trestle is ten miles long. After this came the real desert, where for a distance of 100 miles everything might, with some reservation, be described as some one has described Cairo—as “all sandy and Sphinxy.”

We crossed the Sierra Nevada mountains by daylight, finding the scenery in many respects new, especially as the mountains are generally pine-timbered to the very tops. Often at our level, and but a few rods away, there were snow-banks. Extensive snow-sheds, almost continuous for 45 miles, are rather disenchanting, though through the cracks one gets a glimpse of landscape beauty. It is rumored that there is projected the doing away of a large part of these sheds and substituting instead extensive tunneling, an alternative not altogether pleasant to contemplate.

California—land of sunshine, fruit, and flowers, with a climate of surpassing salubrity, may indeed be called God's Country. San Francisco greeted us with a cool breeze. We made no stay there, but intend to give it three or four days on our return north in August. Pasadena is altogether charming, quite up to its high fame. Here the nights are not rendered sleepless by excessive heat. Last evening, in fact, while sitting on the porch after dinner, I found it comfortable to wear an extra coat.

Pasadena, California,
August 6, 1905.

We have now been ten days in Southern California, and have been wide awake to the interesting features of this new country. It is something surprising, and agreeably so, to us in this place, as it was generally speaking in Colorado, to plan with confidence for an outing on any day, as we are in no fear of rain. At Colorado Springs, to be sure, there were occasional trifling showers. Here, however, at this season, it does not rain at all; and still artificial irrigation, such as is common in Colorado, is not so elaborately resorted to. The nights here are rather too cool for comfort. At Colorado Springs there was no dew, while here they have heavy dews, and sometimes foggy mornings up to ten o'clock. In both places the atmosphere is exceedingly dry, so much so that during the past twenty days I have never perspired even in the broiling sun of midday. In Colorado the dryness is so extreme, that the horses' feet have to be done up in poul-

tices two nights of the week to keep the hoofs from cracking.

Pepper trees and palms are prevalent here, no place being complete without them. In some cases palms twenty feet tall and twenty inches in diameter that have been taken up elsewhere have been brought and transplanted.

This is the habitat of the mocking-bird. Its varied chatter, heard on every hand, is almost constant. He mocks every conceivable noise, and for a while is entertaining, though at length he becomes tiresome.

Pasadena is a small but beautiful city, exceptionally clean and devoid of everything offensive. The people, a large proportion of whom are wealthy, are a superior class. Among them is found a large sprinkling of recent arrivals from the East.

Los Angeles, a city of over 200,000 inhabitants, is ten miles distant. It is a flourishing place, being noted for its great business opportunities, especially real estate transactions. In points of population, manufactures, and commercial enterprise, it seems destined to take and hold the leading place among the cities of the Pacific coast.

Day after to-morrow we leave for San Francisco, intending to spend five or six days there before going on to Portland.

Yellowstone Park,

In Transitu, August 22-27, 1905.

In review thus far of our summer tour a few things seem to call for special mention. At Colorado Springs, Los Angeles, and Pasadena the bicycle, which is a "has been" in the Atlantic states, is more in vogue than it has ever been with us at the East. Once I had acquired a sixth sense by the aid of which I could avoid these annoying vehicles, but at the time of visiting the West and California I had completely lost this sense. On several occasions, at Los Angeles, I came near being run down by audacious cyclists. One of our most agreeable experiences has been meeting people from every section of this great country, and hearing them boast of their respective states. Every man thinks his own home environ-

ment the best, his own section, "God's country." To my mind, this is a happy dispensation of Providence. If it were otherwise, this would be a doleful world. Whenever we have ventured to criticize adversely anything that displeased us, such as the unfavorable climate, the dryness, dust, or lack of verdure, we have been promptly met with the remark, "You ought to visit the Pacific coast in winter." We ran across many persons who knew acquaintances of ours. Two days before leaving Portland we had the pleasure of witnessing, at the fair grounds, the successful trial of an airship, balloon-sustained. It rose 200 ft., sailed a quarter of a mile against a six-knot breeze, then returned to its starting place, and settled as gracefully as a dove.

After leaving Portland, we went by rail down the west bank of the Willamette, and at some little distance below its junction with the Columbia crossed the latter on a huge ferryboat, a vessel easily accommodating our train of nine cars and two locomotives. For about three hours before reaching Tacoma, we had in view Mt. Rainier, or Tacoma, some 40 miles distant. It stands alone and is grandly impressive.

Tacoma and Seattle, rival cities of Washington, are both situated on the south-east border of Puget Sound. Tacoma promised early to be the great city of the Pacific coast. It was a pet of the Northern Pacific Railroad, whose shops were located there; but the opening up of Alaska set commerce towards Seattle and gave that city such an impulse that in a short time it outstripped its rival; it has at the present time a population of 160,000, more than twice that of Tacoma. The Northern Pacific has to go out of its way and do homage to Seattle, its trains even being compelled to return over the same track for a distance of 20 miles before proceeding east.

We came by way of Butte and reached Livingstone at 6 A. M., after a quiet journey, chiefly uninteresting because we crossed both mountain ranges in the night. At Livingstone we disembarked in a pouring rain, and found difficulty in getting to cover, as a long west-bound express was standing between us and the station. We had to resort to the awkward expedient of climbing through the rear end of a vestibuled car. From Livingstone to the entrance of the Park

the 50 miles journey is by rail along the attractive Yellowstone River. We reached Gardiner at 10 A. M.

A stone arch, erected but a few years ago, the corner stone of which was laid by President Roosevelt, marks the entrance to the Park. After leaving Gardiner, for two and one-half miles the way is over Montana territory. Ever after this we were to be in Wyoming, which contains, essentially, all the government reservation. At a distance of five miles from Gardiner we came to one of the most important stations in the Park, Mammoth Hot Springs. This place has an altitude of more than 6,000 ft. It is important as being the post where the Government has a troop of cavalry. The great attraction of Mammoth Hot Springs, perhaps the greatest in the whole round of the Park, is Jupiter Terrace. Words are inadequate to describe this natural wonder. Possibly photography, when it shall have reached the artistic stage of photographing colors, may be able to do it justice.

It was for us a trying time the next morning, when we came to the assignment of places in the various coaches, in groups of eleven for each carriage. As we had made no arrangements for joining a party, we had to accept what chance offered. Names were called for the first load, and when this was out of the way, the second four-horse team pranced up. The master of ceremonies took his prepared list and read: "Two Wrights," and so on until he had reached the eleventh. There being two vacant seats, he verified the names of those already seated, and then with much particularity repeated, "Mr. and Mrs. John G. Wright." We saw "the hand-writing on the wall," and going forward, crestfallen, took the two seats (of course the least desirable in the coach) awaiting us, close under the driver's seat, where it was quite impossible to see advantageously. Happily fortune had given us ideal companions, the very elect of nearly 100—Mr. and Mrs. King, son and daughter, of Dayton, Ohio; Mrs. Paul, daughter and young lady friend of Wisconsin; and on the driver's seat a Pittsburg gentleman and wife. Of these last we saw but little. It did not take long to get acquainted, and soon Mr. King and I were "swapping stories" with great freedom. Before reaching Norris, the end of our first stage

of 20 miles, Mrs. Paul suggested that for the afternoon there should be a change of seats. Think of that for unheard-of unselfishness and courtesy. It was the most impressive object lesson in manners I have ever witnessed. In fact, after luncheon all were in the same obliging mood, and a new deal in the seating was made. A little *obiter dictum* of the first day is worth mentioning. We were always on the lookout for elk and deer. Of a sudden Mrs. Paul startled us by saying in an animated tone of voice, "Oh, isn't it a dear?" We all sprang to our feet and in unison called to the driver to stop, and asked, "Where?" "Oh," she replied, "I merely saw a pretty red flower." At Norris we first met with *things hot*,—bubbling, roaring, and steaming, what we were to find constantly afterwards.

As we have now, August 27, "done" the Park, I will, hastily and somewhat at random, pick up the crumbs of our six days' experience. This wonderful nature-exhibit is pre-eminently noted for hot springs, or geysers, and protected wild animals. Nearly all else that is here can be duplicated elsewhere, and even bettered in most respects. We have seen, in one shape or another, during these days, more than 200 hot springs. At the Upper Basin we found "Old Faithful" sending a column of water every 70 minutes to a height of nearly 100 feet. This was the best display of high spouting we were permitted to see. The "Paint Pot," found at "The Thumb" where we lunched, is a marvelous exhibition of varied and delicate tints. It boils and breaks in bubbles, very much like hasty pudding, over a surface of 40 square yards. Often these hot pools are but a few steps apart, and owing to their placid and innocent appearance, beget in the visitor a carelessness that makes it hazardous to walk near them.

Though we have been constantly on the watch for elk, they have not in a single instance been on view. Once only we saw two baby deer. They appeared in the road at the distance of a few rods in front of us, and timidly scampered into the woods. We saw the homes of beavers, and where they are sometimes seen. Their dams are in plain sight. As we approached the Lower Geyser Basin and the Fountain Hotel, we saw near the woods in the rear of the building a

large black bear and her two cubs, our first sight of these animals so thoroughly identified with Yellowstone Park. At the Upper Geyser Basin is Old Faithful Hotel, constructed of natural logs, of most unusual architecture, and said to cost \$200,000. From the roof of this building, about nine in the evening, a powerful search-light was turned on the garbage pile and disclosed two lusty bears. They seemed not to like the exposure and immediately retired to the timber. The search-light was also brought to bear upon Old Faithful in full gush. This was a unique spectacle. At Yellowstone Lake there were found congregated at the eating place nine bears, two of the grizzly and seven of the black variety. A crowd of people, sitting but a few rods away, were intently watching them.

Yellowstone Lake is 30 miles long and has an average width of five or six miles. It is 7,742 feet above sea level, being the largest lake in the world having so great an altitude. As seen from The Thumb, it presents a picture of great beauty. Mountains, some of them having streaks of snow on their tops, encircle the greater part of the lake, at a distance of six or eight miles from it.

I must not fail to mention the famous colored cañon, 800 feet deep, and just above it the Lower Yellowstone Falls. This waterfall is 360 feet in height, considerably more than twice as high as Niagara, but comparatively narrow. The combination of cañon and falls produces, in the way of grand effect, something rarely excelled. On a pillared cliff half way down the side of the gorge was an eagle's nest in which were two young eagles. They kept up a constant cry, as if hungry. As we came down the Yellowstone River, we saw numberless ducks and geese. What hunting ground this would be for a while, if Uncle Sam would permit shooting! The only animals that may be shot in the Park by anyone are mountain lions (panthers) and coyotes. The government offers a reward of \$100 for every mountain lion killed. They are very destructive of the young deer.

It is fortunate that Congress has entire charge of this reservation, for what the government does in such matters it can be depended upon to do well. Small squads of U. S.

soldiers are stationed at short intervals along the route, to enforce the rules issued from Washington. Each is armed with a revolver. With the exception of one or two men who have a special license to kill mountain lions, these soldiers are the only persons allowed to carry firearms in the Park.

The road through the Park, made and kept in repair by the government, is the best possible. All citizens of the United States have an equal right to it, but must comply with certain regulations. Neither money nor favoritism can buy a franchise of any sort in the Park. Recently a company wished to secure the right of bottling the waters of a certain spring of great excellence near Norris, but were denied the privilege.

In our company through the Park there has been a lady with a ten-months-old baby. The little fellow has been uniformly brave and well-behaved, seeming to enjoy his outing quite as much as the grown-ups. Where we lunched at The Thumb the waitresses were crazy over him.

I come with great reluctance to the subject of trees. I speak of those in the Park as they have impressed me. Such monotony of forest for 150 miles it would be difficult to find elsewhere. It would seem that in the creation Yellowstone Park was provided with but one kind of tree. The books, to be sure, tell us of four varieties,—white pine, jack pine (whatever that may be), fir, and black spruce. I defy anyone to distinguish one from another. To me every tree seemed to be part pine, part spruce, and part fir. They are much like the Oregon fir, which is also called Oregon pine.

MISCELLANEA

THE TEACHER'S BURDEN.

TO the familiar postulate, that the teacher makes the school, these later times have added with emphasis another dictum, that pedagogical science makes the teacher. Insistence upon professionalism is the battle cry of modern educators. Much of what has been written and said about the science of education, however, has no special bearing upon secondary instruction. For instance, Froebel, the nonpareil of pedagogical reformers, in his great work, "The Education of Man," deals almost wholly with children, and has no serious message for those engaged in advanced teaching. Nevertheless the teacher of the secondary school must heed the spirit of the times, and be willing to know the last thought in connection with his profession. For it is inevitable, as it is reasonable, that inconsistency will be charged against those who criticize principles they have not taken the trouble to examine. The teacher would be foolish indeed, who should presume on a lack of distinctively professional knowledge. The man who thanked God for his ignorance, was told that he had much to be thankful for. At the same time there is a significance in the frank admission of some of the leading writers upon education. It is the conviction of Rosecranz, that treatises written upon education abound more in shallowness than any other literature; that shortsightedness and arrogance find in it a most congenial atmosphere, and that uncritical methods and declamatory bombast flourish as nowhere else. Professor William James candidly tells us that there is no new psychology worthy the name, and that to know psychology is no guarantee that we shall be good teachers. He also warns the conscientious young teacher against the belief that the word "apperception" contains a recondite and portentous secret, by losing the true inwardness of which her whole career may be shattered. The

principles underlying other professions, like that of the law, are reasonably fixed and reliable; and, what is better, are readily comprehended by ordinary minds. Not so with pedagogy. Its philosophical terminology is greatly confused, even the word "perception" meaning different things with different writers.

If it be allowed that there is a science of education, it is the most unfortunate of sciences in the contradictoriness of its authorities. Thring says, "The land is full of authorities, so different in kind that they cannot all be right." There seem to be but few general principles of pedagogy that writers and thinkers accept with anything like unanimity. Besides, much that is written upon the subject is altogether transitory, accepted for the moment, but soon forgotten. One of the most prominent educational principles of the present day is that of "interest," which has been, with some levity and injustice, catalogued as "soft pedagogy." At best this doctrine is only a partial truth; but, so far as it is a truth, it is valuable and to be recognized. Herbert Spencer gives his assent to this doctrine, in declaring that all true study should be pleasant. Now, much of instruction cannot ordinarily be made pleasant. An eminent writer upon pedagogy says, "It is nonsense to suppose that every step in education can be made interesting." How many teachers of English, after years of special discipline, find the writing of English composition a real pleasure? What, then, must the pupils' experience be in an exercise that is of the first importance at every stage of an education? There is another significant principle that goes counter to that of interest and pleasure—the principle of work for work's sake. To neglect this principle is to disregard experience. Plato, in his philosophy of education, combines effort and attractiveness.

Quite in contradiction of Pestalozzi's statement, that it is impossible there should be two equally good methods of teaching, and his implication at least, that in education the word "method" has no plural, in experience it will always be insisted that different persons may use different methods advantageously. As in the case of the sick, the same remedy acts differently on different individuals, so the same methods.

in the hands of different teachers, may act variously on different pupils. The cold bath which cured Augustus killed Marcellus. Professor James voices the rational view when he declares that concrete experience must prevail over psychological deductions. This suggests the ridicule which Moliere casts upon those doctors who think it better to fail by rule than to succeed by innovation. "If we miss the mark," says Macaulay, "it makes no difference whether we aim too high or too low." Again St. Augustine: "A golden key which does not fit the lock is useless, a wooden one which does is everything." It must be admitted that good results are sometimes obtained by disregard of rules. Goethe disliked Latin grammar exceedingly, and only learned it because the first book he studied was in rhyme.

Educators entertain widely different views in regard to the cultivation of the memory. Rousseau thinks the true aid for memory consists in not aiding it at all, a view almost universally discountenanced. An incident connected with my personal experience may be pertinent here. For years I had tried with but partial success to distinguish between the "White Rose" and the "Red Rose" of English history, at critical times being unable to tell which phrase belonged to the Yorkists and which to the Lancastrians; but after having visited the city of York, and having seen the white stones in the old Roman wall, I had no further difficulty with the matter. Comenius thought writing a great aid to the memory; while Radestock claims that the discovery of the art of writing has been harmful to the memory. Another high authority says that there is no such thing as a general strengthening of memory, but that the memory may be specially cultivated in some particular directions. He would not speak of "a faculty" of memory, but of "faculties" of memory.

Few things are more universally agreed upon among teachers than the importance of forming right habits. Yet Rousseau has a famous epigram to the contrary, that the only habit a child should be allowed to form, is to contract no habit whatever.

Neither Plato nor Rousseau would allow a child to see a book until its twelfth year, a point at which modern extrem-

ists of another sort would have a child half educated in book learning. The more practical Pestalozzi was far from thinking that the first twelve years of a child's life should be spent, as Rousseau puts it, "in losing time." The one conspicuous drawback to modern education, as candid observers see it, is, that the pupil, before reaching the secondary school, knows so little how to use books.

Every writer upon the subject of education, even the most eminent, seems to have his "devil's moments," when he gives utterance to sentiments that are too absurd and foolish for belief. One of the most extraordinary of these is Herbert Spencer's disciplinary punishments by natural consequences.

A favorite principle that all leading authorities follow is this: that generalization should never precede individualization, the rule never precede the example, and that there should be no definition before actual experience; but the teacher of the secondary school can hardly preserve the invariableness of this rule. He finds the practice of making the rule by inductive examination a wearisomely slow process. It is unreasonable to claim that this tediousness is visionary, and that in the long run time is always saved by following the rule. Imagine the student evolving for himself by much reading and observation the rule in Latin prosody, with its exceptions, for dissyllabic perfects and supines. The teacher is obliged, in actual experience, to see that there are two sides to a question. Whatever philosophical principles may be established for the guidance of teachers, expediency will still insist upon deviating from them. *Non multa, sed multum* is a beautiful and taking principle in education, but it is overruled by the practical demands of the nineteenth century. How true it is, that the only perfect teachers are those who do not teach, but who merely talk and write about teaching! Good teachers are rarely known to boast of their professional skill. Thoreau tells of clergymen who always spoke of God as if they had a monopoly of the subject. A similar remark applies to some writers and lecturers upon education.

Apropos of the surprising disagreement among teachers of the same subject, it may be questioned whether any three specialists in such a branch as physiology for instance, who

should chance to meet, would be found able to agree upon the proper place and scope of their subject in a secondary school. Writers on education are at times inconsistent to the extent even of disowning their own cardinal principles. It is said that everything Rousseau did tended to lessen the influence of everything he wrote. Men must, of course, be allowed to grow wiser. Within certain rational limits it may be claimed that wise men change their minds, while fools never do. It would be an anomaly, if a teacher were not to change his methods within a period of ten years. Washington Irving thinks that a change is sometimes agreeable, even from bad to worse. Comenius is said to have written an interesting and instructive book on "The Art of Retracting One's Own Opinions."

Educational reformers reach the height of presumption in assuming that until the revelations of the present century all education can have been hardly other than bad. Their ultra dogmatism declares the success of most of the so-called great teachers of the past to be mythical. They emulate Socrates in this at least, a thorough love for making men look small, and verify a well-known saying, that he is a fool who has no philosophy in him, but not so much so as he who has nothing else but philosophy. "The darkness of too much light" is paralleled in the foolishness of too much philosophy. The policy of such reformers seems to be, "See what is now doing, and do just the opposite." "To be a radical," said Garfield, "without being a fool, is a matter of no small difficulty."

When a young man begins the study of law he is introduced to Blackstone and Kent, being confident that he is to learn principles that are fundamental and enduring. When a young man begins to study for the profession of teaching, he is introduced to almost numberless treatises on education, for the most part contradictory in principles enunciated, there being, furthermore, no assurance that the system promulgated by any one of them is likely ever to be declared sound, or even to last for a generation. Why cannot education, as well as civil law, somewhere unearth its "Pandects of Justinian," to produce a genuine renaissance in this muddled profession of ours? It is discouraging, and at the same time humiliating.

to have, not only the most liberal among psychologists, but even some of the radicals among the new educationists, confess that as yet the science of education makes no pretensions to exactness.

It is in connection with his art and its practical application that the teacher has his more immediate concerns. The vital question is, after all, the successful putting of pedagogical principles into operation. Schools taught by teachers who have no professional training are said reproachfully to be wonderfully alike. May not the allegation lie quite as justly against schools conducted under the regime of scientific principles?

Is it altogether a virtue in the latter case, but a fault in the former? It is, of course, absurd, as has been already shown, to suppose that all teachers, even if they know the most approved pedagogical art and philosophy, can apply these in the same manner with success. Rigid uniformity in giving instruction, is, indeed, undesirable. It is claimed by Radestock that we should soon have no great men, if a stereotyped system of education succeeded wholly in forming the children under its influence. Richter hints that for the proper education of his child, a man, if rich enough, should appoint a special teacher for each of his child's faculties, who should direct that faculty only. The Persian prince of olden times, at the age of fourteen, was, in fact, turned over to four royal schoolmasters—one of them the wisest, another the most moral, a third the most temperate, and the fourth the most valiant man in the kingdom.

Much of pedagogy implies that the teacher is to deal with a single pupil, rather than a considerable number taken together. In reality the teacher is expected to be adequate for developing all the faculties, not only of one pupil, but of many and dissimilar ones. It is silly to expect the teacher to be able to bring about a harmonious development of all the faculties of each pupil. Much of the philosophy of education breaks down, because the teacher has to deal with large numbers. For the poor schoolmaster art is long indeed. It is Hawthorne's discouraging thought, that if a man lived only to eat, one life would not suffice, not only to exhaust

the pleasure of it, but even to get the rudiments of it. There is a feeling of relief to be derived from an epigrammatic school-master's summing up of the teacher's necessary equipment, "a knowledge of his subject and a sense of humor." The demand is, indeed, much greater than this. He is in a measure responsible for the physical and moral growth of his pupils, besides being essentially responsible for their intellectual growth. He must understand the intricate subject of culture epochs. He must be a psychologist, and understand the nature, growth, and manner of sequence of the states of consciousness. No wonder that in his human weakness he at times despairs, and, to escape from such a complication of knowledge, decides at length to take advice from his common sense, or to fall back upon the philosophy of the unconscious and be classed as "a teacher by the grace of God."

After all, the true test of teaching is said to be, not how the master teaches, but how the pupil learns. When it comes to the matter of results, the best warranted practices and the most rigid following of all that is laid down in the rules of our profession will often fail. There is the dull and unresponsive mind of the pupil which thwarts the best efforts. Dr. Stewart, chief inspector of schools in Scotland, estimates that there are five per cent. of clever children, five per cent. of dunces, and ninety per cent. of those of average ability. This, if true, is a source of consolation to the teacher, who not unfrequently meets in real life cases like the Etonian boy, whose exercises were declared to be inferior to those of his younger brother. The reproved one excused himself by saying, "Please, sir, he hasn't been here so long as I have." How gladly would one, if he could, adopt the plan of Confucius, and teach only the bright pupils. When Confucius had presented one corner of a subject and the listener could not from it learn the other three, he would not repeat the lesson.

There is danger that the modern demand for professional training may become so strong as to be prejudicial to general academic culture. This only shows that all reform naturally goes to extremes. Fortunately the next reform cry is likely to be in the direction of thorough special scholarship. For a two years' course of professional training, instead of giving

so much attention to the abstruse and uncertain philosophy of education, those preparing to teach will devote at least one-half of the time to the study of their special subject or subjects, and to learning how, through the example and inspiration of properly qualified instructors, these subjects should be taught. When an enthusiastic and progressive teacher asks advice, as is often done, as to which of two courses he shall pursue in taking up summer school work or Saturday university lectures, whether the choice shall be pedagogy and psychology, or special attention to the particular subject to be taught, there is but one possible answer. The choice must be for a knowledge of the special subject and how to teach it. For this work the personal inspiration of a competent professor is indispensable. This knowledge cannot well be obtained from books, while the mere reading of pedagogy may suffice for that subject. A few books by the best thinkers contain all that is worth reading on the science of education. If real, living educational philosophers were numerous enough to go around, so that it would be easy to come under their influence, the case might be somewhat different. It is, on the other hand, easy to find an expert instructor in any branch of academic study, under whose immediate skill and magnetism one would not fail to receive important aid. Some of the best teachers I have known, even those who had but a meagre academic and professional education at the outset, have attained proficiency by combining with native energy and perseverance such aids as those referred to. Do the best we can to spirit away the present conflict between the demands for a liberal and well-rounded scholarship in the teacher and a thorough professional equipment, the conflict is there. To take a portion of the regular college course for pedagogical study is nothing less than robbing Peter to pay Paul. Imagine a teacher who in his college course had specialized in chemistry to the neglect of English or history. Better for the teacher even the liberalizing influence of a well-conceived college course, where in accordance with the demands of culture epochs a timely interest may be awakened in important subjects that otherwise might never form any part of the student's apperceptive possessions, than any decisive specialization with

a view to becoming a teacher. Better the complete scholarship, trusting chiefly to the acquiring of special and professional equipment and knowledge of subject while teaching. There is danger, also, it must be admitted, in prolonging the period of preparation for the work of teaching until too late for the best interests of the teacher. Those who defer teaching until a late period lack something which an earlier experience gives and which can never be made good by any amount of assiduous labor. There is a delicate moulding and adaptability for school management which comes from such earlier experience.

An artist may be able to draw a good head, and a good body, but be unable to place the head properly upon the shoulders. So the teacher may possess excellent individual accomplishments, but be unable to make them, when compounded, result in practical success. The greater the painter, it is said, the less able he is to describe the mechanical methods by which his results are obtained. So sometimes the greater the teacher, the less able he is to explain his power. If Æschylus "did what was right without knowing," may there not be really good teachers "who practice an art the principles of which they do not understand?" If we judge by results, some teachers succeed, as has been already intimated, by the use of very left-handed methods, but methods which it would be disastrous to disturb. They have rare native gifts for securing the attention and awakening the interest of their pupils, one of the essential powers of the teacher. It is well, nevertheless, to bear in mind that a considerable portion of the teaching of the world must always be done by mediocrity, by those even incapable of fully understanding or using a sublimated philosophy, but who can at least understand and use to advantage the essential rules laid down for the practice of their art. Yet the best there is in the best teachers is an indescribable originality, and whatever those in authority may do, it will be the part of unwisdom to cripple this native faculty by imposing upon it too many rules and limitations.

Roseneranz defines the system of education as five-fold—in the family, in the school, as a trade or profession, political education, and religious education. What this school education

is to be is in the main agreed upon, perhaps it always being understood as encroaching somewhat on the domain of the four other phases mentioned. Most persons are at some time or other dissatisfied with their education, though they at length become convinced that, all things considered, it is good. While they regret that some particular subjects have been omitted in their training, they recognize, after all, that the possession of these would imply the loss of what they already have and value. No one has yet defined satisfactorily the superfluous in education, or settled its limitations. The useful is eternally to be set against the cultural and disciplinary. For complete mental living, when the mind is stored with rich and varied knowledge, no intellectual acquisition is trivial, nothing unclean. Some one has defended the study of Greek, which from disuse so readily fades out of the mind, by an agricultural figure, likening it to clover plowed under. It is indeed out of sight, under ground, but it fertilizes the soil and makes it capable of producing other crops in much greater abundance. On the other hand there are marvelous examples of intellectuality produced within a narrow range of subjects. Almost all the education of the intellectual Greeks consisted in talking and listening. Their greatest poet is an extreme case. Macaulay thinks Homer did not know a letter. Alexander was educated on Homer. Demosthenes, as an important part of his education, transcribed six times the history of Thucydides.

There are periodic spasms in regard to what should be a part of an education, and when the spasm is on, woe to him who questions its validity. For a teacher to question these whims when once they gain sway, is to be temporarily damned. Some German professors go to the extreme of refusing to impart anything to their classes except their own original discoveries.

It may be well to notice more specifically than has been already done the doubtful application of some principles laid down by educational philosophers. Comenius says, in writing of the method of recitation, "If any pupil who has been asked a question fails, let the teacher go at once to the second, the third, and so on without repeating the question." Other and better authorities on this point tell us that thinking requires time; that it may be a mistake to urge pupils to answer rapidly

and praise the readiest: "Repetition is the mother of success," says Richter. Another authority calls excessive repetition stupefying. According to Radestock impressions occurring too often and without proper intervals cause a weakening of the nervous system. It is beautiful in theory to demand that the teacher first find out the contents of the pupil's soul, before he can deal with that soul. All know how impracticable this is, in view of the large numbers that must be dealt with. One writer asserts that reviews are less important in the higher than in the lower branches, but does not explain the grounds for the discrimination. Certainly the reason is not obvious.

A greater satisfaction will be found in the enumeration of a few principles and rules which meet little or no dissent. Of such are the following: The teacher must be truthful; must have hope, patience, decision, dignity, and tact; must attend to details and have foresight; must never ask questions he cannot answer himself; must avoid distractions and aim to be a good questioner; must not go too fast in teaching, for "you cannot teach a boy any faster than he can learn;" must never accept an ungrammatical answer, nor sneer at a wrong one. There is complete assent to the principle that the memory is poor when the mind is tired; that one cannot both see and hear attentively at the same time; that total rest is not conducive to good health; that the physical organism needs alternation of rest and activity, and that in the matter of discipline one should never use a stronger measure when he can get along with a weaker one. The following from Herbert Spencer will be accepted as sound: "No intellectual power can become too great, but every moral faculty needs to have its boundaries fixed; the aim of education should be to produce a self-governing being; happiness is the most powerful of tonics; excess of bodily exercise diminishes the power of thought; educational systems are not made, but grow." This from Richter: "No power should be weakened, but its counterbalancing power strengthened." From Comenius these: "Let the method of teaching lessen the labor of learning; let the teacher not teach as much as he is able to teach, but only as much as the learner is able to learn." "Take care not to overload the memory," says Fénelon, "for that stupefies the brain." Prof. Bain, who,

on account of his candor and the clearness of his writings, deserves to be read by every progressive teacher, tells us that the first law of memory is, that we must prolong the first shock, or renew it on several successive occasions. He also says discriminatingly, that there are moments when we are incapable of receiving any lasting impressions, and there are moments when we are unusually susceptible. It is an epigrammatic remark of Radestock, that to be tiresome is the greatest crime of the instructor.

To sum up in conclusion of what may seem a rather pessimistic view of the teacher's burden, as seen from its professional side, a few general thoughts present themselves. The live teacher will at all events make it his business to know what has been said and is being said about his profession, even at the risk of reading what is visionary and valueless. A good rule is, to read the best books first. While it is not safe to assert that we have as yet "such an organized digest of philosophical principles as can together constitute a teaching profession," by a judicious study of the best that has been thought out in connection with education we can enlighten ourselves perceptibly and, what is always to be striven after, correct our mistakes, for "The faults of teachers," says George Washington Moon, "if suffered to pass unproved, soon become the teachers of faults." It is even not to be denied that good advice sometimes comes from unexpected sources. Hogarth placed a reporter behind a screen, to take down the remarks of people who came to see his famous painting of Sigismundi. Of the thousand criticisms recorded Hogarth heeded but one, and that was made by a madman.

It is unfortunate that the able and profound writers on pedagogy are often so deep that only a small and specially disciplined number of teachers will ever understand them. A book like Dr. Harris's "Psychologic Foundations," owing to its subtleness and profundity, is sealed to most people. Prof. James's writings, on the contrary, are clear and delightful reading for even the wayfaring thinker. Nearly everything that Compayré has written is readable and worth reading; so are the well known classics of Locke, Richter, Bain, Spencer and Fénelon. While it may not result in much appreciable good, there is

agreeable mental stimulus in attending to the theory of the peduncles of the brain as exploited in the cosmic philosophy, or in watching the Herbartian "ideas" as they are marshalled on the battle ground of the soul, or rise above the threshold into the upper dome of consciousness, there either to find a chamber well filled with congenial apperceptive company, or meeting no welcome to be banished from the scene, perhaps never to return. These phases of philosophy are beautiful, but for teachers in general not inspiringly fruitful. It is questionable whether Socrates even, if he were living, would be readily made to understand the Hegelian doctrine, that "the universe is a crystallized syllogism." There is no greater educational folly of the day than the rejection of applicants to teach because they are unable to answer glibly the abstruse questions set them in psychology. This exaction, now made such a bugbear to teachers, is less rational than the civil service question, "How far is the sun from the earth?" asked of the man who was seeking a clerkship in the post office. The candidate wrote as an answer that he didn't know, but he felt sure that it wasn't near enough to interfere with the performance of his clerical duties. For the great majority of teachers the time employed in the study of such recondite philosophy would be better spent in reading Balzac's novels.

To be a teacher of the highest order is to be one having these five possessions—special native gifts, general academic culture, knowledge of special subject, experience, and professional training. As estimated by some one, ninety-nine per cent. of Patti's success as a singer has been due to her natural voice, and only one per cent. to cultivation. Of the best teachers it might consistently be said, that only one per cent. of their success is due to professional training; equipment by nature, experience, and general and special culture being accountable for ninety-nine per cent. How and when to obtain all these essentials, except the gifts of nature, which, like grace, must come from on High, in what degree each is to be emphasized, and how to accomplish all this without deferring actual experience beyond the age when the teacher is best moulded for school government and didactical skill—the solution of these questions, hitherto unsolved, is no small part of the teacher's burden.

VIRGIL'S FOURTH ECLOGUE.

IN somewhat loftier strains let us now sing,
Sicilian Muses; not all take delight
In vineyards and the humble tamarisks.
If groves our subject be, let them be groves
Deemed worthy of a consul's care. At length
Has come the time told in Cumaeen verse.
Anew begins the age's cycle grand.
Astraea now returns, and Saturn's reign.
An offspring new from lofty heaven descends.
Do thou, Lucina, on the new-born child
But smile, the child with whom the iron age
Shall cease, the age of gold world-wide begin.
Apollo now inaugurates his reign.
With thee as consul, Pollio, shall come
This glorious period, its months speed on.
With thee to lead, whatever vestiges
Of strife remain, shall ineffectual be
To keep the world in dread continual.
The boy shall live the life of gods, and see
Commingle gods and heroes, and by them
Be seen, and with ancestral virtues he
Shall rule in peace the tranquil world. But first
For thee, O boy, the earth untill'd shall bear
As gifts the ivy wandering at large,
Egyptian beans and aromatic plants
With mild acanthus mixed. Spontaneously
The goats their milk-distended udders home
Shall bring; nor shall the flocks the lions fear.
The very cradle shall bring forth bland flowers.
The serpent and deceitful poisonous herb
Shall die, the Assyrian balsam everywhere
Spring up. As soon as thou can'st read, and know
True virtue's worth, the field shall by degrees
Grow yellow with the gentle corn, red grapes
Hang on the brambles rude, and hardy oaks
Distill the dew-born honey. Yet some trace
Of old-time sin shall still remain to tempt
The sea in ships and place 'round cities walls,
And furrows in the earth to cut. Again
Another Tiphys there shall also come;
Another Argo, too, shall heroes bear,
And other wars also arise, and great
Achilles shall again be sent to Troy.
When afterwards ripe age of thee a man

Shall make, the merchant shall desert the sea,
Nor shall the nautic pine bear merchandise.
All lands shall all things bear. No longer shall
The ground permit the hoe, nor vine the knife.
The stalwart plowman shall unyoke his bulls;
Nor shall the wool false colors learn to take;
The ram himself shall in the pastures change
His fleece to blushing purple and to dye
Of saffron hue, and rich vermillion clothe
The feeding lambs. "Such ages run," the Fates,
In harmony with destiny's decree,
Have to their spindles said. Great increment
Of Jove, dear offspring of the gods, begin
(The time is near). Behold the universe
In heaven's deep vault nods to and fro—both earth
And wide expanse of sea and heaven profound.
How all things at the coming age are glad!
O may my term of life so long extend,
My breath endure, as shall suffice to tell
Thy deeds. Not Thracian Orpheus shall surpass
Me with his songs, nor Linus, though the one
Calliope, the other Phoebus aid.
E'en Pan, were he to strive with me, e'en Pan,
His own Arcadia being judge, himself
Would own defeat. Begin, frail child, with smiles
To recognize your mother. Ten long months
Of tediousness has she been suffering.
That child on whom his parents have not deigned
To smile, no god will claim as table-guest,
No goddess deem him worthy of a bed.

THE TEACHER'S SUCCESS.

IF it is true that the best thing next after success is the consciousness of deserving to succeed, then no one is quite debarred from realizing at least something worthy of his effort, whatever the direction of that effort may be. Any prescribed rules that may contribute to the success of the teacher would be too various and in some cases too uncertain to warrant general application. It is with teaching as it is with the practice of medicine, the remedy that is salutary for one patient may not be effective of cure with the same disease in another. It may be safe to assert as a general truth, that

success implies enthusiasm about something. The converse of this, however, may not be true. That enthusiasm about anything always implies success is a statement subject to limitations; for unless enthusiasm be controlled by intelligence and good judgment, it may prove the very worst stimulus to action. It was said of an enthusiastic preacher that he hit the nail every time, but it was always with the head down. The important thing is to hit the nail, not only every time, but with the head up. What another has said is pertinent in this connection, that though a man has all other perfections and wants discretion, he will be of no great consequence in the world.

Back of enthusiasm, moreover, there must be, for the teacher's success, not only discretion, but sound academic training, and the more comprehensive this is the better. It is the mistake of many young persons who expect to make teaching their life work, to underestimate this necessity. Later on, too late in fact, they are sure to wake to regret, when they are made to realize, what some one has observed, that the education one misses in youth he rarely obtains in age. It is then that the fury of the past comes between his wishes and what it is possible for him to attain. Garfield's maxim, if we are not too large for the place we occupy we are too small for it, is most apropos at this point. In view of the demands made upon teachers at the present time in respect to severe scholarship, especially in city high schools, where the teacher finds the best opportunities for pecuniary and other recognition of his abilities, the need of the best academic foundation is so exacting that it is perilous to disregard it. It pays, in every respect, to make extraordinary sacrifices in the way of scholarly preparation for teaching, sacrifices that will be amply repaid in personal satisfaction as well as wages in later years. The situation is pitiful, after one has discovered marked aptitude for his chosen work, to find himself shut out from the most desirable positions because he had not at the proper time fulfilled the conditions essential to the satisfying of a legitimate ambition. Every year it is becoming more evident that nothing less than a college education suffices for obtaining the highest positions in the teaching ranks. That some of the most efficient teachers, though lacking collegiate training, have

gained and are now filling such positions acceptably, does not alter the fact. Nor does it help matters that a teacher holding a college degree is sometimes in nearly every point surpassed by one of inferior educational opportunities. The presumption in favor of the former will usually be decisive in giving him the advantage. Despite the sense of humiliation one feels at the frequency of appeals to the Germans when education is discussed, their superiority in the scholarly preparation of teachers must be acknowledged; and to this superiority must be credited much of their prestige in education. As bearing upon this point, what Professor Münsterberg says of himself may be noted, that during his entire course of secondary schooling he never had an instructor who lacked a post-graduate degree.

Whatever view is taken of education as a science, even the view that there is, strictly speaking, no science of education, but that teaching is at most an art, the teacher will find it quite necessary to his equipment to study the writings of the wisest observers and thinkers on the subject. This is demanded at the present time as a prerequisite to an engagement to teach in the most progressive schools. Even great scholarship does not suffice. Nor will it be accepted as a good excuse for neglecting its study, that pedagogy lacks the systematic order and definiteness of, for instance, such a profession as the law, which has a universally recognized body of principles and maxims in standard works. No single work on teaching as a profession is so recognized.

Professor Münsterberg insists that all instruction must be interesting; while Professor James says it is nonsense to suppose that every step in education can be interesting. He would have the pupil, every day or two, do something for no other reason than its difficulty. As an example of wild pedagogy, the extreme views of some of the most eminent writers on the subject as to the proper time for beginning the child's systematic training are in point. Pestalozzi boasted that his son was eleven years old before he could read or write; and Rousseau's *Emile*, at the age of twelve is not to know what a book is. No one, perhaps, has better summed up what there is of the science of education than Dr. Harris in his *Psychologie*

Foundations of Education. To read this book, however, is work, not recreation.

It is for the teacher quite as much as for any one, in his efforts to succeed, to be regardful of opportunities, that when they come he does not neglect them. He must ever keep in mind the fact that you can't go anywhere yesterday; the meaning of which is, if an opportunity came your way yesterday and you failed either to see it or to embrace it, the occasion is not likely to return. Balzac expresses the same thought in his usual masterly way. He says, "No moment of one's life comes twice." An incident bearing upon the value of making use of opportunities is related of Admiral Farragut. When in command of our fleet on the lower Mississippi he had occasion to send a lieutenant in charge of a gunboat to capture a certain Confederate position, the successful carrying out of which order would gain for the young officer no little prestige. From a lack of pluck and persistency on the lieutenant's part the enterprise failed. When the unsuccessful issue was reported to Farragut, he remarked: "Every man has one chance; he has had his and lost it." In brief, for our succeeding we must turn to good account "the moment which presents itself but once."

For success in any pursuit there is needed a certain degree of courage, a truth which teachers, especially the inexperienced, have to learn. The troubles and obstacles that beset the path of the young pedagogue are at times to his bewildered vision mountain-high, and he is too ready to despair of overcoming them. Weary of mind and body, he is too ready to accept defeat as inevitable. At such a time he should arouse the latent resources of his nature, become resolute, and be ready to take up arms against an apparent sea of troubles. It is well if he be made aware that his is no unusual experience; that he is merely fighting the battle of life which all must engage in, and that without such struggle with difficulties no strength of character would be developed. A young artist once complained to an old and experienced one that he met with what he supposed were unusual perplexities in managing his canvas and colors, to be told in reply that the older painters, too, had like difficulties, some even that were unyielding to their most ingenious expedients. "Sometimes," said he, "our

canvas is mysteriously affected with blotches, which we have not the art to remove, and which we are finally obliged to convert into birds." The teacher, among his trials, will find an occasional blotch which cannot even be turned into a bird. There is no doubt that the ancient sage was right, who thought courage could be cultivated. This view is quite as rational as the assumption that the teaching faculty may by proper influences be infused into an indifferent instructor.

There is no possibility of success for a teacher who lacks the spirit of willingness to work. Laziness, however accompanied by good qualities, vitiates the teacher's usefulness beyond repair. His example is a blight upon the spirits of the other teachers, and of pupils especially, and seriously disturbs the general atmosphere of the school; and what is worthy of notice is, these bad effects are harmful very much in proportion as the teacher's other qualities are unobjectionable or even praiseworthy. The influence of one habitually indolent person in a school faculty is furthermore pernicious, because it arouses in the others feelings of disgust and contempt at the injustice of carrying burdens that belong to another. Pupils also become deadened to duty under such an instructor's indifference. Missing the interest and inspiration they have a right to expect, they become unprogressive and demoralized.

Patience is a word for the teacher to conjure with. The lack of this one quality has spoiled many a teacher who possessed every other personal element needed for success. It must constantly be borne in mind that some pupils are by nature slow, and need special allowance of time and much pains-taking attention on the part of the instructor, and that fitful, hasty dealing with minds so constituted renders nil all attempts to educate them. These nervous and inconsiderate persons, by their heartless methods, keep not only the dull pupils but the whole class in an unhappy temperamental chill. Confucius may have philosophized well for his day and social conditions, when he declared that if after presenting one corner of a subject his pupil could not see the other three, he would refuse to teach him at all. Our theory of education is, that all, the weak and sluggish minds as well as the strong

and active, are to be equally a care, on the ground of justice and civic economy and in the reasonable expectation that some of these last may in the end be first. It is, moreover, the duty of the principal of a school to be patient with the inexperience and failures of his associate teachers, in the expectation that time and reasonable encouragement may work out a tolerable issue with all except the negligible few who are hopeless incompetents. Almost any teacher can recall with what grievous missteps he himself walked at first in the pedagogical path. Such early failures seem, indeed, to be almost an essential part of the teacher's training.

To be classed with patience, indeed almost as a synonym of it, is self-control. Rash action and intemperate speech are to be guarded against as among the teacher's weak points. Sudden emergencies, new and trying, are sure to present themselves, and will demand immediate and decisive action. Few teachers, young or old, are always able to meet such exigencies. It is only a Napoleon who in difficulties always knows what to do next. Even an experienced teacher is sometimes so flustered by an exasperating case of discipline, that he is obliged to excuse himself from giving the matter immediate attention, and finds it necessary to walk about the school building for ten or fifteen minutes to collect his thoughts, trusting that by delay the refractory pupil may resume a more normal state of mind and feeling and that he himself may have resolved upon a proper course of action. After one has had years of experience in teaching, surprises of this sort come less frequently. It is seldom that such a one, in managing a hard case of discipline, finds himself reflecting after this manner: "I thought I had gone through the whole range of disagreeable schoolroom experiences, but here is something new." To speak parenthetically for a moment, a little personal history will show how strangely the unexpected sometimes happens to the teacher. One day, in my office, I was called on the telephone, and a woman's voice asked: "How many pounds are there in a firkin of butter?" After I had obligingly given the desired information, she further asked: "Is a tub the same as a firkin?" This was too much for my equanimity. Once an old lady called at my house to complain of ill treatment at

the hands of her grandchildren, pupils in my school. She was particularly grieved over the conduct of one of them, a rough boy, who made it a practice to throw water on her. She asked if I wouldn't have this boy punished, but charged me not to let him know what it was for, as otherwise he would treat her worse than before.

It is a wise and true saying of a great novelist, that the most dangerous of all education is bad example. What the teacher says has very little effect except for harm if his actions are not consistent with his words. We are to be reminded furthermore that it is not enough to be honest, we must appear so. A little deviation of the teacher from strict honesty is sometimes as bad as the most obvious departure from it. It is the little things that count. Trifles, we are told, make perfection, but perfection is no trifle. So trifles may cause disaster, though disaster be no trifling matter. Scott somewhere tells of a soldier who wished to follow a leader who kept his honor as bright as his shield. Pupils like to be taught and guided by those who are conspicuous for their integrity. By relating a personal incident I can best show how easy it is for a teacher, thoughtlessly and without a suspicion of doing anything wrong, to step over the delicate and almost indefinable ethical line which divides right from wrong, a transgression readily detected by the pupil of delicately trained conscience. The example in mind relates to a boy who was to have a so-called oration at the graduating exercises of the school. When he had completed the writing of it, he brought his work to me for review and criticism. After inserting or erasing a few marks of punctuation and correcting some misspelled words, I took the liberty, innocently as I thought, of changing slightly the structure of the last sentence, and then returned the composition to be re-written. When it was again brought to me to be rehearsed, I discovered that the final sentence was just as it had been originally written. What this boy did, slight as it appeared, was to me of great significance. It was perhaps the most fruitful lesson in pedagogical ethics I have ever learned. It taught me as nothing else could do that a teacher, one who is set up as an example for the young to emulate, cannot be too careful in scrutinizing his most trivial

acts. As an instance of the extreme conscientiousness of the teacher, it is related of Stonewall Jackson, the famous Confederate general, that when a professor of mathematics in a military school, he one day told a student that his work on the blackboard was incorrect. In the evening, recurring to the blackboard incident, he became convinced that the boy had been right and he himself wrong, and in consequence of the discovery he immediately set out, in spite of a severe rain, to visit the boy's home, a mile away, and correct his mistake.

The relation that exists between teacher and pupil has been described as that existing between the parent and the child. The parallel is, however, lacking in one important essential. In the former relation there is wanting the bond of near kinship, the strongest tie known to human sympathy. Some writers upon education have gone so far as to say that men have seldom loved their teachers. It is this filial love, so natural and strong in the one instance, so wanting in the other, that minimizes the teacher's claim to the relation which is known as in *loco parentis*. There is a word potent and impressive as affecting the teacher's intercourse with those he has in charge, a watchword, in fact, for every teacher. This word is companionship. Those teachers succeed best who make companions of their pupils. It was said of a noted English teacher named Jorden, that when a young man became Jorden's pupil he became his son. Although it is impossible that a close personal association should be maintained with all one's pupils, there are innumerable little ways that may be effective in reaching the hearts of the young and in holding their allegiance. In some of the higher institutions of learning an attempt is making at the present time to bridge over the chasm that has in the past yawned almost prohibitively between instructor and instructed. This attempt is called tutorial, or preceptorial, teaching, wherein the tutor from time to time meets his students in groups of half a dozen, where an opportunity is given for close familiar intercourse, with free discussion and exchange of views. This opportunity on the part of the student for questioning or, as it is called, "shooting back," tends to awaken the mind and give it both ideas and a chance to express them, a practice quite in harmony with a

most suggestive sentiment, "'Tis thought's exchange which, like the alternate push of waves conflicting, breaks the learned scum and defecates the student's standing pool." In such circumstances the preceptor's personality tells; he comes to know his students, and they come to feel the influence of a closer contact with their instructor. If more of this kind of teaching were done, more men would love their teachers. It is a saying of Seneca, that "many a man has been lost for want of being touched to the quick." Just so, many a student has been only half what he was capable of becoming for lack of this magic personal intercourse with an instructor.

In the management of a school much depends upon the teacher's care in watching for dangerous tendencies, and in counteracting them at the incipient stage. This suggestion is based upon an old adage, that "it is easier to keep the devil out than to turn him out." This killing of an evil in the shell is one of the teacher's most valuable schemes of discipline. Again, and quite in point of what we are aiming at, there are certain supplementary agencies that should be called in as valuable aids in conducting a school. One of the chief concerns of a well governed school is punctual attendance. Frequent absence and tardiness are unmistakable signs that there is something wrong. Laxness in caring for these particulars will always result in giving the school bad repute, a reputation that no school can stand, whatever it may claim of excellence in other respects. For village and country schools, and for elementary city schools, a remedy for the evils referred to, a remedy which actual tests have shown to be reasonably effective, may be pertinently suggested. The one here offered as of great effectiveness, and which influences not only punctuality but scholarship as well, is simple, and, in brief, is this: A weekly roll of honor including the names of all pupils who have a perfect record for attendance and punctuality during the week, with names arranged in order of the pupils' standing in scholarship, is posted in a conspicuous place in the school where it publishes the merits of those who are in these two respects most deserving. As a supplement to this, a card containing a certification of merit is given weekly to each member of the honor roll. This scheme may properly be called an aid

in promoting regular attendance and good scholarship. It is not claimed to be perfect in effecting the results aimed at, but its influence reaches and leavens essentially the whole school. Unfortunately this plan is not available in city high schools, where many pupils come long distances and are unable to walk, and despite their best intentions are subject to delays incident to street car service. This is one of the sorest perplexities the city high school teacher has to deal with. His failure to meet the evils of tardiness by any conceivable device is a constant cause of humiliation. To the minds of some the suggestions here made for the encouragement of punctuality and scholarship will no doubt seem old and commonplace and too trite for serious recital. To the minds of others, who may have tried and proved their value, or the value of something similar, it will be clear that they cannot be repeated too often. It is now, as it has always been, quite the fashion in affairs of education to despise what is old and accept with eagerness what is new. No matter how unreasonable the whims are that gain temporary ascendancy, they bear sway for the moment with irresistible force. All who oppose them or give them only a lukewarm assent are arraigned as "old fogies" and as being "behind the times." During a single lifetime one may follow the course of so-called reforms, to see the old ideas return exploited as something new. Such a recurrence of old methods is open to the observation of anyone who will take the trouble to look for it. The dictum that has been applied to our modern civilization, that "we are not progressing but merely tossing," is, if not to be accepted as true, yet, as applied to education, highly suggestive. It may be urged in justification of many educational movements, that they at least prevent stagnation. It is well if teachers are made to understand that because a thing is old it need not be bad, and that a thing which is new need not in consequence of its newness be good. What has been presented in the way of promoting the regular attendance of pupils is very old; what is to the point, however, is, that it has been tried and not found wanting. To some it doubtless seems too small a matter to be treated in so serious a manner. To such it may again be said, that after all it is the little things that are important. It is somewhere set down as worth remem-

bering, that "those only become great who think nothing little but themselves;" that "sands make the mountain, moments make the year; and that,—

"Of little threads our life is spun,
And he spins ill who misses one."

Any discussion of the conditions under which the teacher may work most satisfactorily would be lacking, if it were to omit the question of physical health. A familiar saying, that "the first wealth is health," is an epigrammatic truth bearing directly upon both teacher and taught. Even intellectual attainment, when compared with health, is of secondary importance. It is foolish, some one remarks, to sink our vessel by overloading it even with gold. Another instructive figure is that of Hercules set to row in a rotten boat,—the more powerful his stroke, the more certain he is of shattering his craft and sending it to the bottom. Teaching that is teaching is exhausting work, whereof each day's honest labor leaves both body and mind greatly fatigued and needing the repair of a reasonable amount of recreation, refreshment, and rest. That one be a good animal, in general a necessary aim for complete living, demands that the teacher preëminently have these restoratives with severe regularity. The teacher should not be ashamed to get sleep and on a liberal scale. Many of the world's greatest men have been good sleepers. Scott and Newton are notable examples. Much dissipation, however innocent, renders the teacher unfit for the peculiar demands of the schoolroom. How often, when things are going wrong with the school, if the teacher were to subject himself to a little introspection, would he find the cause of disorder in his own moodiness and irritability, conditions due to a lack of rest.

Other things being equal, the well equipped teacher is one who is distinguished as being well-read, that is, one whose mind is stored with the contents of good books. The habit of reading, when once well formed, becomes a pleasurable diversion, and, if not indulged in to excess, is a true relaxation. There need be but little mental strain in yielding to the allurements of general literature. It is in no sense labor, such as, for instance, writing, or composition, is. It may be remarked, in

passing, that it is unfortunate that practice in composition is not an exercise more available for the teacher's self-improvement. The 3 R's, reading, writing, and arithmetic, which originally meant the merest smattering of those subjects, just enough in the first instance to enable one to spell out simple words, in the second, skill enough barely to form letters and laboriously trace one's name with pen or pencil, and in the last mentioned, only enough to use figures in a primitive way for counting and reckoning,—these 3 R's have, in fact, immense possibilities for mental training when logically extended. Especially is this true of reading and writing. These subjects pursued to their possible limits may result in culture of a high order. "Reading," says Lord Bacon, "makes a full man, writing, an exact one." Professor John Fiske, a man of exceptional all-around intellectual attainments, declares that he got all his knowledge of science through the medium of books,—not the best way to obtain such knowledge, be it said, but at least a possible way. Abraham Lincoln, by much practice in writing, reached a degree of excellence in composition such as few have attained to. His speeches and letters are surprising masterpieces, not only in thought but in style. Despite the fact that composition-writing is a trying employment for the mind and cannot be done profitably when one's faculties are exhausted, every teacher must do something in the way of literary composition, at least to the limited extent of letter-writing, and with due care always to write that small amount in the best possible manner, he may at length acquire the ability to write well.

As has been already remarked, the art of composition is difficult and repellent. The historian Prescott, somewhere in his works, declares, what no one will question, that few love to write. As another puts it, every one who affects authorship must overcome a natural distaste for the plodding labor of writing. According to Macaulay, even the good writers cannot always write their best. Again Rousseau: "With whatever talent a man may be born, the art of writing is not easily learned." Nowhere in the domain of self-culture is one more likely to exclaim, "If it were not so hard to think." It is this thinking under the lash that makes the art of writing so diffi-

cult to learn. Besides, the cultivation of mere expression, that which relates to form and happy diction, calls for no common effort and patience. Few readers are aware, as they enjoy the delights of an exquisite piece of literary composition, how much care in polishing and "bringing to the anvil again" has been bestowed upon the arrangement and shaping of thought, to say nothing about invention. It is to be noted, then, that literary creation, though by far the more difficult part of composition, is by no means the whole of it. It will be remembered that Browning says quite within bounds, "Polisher needs precious stone no less than precious stone needs polisher." It is the sensible opinion of some one, that the art of writing consists in knowing what to leave in the inkstand.

It is interesting to observe how untiring some of the best writers have been in revising their masterpieces. Pascal said of his eighteenth letter, "I would have made it shorter if I could have kept it longer." Addison was so sensitive in relation to the perfecting of his work, that he would stop the press to alter a preposition or a conjunction. Balzac wrote and published forty volumes before he could write one to which he was willing to put his name. He once spent a whole night over a single sentence, and was known to riddle with erasures his tenth proof. Racine was two whole years polishing his *Phèdre*. The opening passage of Plato's *Republic* was found written out in thirteen different ways. Bacon's *Novum Organum* was re-written twelve times over. Plutarch kept his works constantly by him, and polished them to perfection. La Rochefoucauld re-wrote some of his maxims thirty times. Bishop Percy assures us that not a line in all his poems stands as he first wrote it. Prescott, after finishing a manuscript, was wont to keep it a year, and then revise it before putting it into the printer's hands. There are a few marked examples of men who have found writing easy. Dr. Johnson could write anywhere, at any time, and he never revised what he had once written. Scott was accustomed to change his manuscripts but little. As distinguished from the great majority, who have found literary composition hard work, Locke is an example of one who wrote for the love of it. He found great personal satisfaction, while at Oxford, in the mere prac-

tice of composition, though he had, like others, to exercise patience in licking his offspring into shape. Jonathan Edwards, as a student, formed the habit of writing as a means of mental discipline. Writers show strange peculiarities in their manner of working. All agree that one is unwise if he neglects to shoot a good thought on the wing. In the night, when an idea seized him, Richelieu would rise and call a night secretary, who wrote it down instantly. This was also a custom with Pope as well as with some others. It is Haydon's advice, never to rub out in the evening of the day you have worked hard, if your labor should appear a failure; since what looks worthless at night when one is exhausted, may show merit when reviewed after a night's sleep. Some writers, for successful thinking, are dependent upon conditions and moods. Lowell said his recipe was to carry a thing long in his mind. Young found night the best time for composing his *Night Thoughts*. Hawthorne liked writing in a small room. Montaigne's best thoughts came when he seemed to seek them least. Ennius never wrote poetry except when confined to the house with gout. Goethe said all his best thoughts came to him while walking. He could do nothing when seated. Lafcadio Hearn declared that all our best work is out of the unconscious. While some poets are hampered by too much learning, others, though possessed of great natural gifts, show an appreciable lack of learning. Of the latter class is our Whittier, so eminently endowed with "the swing of the true lyric bard." Of this class also is Burns, a conspicuously inspired man, whose productions have been compared to "the songs of linnets in the lapses of the wind." It is impossible to tell how a larger culture would have affected his peculiar genius. It has been thought that Shakspeare, whom Furness calls "a very learned man, but no scholar," might have suffered an impairment of his incomparable gifts, if he had been able to read Sophocles in the original. Even some writers distinguished for learning and scholarship have expressed a desire for a greater amount of both. Thackeray regretted that he had not allowed himself five years of reading before beginning to write.

In giving a brief enumeration of other agencies and prac-

tices to which a teacher may wisely direct his thoughts, the following points are suggested as likely to be helpful on the road to success: (1) Daily preparation by study for every lesson to be taught; (2) Improvement to be gained from association with other teachers; (3) Visiting other schools; (4) Cultivating social relations with the people and showing an interest in public affairs; (5) Attention to the best professional literature; (6) Conferences with parents; (7) Avoidance of too much talking, or preaching, to the school. If time permitted, these seven points might well bear extended discussion.

It seems proper to add a note of warning, to the effect that there can be for the teacher no such thing as perfect success; that those who come nearest such a consummation are the readiest to confess how much they fall short of their ideals. Butler's *Hudibras* contains a sentence strongly impressive as bearing upon the limitations of success. "Success," he says, "the mark no mortal wit nor surest hand can always hit." To look at the question from one point of view, every institution or system, whether religious, political, or educational, must, to a great extent, be judged by the character of the men and women it produces. In the same way the teacher is to be judged, even though his responsibility is at most a divided one, wherein other and often adverse agencies unite and may neutralize the good he might otherwise do. As examples in point, it was to the dishonor of Socrates that his pupils, Alcibiades and Critias, turned out bad men. So Seneca was discredited by his pupil, the fiendish Nero. It is greatly comforting, in reading the lives of famous teachers, to find that they were not exempt from the hard usages of the common lot. As an antidote to despair, one might profitably read Dean Stanley's *Life of Dr. Arnold*, the great master of Rugby, whereby he would better understand the universal truth, that "they that stand high have many blasts to shake them." After considering these discouraging instances, it will be a relief to look at the reverse of the picture, and seek comfort in the fact that it is not unusual for men and women to bear testimony to deep indebtedness to their teachers for both intellectual and moral stimulus.

Time, place, and circumstance are considerable factors of success. Owing to unfavorable conditions a teacher may be doomed to failure in one place, and yet the same teacher by changing his environment, may subsequently achieve distinguished success. The world is wide and offers almost infinite opportunities. He is unwise who, in disregard of this fact, continues a hopeless fight in a position where all the odds are against him.

RESPONSE.

MR. PROVOST: Once already on a former occasion the Association of colleges and secondary schools of the Middle states and Maryland has tested the welcome of Philadelphia teachers, and has enjoyed the hospitality of the University of Pennsylvania. It is my pleasant duty on this second like occasion, in behalf of the association, to receive and acknowledge your kindly greetings. This duty is all the more agreeable to me from the fact that for several years I was a resident in Philadelphia and came to know the cordiality and generous spirit that are so characteristic of the City of Brotherly Love. It is the boast and pride of this association that it always attends to serious business—that it has no time for side-shows, byplays, or excursions. It is to be regretted, however, that here, in this most richly historic centre of the western hemisphere, we are not able to take a recess of a few hours to pay our respects to places hallowed by patriotic devotion, and to visit your various seats of learning and other institutions celebrated world-wide for art, science, industry and philanthropy. In Greater New York, on University Heights which overlooks the Harlem and the Hudson, an enterprising and patriotic woman has built a hall of fame, on whose walls are to be inscribed the names of eminent Americans. Here, in this city, you have a hall of fame that needs no mural inscriptions to give it distinction, consecrated as it is by a new birth of liberty and by the acts and ideas of statesmen who inaugurated a new era in the government of mankind. We come here to-day, sir, on your kind invitation, and trust that

we are not like unbidden guests, said to be most welcome when they are gone; and we feel confident that here, at least, we shall realize that the welcome of the host is by far the best part of the entertainment.

JOY AND REST.

DECEMBER, by nature the darkest, is also to the human spirit the least cheery month of the year. The autumnal days have been growing shorter and shorter, drearier and drearier, until in the latter half of this month the climax of gloom is reached. The Scripture declaration that "men love darkness rather than light" is purely figurative. In all literalness the reverse of the saying is true, men love light rather than darkness. In an apparent regard for the rule of compensation it has, however, become the endeavor of nearly all civilized peoples to relieve the heaviness and gloom of the period of longest nights by making it a holiday season, and committing it to joy. The decree has, accordingly, been issued, and with hearty unanimity, that the naturally somberest week of the year shall be to the spirits of men the brightest. And, strange to say, the edict is implicitly obeyed, and in a manner the nations legislate sunshine into the hearts of the people. More unalloyed joy and happiness are known to these so-called holidays than to any other equal amount of time in the whole annual round.

It is surprising, and somewhat at variance with the probabilities of human happiness, that the tension of enjoyment can be sustained uninterruptedly so long. As long uninterrupted unhappiness is rare, so undisturbed delight seldom lasts many days. According to the philosophy of Jean Ingelow. "No man can be always sad." If we were happy all the time, we might not, and probably should not, know that we were happy at all. The conditions of felicity demand contrast, both light and shadow. "Enough of sunshine to enjoy the shade" is the prevailing rule. We have it from Shakspeare that "the web of our life is a mingled yarn, good and ill together." One does not need a long experience in

this world to know that the pleasures of life are mostly incidental, and that the highest joy has a background of sorrow.

The joy and good cheer of the holiday season would be impossible but for the reflections that pass reciprocally between commingling faces. The sunshine of the heart is only partly inborn; the joy-flushed world around us adds its light to ours. Still what is seen of happiness in others will appear to us much greater, if by our own acts and moods we have in some way contributed to it. There is something reassuring in the thought that one's genial influence is extended by an indefinitely repeated communication, that, as some one claims, man may be like the lodestone, which not only attracts the iron, but also infuses into it the power to attract other objects. In this manner our smiles, like a torch, may light up a countenance which shall transmit the benign influence almost without limit. Thus one charitable act may reach many hearts. There is in the world too much pseudo-charity, such as the wit of Sydney Smith is aimed at. His charity sermon is familiarly known, beginning in this manner: "Charity is a sentiment which universally pervades the human breast; no sooner does A find B in distress, than he immediately asks C to relieve him." But a kind word or look even, as well as a kind deed, may be the sweetest and truest charity.

Christmas-tide not only means joy, it means rest as well. The economy of nature demands for the human animal a definite amount of relaxation from both physical and mental toil. Those who ignore this demand in time find their mistake. Aristotle begrudged the time taken from mental labor for sleep, and devised a plan for protecting himself against sleeping too long. Upon lying down to rest, he clasped an iron ball in his hand and held it over a brazen vessel, that when sleep became too deep and the muscles of his hand became relaxed, the ball falling upon the brass might make a noise and wake him.

At the holiday season rest is most grateful to the mind-wearied school boy and school girl. They then give their lessons up to complete oblivion, and themselves to the abandon of uninterrupted joy. At the end of a long term of study their feelings are much like those of the little fellow in his

first experience at school. After a week's trial a kind neighbor, meeting him, asked, "Well, my little man, how do you like school?" "O," replied the diminutive scholar. "I'm gettin' awful tired o' them A's and things."

Rest is not necessarily idleness. When properly indulged in it is the wisest thrift. Some one has pronounced idleness the greatest prodigality in the world, and Seneca says an honest man is out of his place when he is idle. To match this we have the assurance that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."

COOPERSTOWN CENTENNIAL.

THE village of Cooperstown, which is just now celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of its incorporation, may properly be treated of under three aspects,—first, as it is favored by nature; second, as it is consecrated by legend and literary genius; and third, as it is a community of homes. It is no small advantage for a people to live amid scenes of great natural beauty, where hill, river, and lake combine harmoniously and in such manner as to satisfy and delight the heart and imagination. The natural charm possessed by this place may be at the first view less striking than that produced by the sublimer scenery where mountains play a conspicuous part; yet the very modesty of its unique perfections appeals with peculiar force to a fastidious taste. It is hazardous to express oneself about things that beggar description. It is too much like trying to gild refined gold or paint the lily. To call Otsego Lake beautiful would be as much a pleonasm as it would be to call a Frenchman witty. The immediate fascination which the lake has for those who see it for the first time and in one of its best moods, was once well indicated by a discriminating stranger who, in the dusk of evening, saw it from Lakewood Cemetery. After standing for a few minutes in silent admiration, he said: "Well, if they ever bury me here, I shall want them to take the coppers off my eyes." If it were ever possible to worship nature, it would seem that such adoration could be indulged

in here. Here, if anywhere, the lines of Elizabeth Barrett Browning would fitly apply:—

Earth's crammed with heaven, and every common bush
Afire with God, but only he who sees
Takes off his shoes.

Natural scenery is said to have appealed to Walter Scott only so far as it had local legend associated with it, though he often depicted nature with care and in a happy manner. Cooper, on the contrary, if his descriptive writings are taken as evidence, loved nature for its own sake. The former, it may be claimed, had as a natural setting for the creations of his fancy nothing of superior charm to what Cooper found here in the wilds of America. The Scottish Lakes, Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, as the work of God's hand, have a picturesque beauty in no way surpassing that of Lake Otsego. It might seem, however, that the "dramatis personae" of Scott's writings, half historic and half his own creations, the historic ones including even royalty, would give the Scotch romancer a distinct advantage,—that Mary Queen of Scots, Fitz James, Roderick Dhu, and Ellen Douglas would quite put out of competition the simple frontier folk and untutored savages of the New World. But whatever advantage, if any, the Briton had over the American, was not due to the social rank of his characters. That Cooper was successful in peopling the wilderness with persons so humble, and yet characters concededly proof against oblivion, is greatly to his credit.—

"And Natty won't go to oblivion quicker
Than Adams the parson or Primrose the vicar."

While Cooperstown considered as a home has no special claim to be chronicled beyond what could be urged for other communities, still this home phase of the subject, wherein every-day citizenship, with its humdrum activities and its neighborly loves and strifes, has for a hundred years been working out the problems common to all civic life, should not be lost sight of in connection with a centennial event. The long continuous association of the same people, their personal friendships and family intimacies, are factors worthy

of note. The genius of Cooper should not absorb the interest of the occasion to the exclusion of everything else. If we were memorializing the one hundredth anniversary of Cooper's birth, the case would indeed be different. There are many minor characters that have figured significantly in the scenes of our village, lesser lights when compared with Cooper, who have lived their day and left their impress upon things human. From among them the living may select each his own as predilection dictates. Every one has a few choice souls who have "crossed the bar and gone out to sea," who, besides having possessed native qualities that ennoble human nature, have a precious meaning to him personally. Let such a one, searching among the "hie jacets" of the dead,

"—from the inscription wipe the weeds and moss.
For every heart best knoweth its own loss."

THE MAINE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

IT was a custom with the ancient Greeks, when a colony went out to establish itself on some distant shore, to carry sacred fire from the home altar and with it to kindle the altar in the new settlement. In a like spirit we Maine folk brought from our old homes, not actual fire in our hands, but sacred memories in our hearts. These memories we keep alive in part by such functions as this. From time to time, moreover, either in fact or in imagination, we go back to the scenes of our youth and revive these memories. Perchance we find ourselves walking on the familiar ocean beach and listening to the murmur of the sea; or, it may be, we launch a boat on some inland lake or river, waters with which we once held dear companionship; or we once more pole a rude raft among the lilies and gather handfuls of long-stemmed beauties; or we visit the spring at the foot of the hill, where on warm summer days we used to drink out of a tiny cup, hastily made from a green leaf; or we enter the old school-house odorific of stuffy air, and view the knife-carved desks which in appearance resemble the surface of an Egyptian monolith—desks over which we once dozed, and where dreams

of fame "like exhalations rose and fell." We fondly repeat a hundred remembered experiences, until we feel like saying what Thackeray in reminiscence wrote of his boyhood days. "As I recall them the roses bloom again and the nightingale sings by the calm Bendemeer."

MEMORIAL DAY ADDRESS.

COMRADES and fellow-citizens: For more than a century it has been our wont to celebrate by an annual holiday the birth of this Nation. But we are in a measure realizing anew what was said concerning the greatest republic of antiquity, that the days in which we are born are less memorable than those in which we are preserved; and the thirtieth of May has become with us a great national holiday. This is but rational; nor ought it to cause regret to the true lover of his country. The highest tribute we can pay to the heroes of the Revolution is in honoring those who have been equally self-sacrificing in perpetuating the blessings of their achievements. Nor is the significance of this day essentially incomplete because at present the whole country is unable to observe it in the same spirit. It is but natural that the people of the South should cherish their brave dead with a peculiar tenderness. For them to do otherwise would be to renounce their humanity. Time is, however, doing, as naught else can do, the good work of healing the wounds made by secession; and it is not too much to believe that our brethren of the South are beginning to rejoice that this is still one people. Both sections will in time come to look upon the war as a necessary conflict caused by slavery; and all alike will regard the saving of the Union as a priceless blessing. Another view that may be taken of the war is, that sooner or later, on some issue or other, it was inevitable that the solidity of our national compact would be tested by civil strife. The proportions of the rebellion were so gigantic, that nothing greater in the way of sectional revolt is to be feared in the future. That crucial test of our nationality was the most decisive possible.

A picture in Dante's Purgatory represents a party halting in their toilsome mountain ascent, and in restful attitude turning their faces to the distant valley from which they had set out. In the most casual manner the poet lets fall this sentence: "All men are delighted to look back." Comrades, here to-day, in the tiresome mountain ascent of life, you are halting to breathe for a little time, and to enjoy a retrospect of the journey you have thus far come; and especially to review the part you had in the war for the Union. Some things pertaining to every life are worth remembering. Nothing in yours is so worthy of jealous keeping as the years you loyally spent on the tented field.

It is something to remember having lived through those glorious days of our history, and to have witnessed the grandest exhibitions of man's self-renunciation. You will recall the first excited heart-throbbings that came with the opening scenes of the war; and the shock that for a moment, and for a moment only, paralyzed a peaceful people. How many incidents of that time are now remembered with amazing vividness! Let me briefly recall some of these.

One of the most vividly remembered concerning the opening of the war was the difficulty men found in adapting themselves to the practices and requirements of military discipline. How freshly comes to mind the awkwardness of a middle-aged man who had no music in his soul and who could not accommodate his step to that of his marching companions. Whether he watched the feet of his comrades or the motions of the drummer, he uniformly and with fatal precision stepped just a little later than the rest. His appearance was as comical as that of the militia-man of an earlier period, whose step at general muster was irregular owing to the excessive use of stimulants. When jeered at for being boozy he replied: "No, that isn't it; the trouble is, there's a band in front of our company and one behind it; they are playing different tunes and I'm trying to keep step with both of them." Though this awkward Union soldier to whom allusion has been made, at first lacked the rhythmic movements of his fellows, his patriotic sympathies were fully attuned to the necessities of the hour, and in a long and faithful service

his faculties learned to execute whatever duty called him to perform.

Ludicrous things were told of the bombastic military airs of a returned three-months man. After the first Bull Run battle he had retreated as far north as the Green Mountains. His large stories were the amazement of the inhabitants. He capped the climax, however, when, upon visiting some relatives, he told them he had become so accustomed to camp life that he couldn't sleep in a bed, and insisted upon camping in the orchard wrapped in a blanket.

There is something pathetic in recalling the honest coldness of some northern men regarding the war. They were men of great personal honor and integrity, but they could not be brought to see the necessity of saving the Union at all hazards. One of our most distinguished men of letters declared that he was incapable of taking in more than the northern half of this great country; and to him the dissolution of the Union was almost a matter of indifference. But in marked contrast with these were such Southerners as Farragut and Thomas, whose genius and national spirit were of so much value that the country could hardly have been saved without them. No doubt the South counted much upon the indifference in the North, and were further encouraged in their withdrawal by the belief that some of the northern states cared more for autonomy than for nationality.

It peculiarly becomes the spirit of this day to recount some of the deeds of heroism performed by those to whose memory the day is sacred. It is said that the success of great men is a mystery to themselves. Just so exploits of daring are as little intelligible to their authors. A hero of olden times being asked which of certain men, himself among the number, he held in highest esteem, replied: "You must first see us die before that question can be resolved." Those who have been tried by danger, suffering, and death, are the ones whose spirits can best be judged. The war on several occasions verified the oft-made assertion, that councils of war never fight. On one such Gen. Hancock showed himself truly heroic. After the first day's fight at Gettysburg, at a meeting of the Union generals, the most of them, imbued with a belief that

Lee was something super-human, were in favor of retreating; but Hancock said, "No; the Army of the Potomac has retreated too often." The volunteer crew of the Monitor were heroic, who patriotically linked their fate with that of the brave Worden. The fire kept up by the plucky crew of the sinking Cumberland would be deserving of exceptional praise, were it not for the deeds of gallantry in the later experience of the navy. A writer on the war says, "There is nothing finer in history than Thomas at Chickamauga"—Thomas, a man so modest that blushes would color his face whenever his troops cheered him. The youthful Lieut. Cushing of the navy was a hero, when, having stolen his way up the Roanoke River under the cover of night, he stood on the bow of his steam-launch, amid the enemy's discharges of musketry, and personally exploded a torpedo under the ram Albermarle. Just before the famous Confederate charge at Gettysburg, a group of inexperienced Union troops, who were stationed at what afterwards proved to be a dangerous point, with becoming confidence told the commanding officer that they were there to stay. The historian who mentions the circumstance grimly records the fact that "the most of them staid." After the battle of Antietam, as the dusk of evening came on, a gallant Union officer who had become delirious with oncoming typhoid fever, groped about the battlefield, turning the dead faces up to the star-light, in a vain search for his missing brother. Admiral Dupont was a hero, when, irritated by the implied censure of the President after the defeat of the iron-clads at Charleston, he expressed a willingness to be relieved of his command, and said: "No consideration for an individual officer, whatever his loyalty and length of service, should weigh an instant, if the cause of the country can be advanced by his removal." That Massachusetts chaplain was a hero, who resigned his chaplaincy just on the eve of the battle of Fredericksburg, seized a musket from the hands of a wounded soldier, and saying, "I must do something for my country," took his place in the ranks and met death on that inauspicious field. Commander Craven, of the ironclad Tecumseh, acted the part of a hero, when, in the battle of Mobile Bay, his vessel was about to sink from the explosion of a hidden tor-

pedo. At the only opening in the turret through which escape was possible, he gallantly drew back and said, "After you, pilot." The latter's life was saved. Commander Craven went down. This dying politely for somebody else exhibits a divine something in human nature too deep for human reason.

The vicarious suffering of those at home also partook of the heroic. Starr King was a hero, when he courageously preached unionism in doubtful California. In the midst of his important labors in behalf of the nation there, he wrote to his friends in the east: "We are chipping the shell here, and are coming out northern eagles."

Beecher was a hero, who preached our cause to hostile audiences in England. At a meeting in one of the manufacturing cities a taunting voice interrupted him by asking, "Why didn't you put down the Confederates in 90 days, as you said you would?" To which Beecher retorted, "We should if they had been Englishmen."

That heroic conduct also characterized the people of the South can be magnanimously allowed without the least impoverishment of our glory. That Gen. Lee's son served as a private in the Confederate army is an illustration of the loftiest phase of civic virtue. The pure manhood of Stonewall Jackson will shine as a bright jewel of American character when men shall have forgotten that he fought on the wrong side and in a losing cause.

The story of heroism in the civil war is incomplete until woman's part in it is told. There are men whose sole recommendation consists in having excellent wives. A familiar sentiment may apply here: "What is better than gold? Jasper. What is better than jasper? Wisdom. What is better than wisdom? Woman. What is better than a good woman? Nothing." Woman's part in war's drama is a minor one. She comes upon the scene quietly, like Ophelia in the play. Much of her work was not conspicuously seen: nor was it of a kind to daze the multitude. Her devotion and resignation were in themselves victory. Her heroism was not generally such as made Barbara Fritchie famous. It was of a tenderer, a more womanly sort. It was exhibited by maidens who, like those described by Landor, "breathed courage into the heart

before it beat to love." It was shown by richly dressed women in one of our loyal cities, when, after a terrible battle the wounded were brought in by carfuls. These women, with hearts made stout by womanly tenderness, pushed aside their husbands and brothers and insisted that the care of the mangled patriots should be left to their gentler ministrations. The sick and dying in hospitals best knew woman's self-denial and how soothing her offices of sympathy. No wonder that a dying soldier who had been cared for, tended, and nursed with a mother's devotion by one of these angels of mercy, was heard with his last breath to mutter something about "the everlasting arms beneath him." Yet these acts of devotion were hardly more heroic than what was done by thousands of women who staid patiently at home with the young and helpless and kept courage in the heart of the nation by keeping bright the fires of patriotism on the domestic altar.

The civil war somewhat strangely developed character. This was apparent not only among the leaders, but also in the humble ranks of the private soldier. The father of Frederick the Great cared only that his troops should be six feet tall. The rank and file of our national forces were measured by the stature of intelligence and manliness. The same facility for adapting themselves to varied emergencies had been noticeable among our earlier Revolutionary troops. At the edge of the ice-filled Delaware, Washington said: "Who will lead us?" The mariners of Marblehead stepped forward to man the boats.

At the battle of Malvern Hill a Confederate colonel got far in advance of his regiment. When he discovered that his men were not following, he uttered a fierce oath and exclaimed: "Come on! do you want to live forever?"

As illustrating how variously men estimate bravery, an incident may be related of a Union officer who was being borne from the action on a stretcher. One of the attendants noticed that he cringed as a shell shrieked above them. With something of bravado the attendant said: "You aren't afraid, are you, Colonel?" "Yes, I am afraid," he replied, "and if you were not a fool you would be;" which illustrates the truth of the familiar saying, that a man must have courage in order to fear.

Sometimes, in the excitement of battle, human nature asserted itself strangely. At Cedar Creek, when affairs were taking a favorable turn, Custer rode up and kissed Sheridan, a repetition of what took place at Fontenoy. An Irishman on board a vessel which was struck by a cannon ball, thrust his head through the opening made in the side in the belief that cannon balls are never known to stike twice in the same place.

The historian Motley, a man of intensest patriotism, was our minister to Austria during the war. At the moment of receiving the news of Vicksburg and Gettysburg all his family were absent from the house except a sleeping infant. It being necessary for him to give vent to his rapture in some way, he rushed up stairs and bending over the cradle shouted in the baby's ears: "Vicksburg is ours."

The war repeatedly exemplified the fact that the unexpected is the surest to happen. Especially was this the case in the development of leaders in the Union army. Grant and Sherman, who displayed the greatest abilities as generals, had both been considered medioere at West Point. Halleck never quite believed in Grant, but insisted that his success was due to luck rather than to great generalship.

Judging from past years, there seems to be danger that at these memorial exercises one branch of the fighting force in putting down the rebellion, and an important branch, too—the navy, may be left out of mind. It is easy to account for this invidiousness in favor of the army. It is owing in part to its great numerical superiority, and in part to the fact that its recruits came from every section of the country, and that it has living representatives in almost every hamlet and settlement; while the navy was recruited chiefly from seaboard inhabitants, or from mariners of foreign birth, who had no strong bonds of association with a place of residence on land, and whose conception of country was centered in the flag under which they sailed.

It is to the high praise of the common sailors of our navy, that while over two hundred naval officers deserted their posts at the breaking out of the war, not one blue-jacket deserted the old flag. It is remarkable that no naval officer turned

his vessel over to the enemy in the beginning. It was suspected, indeed, that an attempt of this kind was to be made by the commander of a revenue cutter at New Orleans, the occasion which called forth the well-known telegram from Gen. Dix. Ordinarily such a course would have been futile owing to the loyalty of the crews. It would have been a repetition of the experience on the *Enterprise* when engaged in the nearly equal fight with the British ship *Boxer* in 1812. An officer of the *Enterprise*, despairing of the engagement, was preparing to haul down the stars and stripes, when a common sailor threatened to cut him in pieces if he did it. These allusions are not made by way of disparaging the loyalty or bravery of our naval officers, whose deeds are worthy of the highest praise; but to show the almost phenomenal patriotism of our common sailors, who know by experience what the protection of the American flag means, and are ready to defend it with the uttermost devotion. It is not necessary to call the roll of our naval captains, who did famous deeds at Hampton Roads, Port Royal, Mobile Bay, on the Mississippi, and in the harbor of Cherbourg. Their names are imperishable on heart and tongue. The highest commendation of the navy was expressed by Gen. Grant, who was too great to be envious. He said he did not see how any number of troops could have taken Vicksburg without the assistance of the fleet.

A peculiar interest is attached to brave deeds at sea. The very element on which the mariner lives adds an air of romance to whatever of daring has been witnessed on its bosom. The most pathetic incidents of heroic conduct in the midst of battle are connected with naval exploits. Who is not touched by Collingwood's remark, as his ship sailed into action at Trafalgar? "Our wives," said he, "are just about now going to church in England." Or by the conduct of Nelson, the greatest of naval heroes? At Copenhagen he had in different parts of his ship's rigging six fighting signals up, that in the event of one or two being shot away the rest of the fleet might be in no uncertainty about orders.

It would be unbecoming our gallantry to pass by in silence what was courageously done by the little extemporized navy of the Confederates. The desperate valor of small crews who

on several occasions manned torpedo boats and in the darkness placed destruction beneath blockading vessels, with a moral certainty that their own lives must be sacrificed in the event of sinking their enemy, challenges admiration.

The worthiest honors we can show those who sacrificed their happiness and gave their lives to preserve a government for us, will consist in drawing lessons from their example to enable us to maintain and magnify the benefactions so unselfishly bestowed.

No one thing will save this nation; but many things.

The first duty of citizens, looking to the permanence of our nationality, is to be reasonable in their expectations, and not to look for "grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles." They must look at the plain truth, and realize that national life is a growth; that the law of development with a nation is the same as that with a man,—perfection through trial; that it is most irrational to expect that this government by the people, the freest and best for the people themselves that has ever endured for a hundred years, comprising, as it does, a most heterogeneous population in respect to race and religion, a population exposed to all the excesses of unusual liberty, is likely ever to be wholly free from the fear of internal disturbance. Another important duty is, never to despair of the republic. Again, no other people so much as ours need to discipline themselves to meet emergencies.

This government rests, for its foundation, on the self-evident truth that popular sovereignty can exist only where there is intelligence, virtue, and self-discipline in the sovereign people. To keep these qualities inhering in the people up to the salvation point is to be the ever present problem of the future. With us it is not a matter of choice whether a man shall take a part in managing the affairs of the state. He must do so as the first condition of citizenship. However great his personal disinclination, he must be ready to encounter the practical politics of national, state, and other elections, on the well established principle, that it is better to suffer than to lose the power of suffering.

In alluding to the agencies likely to contribute most to the permanence of our institutions, it is possible to make a

brief reference to only one. Popular enlightenment is not everything. It is indispensable to democratic institutions. It is not mere assumption to assert that illiteracy at the South in a great measure rendered secession possible. Three-fourths of the men surrendered by Pemberton are said to have signed their parole with a cross. General enlightenment, moreover, counteracts despotism and centralization.

It would be superfluous to spend time in urging so manifest a truth as that in a republic the people must be enlightened to fit them for the privilege of the ballot and for the administration of justice as jurors. Judge Pierrepont once, in an address to law students, epitomized this truth so forcibly that his language may properly be repeated. "Our theory," he says, "is, that the most ignorant must govern if they are the most numerous." The greatest Englishman who has ever lived has said: "Ignorance is the curse of God; knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven." Another Englishman of the present century has also said: "That there should one man die ignorant who had capacity for knowledge, this I call a tragedy." It is not yet time to talk about the danger of an aristocracy of culture in a country where at different times the highest office has been held by a rail-splitter, a tailor, a tanner, a tow-path boy, a poor clergyman's son, and a clerk from a store.

But why these ceremonies for the dead, who may not hear our eulogies, or see our symbols of grateful remembrance? Though all this may seem irrational, when considered in the light of common reason, it is fully warranted by the reasoning of the heart, a logic convincing and universal, and which rests, no doubt, in an instinctive belief in man's immortality. But even without this motive and belief, the sense of a grateful return for personal sacrifices resulting to us in good that is beyond estimate, would not be satisfied with anything less than some spectacular memorial to aid the imagination. And there is something agreeable in the thought, that it is not inconsistent with "the philosophy which gives us our souls," to suppose that thousands of martial spirits who left their bodies on battle-fields, in hospitals, and in prisons during the war, are at this hour "filling up the numbers" in assemblies

like this. Yet if it be admitted that the dead are wholly beyond the reach of our gratitude, that they are as insensible to what we do as the coldest materialism would argue, it is still not undignified or unreasonable to memorialize their benefactions to us. What we do by ceremonies like these keeps fresh their bravery and patriotism, and makes them a perpetual and blessed influence in the life of the nation. The sentiment which among us has caused the setting apart of one day in each year as a Memorial Day in honor of the nation's dead, is intensest among people the most civilized, and has prevailed in all periods of human history where a high intellectual progress has left its tide marks. The burying of the slain on the field of Gettysburg is but in imitation of what was done at Marathon as a special recognition of bravery. It was from the law of Athens that a hint was obtained for the yearly re consecration of the patriotic ashes on that decisive field, where loving lips, perchance with less thrilling eloquence than that of old, in recognition of the untimely fall of so many young and brave, still tell us that "the year has lost its spring."

More and more, as the years go by, does the conviction become settled that the criterion for estimating the worth of men is this, what did they for humanity? Judged by this standard, the brave dead whose self-sacrifice we willingly make live in our hearts, are deserving of monuments as lasting as adamant, bronze, or the inspiration of bard can give. What did these men for humanity? They saved to humanity the best type of popular government ever devised. In our thoughtlessness, at times, it is easy to belittle their achievements, and flippantly confess a satisfaction with what might have been, in the event of national disruption; but the integrity of the Union which they saved has an endlessness of meaning for struggling men for all time.

The republican form of government has ever been the ideal and dream of man. Under its fostering care art, literature and enlightenment have reached their highest limits. Republican institutions produced the glorious age of Pericles in Greece, crowned with Phidias the first of sculptors, Thucydides the first of historians, and with Socrates the greatest of moral-

ists. What in the way of praise may not be said of Republican Rome? Her men of genius loom above a thousand years of mediæval mist like mountain tops above cloud-filled valleys. As the nations emerged from the dark ages, the spirit of liberty was slow in asserting itself. Its first spasmodic attempts in the direction of popular government appeared in the Italian cities; while at the time of founding this nation the river Rhine, with free Switzerland at its source and the Dutch Republic at its mouth, typified the destined transmission of free institutions from their birth-place in the east to a more congenial home in the west.

The American nation, which has been called the last experiment of free government, is in a most real sense what the French people have so generously symbolized it at the sea-entrance of the Metropolis, "Liberty enlightening the world." It was the taunt of a witty Frenchman a century ago, that the United States was a giant without bones. Until the crisis of civil war had been passed, a crisis in which a large free population showed a miraculous ability to resist disintegration, those among Europeans who predicted anything but an early termination to our national life were looked upon as fools. How is it now? The glorious republic is no longer regarded by them as a giant without bones. A giant, indeed, it is, and, thanks to the loyal living and dead, a giant with well-knit frame and pleasing proportions.

There is another achievement of the loyal defenders of the Union which must be regarded as one of the greatest benefits ever wrought out for civilization, the doing away with slavery. It is true that this accomplishment was rather accidental than intentional; yet the great fact remains that this result is hardly second in importance to the preservation of the Union.

In view of such results, reached through a spirit so unselfish and so philanthropic, almost superfluous seem the words of Abraham Lincoln: "We here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain."

APOTHEOSIS OF PENN.

WILLIAM PENN'S statue, crowning the lofty tower of the city hall in Philadelphia, and in this respect accorded a distinction quite unique, may be accounted for in part because of Penn's rather exclusive greatness in the city of brotherly love. However this may be, no instance, it is believed, occurs of a like distinction being bestowed upon a man by an admiring community. Within a radius of many miles, from every point of the compass, the first object to be seen as one approaches Philadelphia, is the Quaker law-giver in bronze, his heroic figure minimized by an altitude of over five hundred feet. Imposing and lofty monuments eternizing human greatness are familiar enough the world over, but the human objects of their memorializing are not commonly represented by statues placed above them. The figures thus placed are usually of mythical heroes, demigods, or deified abstractions. The first object sighted by the Greek sailor of olden time when he entered the Piræus was the statue of the goddess Minerva, from her elevated position overlooking the Parthenon, just as Penn is the first home object seen by the returning Philadelphia sailor far down the Delaware. The Colossus of Rhodes typified the heathen god Apollo, and the Bartholdi statue in New York harbor is a deified abstraction, the Goddess of Liberty enlightening the world. Could Penn have foreseen his apotheosis, it might be interesting to know in what spirit he would have viewed it. While as a material and spectacular mode of conferring honor it is most imposing, he would no doubt have preferred a different enshrinement.

William Penn, though not the founder of a society or sect, was a great law-giver, working within the narrow restraints of one of the multitudinous Christian sects. He aimed to make real and practical the rules of human living, by most Christians even relegated to the region of the ideal, set forth in the teachings of Jesus. It matters not how far short of success this essay of Penn has proved in the past or may prove in the future, the sincere and courageous effort is sufficiently successful to be an imperishable object-lesson to mankind.

Landor, in his *Conversations*, devotes more than a hundred pages to an imaginary discussion carried on by Penn and Lord Peterborough, wherein the tenets of the Society of Friends, and especially Penn's ideas of government as practically applied, are thoroughly dissected. Penn and Peterborough are supposed to be riding on horseback through the Pennsylvania forest about the year 1691, though neither of them could actually have been there at that time. Peterborough accuses Penn of "running into a prison for the sake of liberty." Being a military man, Peterborough uses the phrases peculiar to his profession and manifests a zeal for war which quite distresses his companion. Penn is made to say: "Toleration is in itself the essence of Christianity." When asked why he had not left a tree standing here and there in the meadows for the sake of ornament, Penn admitted that this might properly have been done for the sake of the cattle, but said the ornament of a country is the sight of creatures enjoying their existence. In one place an allusion is made to the fact that the laws of the Friends prohibit dancing and music. Peterborough says: "You are no less proud than other men, though differently." Penn would use the word "veneration," but not "pride." He declares it impossible to rescue the human race from the abyss of sin and slavery, unless they can be induced to look upon Christianity in its purity. Peterborough predicts that the Society of Friends will soon suffer its enthusiasm to cool, and that within half a century it will dissolve from very purity. He also intimates that Quakers are not regardless of the "main chance." Penn denies that Christ ever said, "I bring not peace but a sword," but maintains that the words have been reversed by accident. The discussion also touches upon the possibilities of avoiding war, of the baneful influence of the theatre, the fine arts, litigation, wealth, and avarice. Peterborough criticises the use of the word "Friend" in all cases, as sometimes lacking sincerity. To this Penn replies that they call every man friend because they wish to be every man's friend. As they are riding leisurely along, Peterborough notices four men drawing lots, and is horrified that gambling is tolerated in Penn's colony: but Penn assures him that the men are deputed to judge a

cause; that among them there are no solicitors; that every citizen states his own case; that four intelligent men are appointed by lot as judges in presence of the litigants, that they draw a second time, and he to whom the lot falls decides the question in dispute.

Preëminent among the literary men who have paid their respects to William Penn are Macaulay and Landor, the former in his *History of England* and the latter in his *Imaginary Conversations*. Macaulay, better than almost any other writer, exemplifies the fact that brilliancy in an author is a most perilous gift when his view of a subject is prejudiced. Lord Melbourne wished he was as certain of anything as Tom Macaulay was of everything. What Macaulay in his history says of Penn is so manifestly biased and abusively wrong, that even Macaulay himself late in life saw fit to apologize for it. Sober history, so called, is, it would seem, not wholly undeserving the hard opinion of Horace Walpole, who, when a young woman had expressed to him a desire to read history, said to her, "Don't, it's a lie." Historians are human. Macaulay was very human. Penn's character, to be sure, was not the strongest, a fact quite consonant with his professed creed. The England of his day was politically and religiously factious and turbulent. It would be wonderful, in the circumstances, if he had escaped all appearance of inconsistency. "They who stand high," it has been said, "have many blasts to shake them." Penn professed an almost unapproachable morality and purity of life. The most trifling slips of such a man are only too eagerly magnified. Macaulay, with evident injustice, accuses Penn of obsequious fawning to James II., and of playing the part of a courtier, a part inconsistent with his professed simplicity of life; of uttering falsehood; of being guilty of scandalous conduct through Jacobitish zeal; of quite forgetting the first principle of Quaker faith, that even defensive war is sinful; and of showing such gratitude towards James that he clandestinely advocated the bringing of a foreign army into his own country.

The most fitting honors for Penn are not corporeal. A State, a city, or a monument of stone or brass is in its way and degree a proper item of qualified immortality; but like

the "Treaty Elm" they must succumb to relentless time. But a mighty personal influence, inspired by everlasting principles of right, is as endless as human love. What Landor has made Pericles say of Aristides applies with much force to William Penn: "Aristides will be forefather to many brave and honest men not descended from his lineage or his country; he will be the founder of more than nations; he will give body, vitality, and activity to sound principles."

MASTERS OF EPIGRAM.

THE richness of a work of genuine literary art may often be best shown by culling from its pages and placing side by side striking original passages. This, to be sure, does not reveal the highest qualities of an author. Plot, characterization, and ethical management occupy a loftier plane of excellence. But bright, striking thought, expressed in brief, happy language, is always the conspicuous accompaniment of the best creation. The nearest approach to an exception to this rule is found in the writings of Walter Scott. Of all the great English literary lights he has the fewest quotable sentences. Shakspeare, on the other hand, surpasses all others in his prodigality of unique and piquant epigram. For the great majority of his readers this peculiarity is the main, if not the only, attractive feature, while with only the few, and those real students of the poet, his higher power, as shown in the creation of character and in the development of life and morals, is the overshadowing one. An inferior writer oftenest proclaims his weakness by his attempts at brilliant thinking and fine diction, his paste-jewels of speech being recognizable by the merest tyro in taste. What a clear ring of the coin of speech is heard in some of the passages of Junius, for instance! How exhilarating in its surprise is his reference to the undesirableness of "rising for a moment from obscurity to infamy!" The epigrammatic pickings from a single volume of Balzac are enough to place him among the foremost novelists. For profuseness and brilliancy in terse, pithy expressions he reminds

one of Rabelais. His Cousin Pons, counted among his best works, but preëminently so for excellent delineation of character, is peculiarly striking for its originality of thought and expression. In this volume Balzac bids us "find, if we can, the man who loves the calling whereby he lives." "No one," he says, "can bid farewell to a habit." Again, "A life of purity and stainless honesty extorts admiration, even from the most corrupt." "Hatred born of a trifle," he likens to "the small pebble that sets the avalanche in motion." He describes a woman as "aged rather than old." "The unhappiness of sensitive old men is," according to him, "that they cannot belong to the epoch in which they live." Quite unsurpassed is the double entendre of the old bachelor Pons in his attempt to utter an appropriate sentiment in honor of his friend's matrimonial engagement,—*"Marriage is the end of man."* For the sorely grief-stricken he assures us "there are certain critical occasions in life when all we can bear is to feel that our friend is near us." "'Tis only firm conviction," he declares, "that can give rise to deep emotions." Instead of saying that a joke has passed through several editions, he tells of "a joke that has gray mustaches." For downright pathos the conduct and sentiment of Schmucke at the funeral of his dear friend Pons is unequalled: "Monsieur, are you the son, the brother, or the father of the deceased?" inquired the man of office. "I am all dat, and more,—I am his friend," said Schmucke, weeping profusely.

A GOOD HISTORICAL NOVEL.

TO those whose liberal reading of good literature has brought them to feel indifference and even contempt for recent fiction, it is a decided relief to find a modern story of such robust and genuine literary quality as Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's "Hugh Wynne." This novel has an all-around strength which reasonably satisfies the critical reader. It stands, with evident fixedness, in the category of good prose-fiction, and to say this is, perhaps, praise enough.

The general literary stamp of Hugh Wynne is through-

out suggestive of good workmanship. Its epigrams and "old saws" call Balzac to mind, and in the happy use of them its author follows, at a great distance to be sure, Shakspeare and Browning. Following are specimen epigrammatic quotations: "There is no age to a woman's money;" "It is sometimes the body which saves the soul;" "It seems odd to have color to a religion. I wonder if drab goodness is better than red goodness;" "After men have become wise enough to understand women, I protest there will remain the mother, whom no man will ever comprehend;" "Not enough blood to blush with;" "An Archbishop would learn to swear in the army;" "When a scamp loves a good girl, let him thank the devil that love is blind."

Characterization ranks among the excellences of writers of fiction, and here in the main Dr. Mitchell wins our approval. Hugh Wynne's sweet French mother and his charming devotion to her fill the reader's mind with a healthful picture of the sacred relation between child and parent such as all could wish it to be. To have created such a mother is, as has been said of Fielding's creation of Amelia, "a good action." The father of Hugh is depicted as of stern honesty, narrow religious bigotry, and paternal dignity. Jack Warder is original and consistently drawn. Aunt Gainor, with her big nose and rugged masculine sense, is a strong creation and appears to the mind's eye distinct and real. The villainous cousin, Arthur Wynne, with the exception of Darthea the most difficult to manage of all the *dramatis personæ*, is an artistic creation, as every critic must concede who allows deformity as well as beauty to be a proper subject for art. The heroine, Darthea, around whom the love-thread of the story winds, is in a measure disappointing, the treatment of this character being for the author apparently an up-hill business and calling for constant effort on his part. Darthea, while in many respects a clear-cut, vigorous creation, is in no sense a natural love character. There are some fine touches in the minor personages of the story, and an occasional strong light is turned upon historical ones. Washington is shown a little more human than as usually portrayed, perhaps unjustly so, though the writer's admiration for him is sufficiently pronounced and wholesome.

As a historical novel, no less than for intrinsic creative excellence, Hugh Wynne is a valuable contribution to American literature. This historical feature is necessarily hampered by the exigencies of love-making. Excepting the siege of Yorktown, the description of which is full and vivid, and the fight at Germantown, of which too little is made, battles figure but little in the novel. The hero is not permitted to share the hardships of Valley Forge, nor to be present at the battle of Monmouth, evidently that he may be in Philadelphia for the purpose of love-intrigue. Much is made of the Arnold-André episode, and this piece of work is extremely well done.

Considerable local colonial information, relating chiefly to Philadelphia, is contained in the book, social and religious customs being revived with more or less truthfulness, certainly with fascinating power. The inferences to be naturally drawn from the book regarding the character and tenets of the Friends will, with some show of justice, find ready objectors among the members of that pacific and admirable sect.

It is not often that the plots and situations of a story are conceived and attended to with so much skill as they are in Hugh Wynne. They are sufficiently numerous to maintain interest, without offending the judgment and taste.

RULERS OF ENGLAND.

TWO Williams, two Henrys with Stephen between.
 A Richard, a John, a Third Henry are seen.
 Three Edwards next Second Richard precede.
 Then three more Henrys in succession lead.
 Fourth Edward and Fifth, and Richard number three
 To Seventh and Eighth Henrys give way speedily;
 Then Edward the Sixth, and Mary and Bess
 Give place to the Stuarts' long line of distress;
 Of whom James the First, Scotland's king, leads these names—
 Charles the First, the two Cromwells, Second Charles, and Second James.
 Queen Anne follows here (after William and Mary),
 And four Hanoverians, whose names do not vary.
 Then William the Fourth, and Victoria good and great,
 Whose son and grandson in turn rule Britain's state.

PROSE - POETS.

A WRITER with some audacity claims that America has produced only three men of original genius, Jonathan Edwards, Benjamin Franklin, and Nathaniel Hawthorne; thus seeming by an arbitrary line to exclude all our poets from the company of the inspired. If this dictum be accepted, it must be taken to imply that poets are not necessarily possessed of original genius, for no one will deny that Poe and Whittier are as rightfully called poets as are Chaucer and Burns. As might be expected in consideration of our youth as a nation, we may be said to have discovered no literary characters worthy to be classed with the loftiest geniuses, still we have a number who rise above mere respectability. Our writers of the nineteenth century show well by the side of their contemporaries of other countries, and in some respects they appear preëminent by the comparison. Our authors are exceptional for their purity of personal character and for the healthy moral tone of their writings. The list is marked also by an unusual number of those who write almost equally well both prose and poetry. Matthew Arnold, himself a prose-poet, could not quite decide whether Emerson is poet, essayist, or philosopher. Lowell is in some degree all these, and a brilliant satirist besides. Holmes and Stedman, to say nothing of others, may be added to Emerson and Lowell to make a quartet of contemporary American authors possessing in an unusual degree this double facility in literary composition. It would not be easy to find their parallel in any other nation's literature of a single century. These men prove what Stedman says in his *Nature of Poetry*, that a real poet usually writes good prose. These writers alone are enough to remove all the discredit that has been cast upon poets who presume to write prose, even if it be a discredit emphasized by Carlyle, who declares that no man has any business to try to write poetry if it is possible for him to express himself in prose. Landor, who wrote exquisite prose as well as praiseworthy verse, gloried in the thought that he received inspiration from having his birth-place near that of Shakspeare. Of this coincidence he proudly says:

“I drank of Avon, too, a dangerous draught,
That roused within the feverish thirst of song.”

Milton's prose is of the highest order. Goethe, who may well vie with Milton and two or three others in holding as a poet the next place after Homer, Dante, and Shakspeare, wrote prose of surpassing excellence, and enough of it to immortalize him if he had never tried verse at all. Not a little of Shakspeare's brightest thought is expressed in veriest prose. The poet Goldsmith depicted in prose fiction characters that drew forth admiration from both Scott and Goethe; and to be approved by these men is indeed praise enough. Scott was led to the writing of prose fiction by the example of Cervantes. Both at first acquired fame as poets, but, being eclipsed by rivals, they abandoned the muse and proceeded to write the best prose of its kind. Scott said: “I relinquished poetry because Byron ‘bet’ me.” Swift, so famous as an essayist, began as a writer of poetry, as did also Plato and numerous other distinctly prose writers.

THE PLEASURES OF READING SHAKSPEARE.

FOR the novice, primarily, the reading of Shakspeare is a source of pleasure on account of his marvelous richness of literary expression and beauty of thought. This greatest of poets is not only unequaled by any other writer for the number and excellence of the fine things he says, but he can almost be said to surpass in this respect all other writers. If a poet is to be estimated by the number of quotable passages taken from his writings, a criterion by no means universally true, Shakspeare stands so decidedly first that no one may be mentioned as second to him. His masterly thought, almost infinite in variety, is at the same time enhanced by a diction so inimitable, so rhythmic and poetic, so seemingly artless yet so perfect in its art, that no other may be placed in comparison with him. One of the most quoted poets after Shakspeare is Pope, but his thoughts are in prosaic rather than poetic dress. The best things in Milton, Browning, and Wordsworth rise at times to the highest degree of excellence,

but in quantity they are meagre when placed beside the riches of Shakspeare. Thousands of the admirers of Shakspeare never get beyond this first and most obvious phase of the great poet's charm, and never come to know that his true greatness lies in something deeper and more fundamental.

Another source of pleasure in reading Shakspeare is found in his characterization, not only in his own creations, but in his historic persons as well. Although he does not always create, but sometimes accepts his *dramatis personæ* from the hands of others, even in the latter case his magic retouch amounts to a creation. In matters historical and biographical, it may be remarked, the poet is not under oath. In treating of history and biography he allows himself the privilege accorded the artist in the treatment of a landscape, who raises a mountain here and depresses another there, and for variety adds to his picture a forest, a brook, an old mill, or a church, as it suits his fancy. To emphasize by repetition, it is a real delight to study Shakspeare's characters as characters, which are of so great variety and of such surpassing excellence, that they simply put the creations of other writers out of competition. The profoundest minds have expended their critical powers upon this feature of Shakspeare's work. Mention need only be made of Goethe. His critique on the ungraspable Hamlet is the highest tribute one great poet ever paid another. Fortunately, the shadowiness enveloping such characters as Hamlet and Lear does not veil Shakspeare's creations generally. His men and women are for the most part clearly portrayed, and their lifelikeness is readily within the appreciation of common minds. As a pleasure study, Shakspeare's women cannot be too highly praised. Their charms never stale. As is the case with the personal charms of Cleopatra, so it is with the richer graces of heart and soul which shine forth in Juliet, Imogen, Cordelia, and many others. It is in the contemplation of such offspring of genius that the æsthetic appetite "grows by what it feeds on."

The highest pleasure to be derived from Shakspeare's dramas is admittedly that afforded by the ethics they contain. Only the select few, possessed of a finer intuition and equipped with the results of prolonged and severe study, rise to the

ethereal regions of this highest enjoyment. The ethics of Shakspeare's tragedies is to their inferior qualities somewhat as classic music is to the simple and uninspired songs of the street.

ENGLISH ORTHOEPY.

THE human voice is one of the greatest of God's gifts, whether as an instrument of music, a means of ordinary conversation, or a medium of elegant oral discourse. The study of English, then, should mean something beyond the study of the works of English and American authors, or facility in writing correct English; it must include correct speaking of the language, and especially the charm that belongs to good oral reading. The natural order is too often reversed: pupils are set to studying the diction, style, and abstruse passages of such writers as Tennyson, Macaulay, and Hawthorne, who could not read a page orally with grace and intelligence. The coming English, as it should be taught in the secondary school, will make much of speaking the language properly and reading it aloud intelligently. As in music regard is had not only for the quality of the composition but for the way it is played or sung, so in literature stress should be laid upon the oral rendering, as well as upon the literary content.

For the present purpose of this article, oral expression is essentially narrowed to a single phase of the subject, orthoepy, or pronunciation, or, as it is sometimes designated, phonology. Orthoepy lies at the very foundation of both speaking and oral reading, and, consequently, is no insignificant part of the teaching of English. Grammar is defined as the art of *speaking* and writing a language correctly; but by common acceptance, correct speaking has reference to correct syntactical forms rather than to correct oral delivery. Hence, to satisfy the usually recognized demands of grammar, it is only necessary that a speaker avoid false syntax. But to give correct oral expression to our words, as regards accent and the sound of the letters, should be considered as desirable

an accomplishment as to observe in speech any of the other proprieties. George William Curtis, one of the most polished orators of the century, attended to the minutest points of orthoepy with the critical care of an accomplished tragedian.

There is but one sure remedy for the imperfections of speech, and that is much reading aloud before competent critics who censure freely. The claim is sometimes made, and on good grounds, that with all the training of the schools the teaching of grammar, so far as it is intended to produce the habit of proper oral expression, generally fails to accomplish its purpose. One obvious reason for this is the unfavorable influences of the home and the street, where violations of both syntax and orthoepy are so prevalent in common discourse as to neutralize the instruction of the school. Often, even the pupil's attempts to overcome his defects are ridiculed by his associates, and he is regarded as a pedant. The teacher, however, must not relax his efforts, but rather redouble them, trusting that none of his labor will be in vain in the end. Some one has said with epigrammatic force, that "no virtue is safe that is not enthusiastic." This is preëminently true of those who make right oral expression the object of their labors.

To accomplish what professional duty demands, the teacher of correct oral expression, *and this should mean every teacher*, must be politely aggressive in criticising his pupils whenever detected in the mispronunciation of a word, and must add zeal to demonstrativeness. A difficulty at the outset is the determination of the standard of authority in pronunciation. No two lexicographers wholly agree. The teacher, however, can hardly be expected to follow any one authority invariably. Speakers who are most careful in their attention to accuracy in oral discourse are the least likely to be content with a single authority. The pronunciation of English words is marked by some strange inconsistencies, showing that it is sometimes a purely arbitrary matter, and has no regard for analogy; *e. g.*, "latent," "patent." It gives one a startling sensation to become suddenly aware of some unaccountable mistake in orthoepy, which he has been making unconsciously all his life. When old Dr. Johnson was a boy, he started out to

make of himself a violin player; but when some one told him that, in order to play well, a violinist must play all the time, he gave up the attempt. It is just so with human speech. It is not enough to become proficient in it; one must constantly exert himself to continue proficient. It is possible to relapse from a high standard of correct speech to a state of practical indifference. This fight for the correct pronunciation of English, if taken up with a view to any worthy degree of success, must be taken up for life, and the conflict must be waged every day and every hour.

Elocution has received a bad name, and it is only just to say that its unhappy relegation to disgrace is to be laid at the doors of its self-proclaimed friends. So many without the pretense of culture have stormed and ranted in the name of elocution, that the word has been brought into contempt. Some of these elocutionary exploiters "Play such fantastic tricks before high Heaven as makes the angels weep." Nevertheless, the teacher of elocution, *if cultivated and competent*, is one of the most important teachers in the school. The influence of his instruction is far-reaching, humanizing, and every way salutary.

HORACE.

THERE are in the world's history three epochs of exceptional brilliancy,—the age of Pericles, the age of Augustus, and the age of Elizabeth. It is no small matter that a great man lived amid the stirring scenes and intellectual awakenings of any one of these periods, and that he was able to say, "*Quorum pars magna fui.*" This the Latin poet Horace could say, as a participant in the momentous events of the Augustan age,—the strife between Caesar and Pompey, the passing of the Rubicon, the battle of Pharsalia, the memorable "Ides of March," and the defeat of Brutus and Cassius at Philippi. Although the part he played was essentially one of peace, he was a conspicuous figure in the golden age of Rome.

Horace was born at Venusia, a country town on the borders

of Apulia and Campania, in the year 65 B. C. His father, at one time a slave but made a freedman before his son's birth, is thought to have been a public auctioneer. The son, it will be seen, owed nothing to distinguished ancestry, and in this respect was less favored than his literary contemporaries, Catullus and Ovid. He was proud of having sprung from the common people. He was an only child, a fact not to be lost sight of when his disposition is taken into account. Like Cassius, he was of a hasty temper, but his passion was soon cooled. His spirit was one of happy contentment. He had no great desire for wealth. He had an inordinate love of country life. He was of a stature below the medium, and was thick-set and fat. His hair, originally black, early began to turn gray. He had dark and weak eyes. Of his dress he was careless. Unfortunately we have no authentic busts or medallions of Horace. He was a vegetarian, and, like Virgil, a bachelor. A fondness for books treating of great old men was one of his characteristics; these he loved next after his friends.

The great poets have not all been well educated. Of the renowned trio, Homer, Dante, and Shakspeare, Dante alone seems to have been favored in this particular. Horace had the best education of his time; to this end his father was scrupulously attentive. At the age of twelve Horace was taken to Rome, where he enjoyed superior school advantages, as his father believed that the completest intellectual culture was the best guarantee of a successful career in life. The father even acted as his son's pedagogue and went to school with him every day. He also took the deepest interest in his son's moral training, and to this end gave constant personal oversight, a privilege the son probably had the benefit of until his twentieth year. Horace often declared that he owed everything to his father's care. So great was his filial esteem, that, if allowed to choose his father from among all the great men of history, he could find none to be preferred to his own. He makes no mention of his mother or of other relatives. Horace, at first at Rome, was educated principally through the study of Latin authors and Homer. Subsequently he went to Athens and gave his attention to philosophy, "searching after truth

among the groves of the Academy," where Plato had taught three centuries before. Here, for three or four years immediately preceding the death of Julius Caesar, he continued his education zealously and without interruption, having as fellow-students other Roman youths, and among them the son of Cicero.

Horace's native strength of character may be seen in the fact that at the early age of twenty-two, although the son of a freedman and without military experience, he was made a military tribune in the army of Brutus and Cassius, an office equal in rank to that of brigadier in our service. He must have lacked military bearing, and have been wholly wanting in taste for a soldier's life. It is worthy of remark, that it is altogether likely that Brutus was not a good judge of what goes to the making of a successful military commander. The poet's allusion in one of the odes to having left his shield behind him at Philippi, is most likely playful and no acknowledgment of cowardice. He evidently means to laugh at the absurdity of having been a soldier at all.

As we cannot know all the circumstances, it is impossible to understand how Horace gained the friendship of Octavius, especially after having so emphatically sided with his enemies. We only know that the process was gradual and required thirteen years for its accomplishment, that is, if the ode in which he first eulogizes Caesar is to be trusted.

The works of Horace contain much that is autobiographical. While he often alludes to himself, he generally escapes the charge of egotism. He does not, like Rousseau, profess to reveal his uttermost self, even to telling everything that is to his discredit; he does confess to some obliquities in morals that call for the exercise of a charitable judgment. It is not to be supposed that he is always quite serious in his self-revelations, although his apparent frankness makes it easy to believe what he says of himself. He depicts life at Rome in minute detail, even to its duds, mad dogs, dinners, suicides, and funerals. His description of a bore is for all time.

Though in his writings Horace sometimes uses the language of the religion of his time, and often alludes to the Olympian mythology, he evidently does both with little sincerity. In

this respect he is unlike Virgil, whose very fibre was reverence. Horace, without doubt, believed in a future state of existence, but one of no consequence when compared with the present life. He lacked the religious temperament, though, in the later years of his life, his skepticism was less pronounced.

Horace had what has been called "the rare gift of raillery, which flatters the self-love of those whom it seems not to spare." He had a kind of contempt for the early Latin poets. Poverty and youth gave audacity to his satire. His egotism appears rarely, as when he prophesies his own immortality, "striking the stars with head sublime." His *Non omnis moriar*, if egotism, is egotism well approved by time. His character and writings were greatly influenced by his early natural surroundings, as he shows by contrasting the vices of the city with the virtues of the country. By a few writers of note Horace has been denounced as a flatterer. Owing to the circumstances in which he was placed, he would have been more than human if the charge were wholly unfounded.

About fifty years ago, quite after the schoolboy fashion, and with the irksome feeling of one who is set to a disagreeable task, I first made the acquaintance of this poet. Though I was at that time undisciplined and but slightly acquainted with books, still something of the poet's genius was felt by me and had its influence in forming a literary taste.

Like Goethe, the most autobiographical of poets, Horace "transmutes experience into song." He copies the Greeks, as every writer of taste is likely to do. To copy the Greeks successfully will always be a mark of good taste. When Virgil was accused of imitating Homer, he declared it easier to steal Hercules's club than Homer's verse. Horace was something far superior to being an imitator of the Greeks. Milman says regarding him: "Of Rome and the Roman mind no one can know anything who is not profoundly versed in Horace." Horace was at first inclined to write Greek verses, just as Milton and Landor for a time wrote Latin verses. Upon his return home from Greece, his father being dead, his property confiscated, and being himself an enemy of the new and dominant party, he was driven to writing in order to gain a livelihood. He always wrote slowly and with much painstaking.

It was characteristic of his art to shun all rhetorical flourish. His first writings were his satires and some of his epodes; the odes came next; the epistles last. His epistles have very appropriately been called "the canon of good taste." These he could not have written until qualified for it by experience.

Horace can never be a favorite with immature minds. He is the ancient classic writer most popular with scholars. To appreciate him fully, one must read much between the lines. As stated in an essay by Professor O'Leary, "Under and through all that Horace wrote there runs a strand of meaning which calls for a fuller exploration than a single perusal enables us to make." Following is what Byron says of his early inability to appreciate Horace:—

"Then farewell, Horace, whom I hated so,
Not for thy faults, but mine! It is a curse
To understand, not feel, thy lyric flow,
To comprehend, but never love thy verse."

Horace is one of the more original of the Latin poets. He is a great lyric poet and a great critic, and preëminently a master of expression. Like most men of genius, he had but little faith in inspiration. As a literary artist he excels in simplicity and conciseness. His love odes are passionless; they have been compared to flowers which though beautiful are odorless. While Virgil has many imitators, Horace has none. Some one has laid down the rule, by no means of universal application, that a poet is great in proportion as he is much quoted. This measure of greatness alone would magnify Horace sufficiently. Though in many respects as a lyrical poet he is like Burns, and in dreamy brooding over peasant life suggests Gray, he never touches the popular heart as they do. He wrote about love coldly, and except in close intercourse with a few men, like Maecenas and Virgil, almost invites the sarcasm that has been pronounced upon Fontenelle, that "he had as good a heart as could be made out of brains." Horace was not over-confident concerning his own abilities. The famous scholar, Julius Scaliger, a great admirer of Horace, said he would rather have written Ode I. of Book IV. than be king of Aragon.

It is unaccountable that the world should wait for a Frenchman of the 18th century to discover the beautiful in nature and embody in literature an expression of the sentiment. Such a revelation of feeling by Rousseau in his descriptions of Lake Geneva and its surroundings, has, it is believed, no just counterpart in writings of earlier times. Virgil barely hints at the beauty of natural scenery, where he represents Æneas entering the mouth of the Tiber at daybreak, and Horace in a similar mood alludes to "Tempe's leafy vale," and also to the excelling features of his Sabine farm, though in the latter case he may mean nothing more than its utilitarian aspect.

Horace is constantly and persistently urging the necessity of moderation—the keeping of the happy golden mean in everything. Another favorite theme with him is the fleeting character of time. The end of his philosophy is the teaching of self-control. As a moralist he so far recognizes the veniality of men's frailties, that he has been charged with a willingness to condone vice. As is usual with men, the older he grew, the more insistent he became upon the respect due to virtue. He inveighs against avarice, extols the good old times of pure living, and urges the practice of frugality. Enjoy the present is the beginning and the end of his philosophy. A few of his finest verses show that the bachelor poet emphasized reverence for the marriage tie. He believed that happiness must come from within, not from outward circumstances. Owing to his constantly impressing the lesson of contentment, Horace has been a most helpful preacher. He sees clearly that men are more strongly moved by ridicule than by censure. He shows up the well-nigh universal notions men have in regard to their own particular vocation, how each thinks his calling is more harassing than those of other people. Although in his teachings there breathes something of the Epicurean spirit, he is not strenuous for any system of philosophy. His creed may be epitomized in this: Conscience integrity is proof against all the changes of fortune; restrain passion; do not sacrifice the present in anticipation of the future; do not brood over what others have more than you possess, but think how much of their possessions would be superfluous for you; live each day as if it were to be your last.

The great poets have not all been patriotic. Shakspeare, the greatest of all, is rather exceptional in that he had a decided patriotic bias, a characteristic Goethe lacked utterly. That Horace, who possessed less of the patriotic spirit than Virgil, was not wholly devoid of it, is evidenced in certain passages of his writings, especially in Ode 3, Book III., where he aims to dissuade Augustus from making Carthage instead of Rome the seat of government. Another instance is his description of Regulus's return to Carthage. It was a matter of great satisfaction and pride that he was called upon by Augustus to write the *Carmen Seculare*.

It has been not unusual for poets to find favor at court. No other, perhaps, ever enjoyed in this respect what Horace was favored with. His close relations with the great are, all things considered, without a parallel in the biographies of literary men. Horace owed his social advancement originally to Virgil, who recognized his rare gifts and introduced him to Maecenas, who in due time brought him to the notice of Octavius. It will thus be seen that, while destitute of the favoring influences of birth and wealth, Horace came at length to adorn the first society of the Augustan age. His relations with Maecenas were unique. After his introduction Maecenas waited nine months before taking any further notice of him. So strongly did Horace become attached to his great patron, that he even expressed a wish not to survive him. The fact that Horace had no family made it easy for him to bestow all his affection upon a brilliant coterie of distinguished men. He dedicated eight odes, four epodes, and three epistles to Maecenas. It is to the credit of Horace that he speaks eulogistically of the contemporary poets Pollio, Varius, and Virgil. The last mentioned he calls "the best of friends and bards." How pretty the picture of the leisurely-taken journey to Brundisium, at one stage of which Horace and Virgil take a quiet nap, while the versatile Maecenas plays ball! The standing Horace had with Augustus was, as has been said, something altogether exceptional. Owing to his close relations with him and with others of high position, he must have known many state secrets, which he discreetly kept to himself. Augustus knew a man when he saw one, and was quite competent to

judge of a poet's merit. He urged Horace to become his private secretary; but the poet declined the offer with inoffensive grace. To be on such unusual terms with the great must have made Horace unpopular with those who were socially less favored than himself.

The poet was never in affluent circumstances. He even lost his little patrimonial estate, which in all likelihood was assigned to the soldiers of Augustus; nor was it ever returned to him, as was done in the case of Virgil. For several years after returning penniless from Greece, he had the rather meagre compensation derived from a Treasury clerkship. When he published his first book of satires, Maecenas gave him a Sabine farm situated about thirty miles north-east of Rome. This farm must have been of considerable size, as it required a steward and eight slaves to manage it. The thing of great importance is, it gave the poet something like a competency and insured contentment and happiness. Some of his most charming literary work was inspired by this beneficence of Maecenas. Traces of this farm are still to be seen, and of late years it has been much visited by cultivated English tourists; owing to which fact the neighboring people have come to think Horace must have been an Englishman. The poet's small property was left to Augustus.

In the biography of a great man every little personal incident is important. The bees settling on Pindar's lips will be recalled as a single instance in point. It is recorded of Horace that, when a child, he was lost among the hills, fell asleep, and was covered over with myrtle leaves by wood pigeons: also that when returning from Greece he came near being shipwrecked on the coast of Sicily; and that once he barely escaped death from a falling tree.

Maecenas died in the year 8 B. C. Horace, almost in exact fulfilment of a wish expressed seventeen years before, followed him a few months later. They were buried near each other on the Esquiline Hill.

Theodore Martin, in the preface to a life of Horace, says: "No writer of antiquity has taken a stronger hold upon the modern mind than Horace. The causes of this are manifold, but three may be especially noted—his broad human sympa-

thies, his vigorous common sense, and his consummate mastery of expression." Again the same writer says by way of illustrating how the poet meets the wants of various natures: "Dante ranks him next to Homer; Montaigne, as might be expected, knows him by heart; Fénelon and Bossuet never weary of quoting him; La Fontaine polished his own exquisite style upon his models; Voltaire calls him the best of preachers; Hooker escapes with him to the fields to seek oblivion of a hard life, made harder by a shrewish spouse; Lord Chesterfield tells us, 'When I talked my best I quoted Horace;' to Boileau and to Wordsworth he is equally dear; Condorcet dies in his dungeon with Horace open by his side; and in Gibbon's militia days, 'on every march,' he says, 'in every journey, Horace was always in my pocket and often in my hand.' And so it has been, so it is. In many a pocket, where this might be least expected, lies a well-thumbed Horace."

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

THE county of Warwick, often called the garden, and sometimes the heart, of England, is sufficiently renowned for including within its limits Stratford-on-Avon, the birth-place, home, and last resting place of the world's greatest poet.

Warwickshire, however, would not lack renown, even if Shakspeare had never lived. Warwick Castle, with a present grandeur not exceeded in England elsewhere, has its full share of historic glory; and Kenilworth, with its meagre suggestive ruins mantled with bewitching ivy and endowed with endless fame by the Wizard of the North, draws annually thousands of worshipers from many lands. But Warwickshire has, aside from Shakspeare, even a greater distinction than ruins can give, that of producing George Eliot, perhaps the greatest intellect among women, and Walter Savage Landor, the prose-poet whose high claim to praise as a writer is only equaled by his neglect.

It has been said of Shakspeare: "He who has told us most about ourselves, whose genius has made the whole world kin, has told us nothing about himself." It was a great satisfaction to Tennyson to have the world know so little of Shaks-

peare, as he feared that a too familiar acquaintance with his life might lessen the esteem in which he is held. Still, some acquaintance with the personality of an author, even when his failings are prominent, is essential to the appreciation of his writings.

Few authors have had so many innocent frailties as Landor; but in spite of them we are inclined both to love the man and praise the literary artist. Landor is preëminent for his unpopularity both as a man and writer. In this double aspect he stands extreme among great men. While he has neither more nor greater eccentricities than Carlyle, the latter is read by thousands where he is read by tens.

In Landor's nature, so far as it relates to social intercourse, there is almost everything to condemn; but beneath all that appears disagreeable on the surface, he is so kind-hearted, so given to sympathizing with the weak and distressed, so ready to stop on the hither side of malice and injury, that we are forced to admit that his failings ever lean to virtue's side. It is natural to feel some tenderness for a man who loves his mother. Landor had a tender affection for his mother. While she lived he corresponded with her regularly, and at her death was greatly affected, although he had not seen her for fifteen years. Landor never learned anything by experience in his intercourse with others; yet his writings generally show him the judicious man. This is Stedman's testimony regarding him: "If he seldom did a wise thing, he seldom wrote a foolish one."

Landor's education lacked regularity, as might be expected from his great contradictoriness of character. He entered Rugby, the famous Warwickshire school, at the age of ten and remained there five years. The sciences were distasteful to him. Although not versed in botanical knowledge, he loved flowers passionately and wrote such exquisite things as the following about them:—

"I never pluck the rose; the violet's head
Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank
And not reproached me; the ever sacred cup
Of the pure lily hath between my hands
Felt safe, unsoiled, nor lost one grain of gold."

The classics always were his delight. His Greek scholarship was less severe than his Latin, but was sufficient to enable him to read Plato in the original. He read the entire *Odyssey* in the original after his eighty-fifth year. He was not exactly expelled from Rugby, but his going away was in some manner the result of defying authority. He entered Trinity College, Oxford, at the age of eighteen, and, like Shelley, was expelled from that institution. Leigh Hunt ranked Landor next after Milton as an English-Latin scholar. His knowledge of Latin recalls what some epigrammatist has said of the scholarship of Valla, the famous Italian ecclesiastic of the fifteenth century, that since he went among the shades, Pluto himself has not dared to speak in the ancient languages. As an absorber of knowledge Landor was something remarkable. He relied too much upon the unaided memory and too little upon books always to secure desirable accuracy. He used to say he had one history he had read and another he had invented. He was unable to read slowly anything which delighted him, and when about to write abstained from reading for a long time. His memory was prodigious. Like most literary men of distinction, he knew well at most but one language besides his own. He once said in regard to the literature which had influenced him: "My sole felicity as a poet is this, that when I wrote *Gebir* I had not read any modern continental poetry except the *Henriade* of Voltaire, one tragedy of Corneille, and La Fontaine's *Fables*. Fresh from reading the Greek tragedians and Pindar, Voltaire and Corneille were intolerable to me."

Landor was decidedly eccentric in his tastes. Generally he made a judicious choice of characters for his *Conversations*; but few of them, however, are women. He never cultivated a taste for works of art, but had a passion for buying bad pictures. He disliked the declamation of orators, and said he had never seen a play acted a dozen times in his life. As a maker of English blank verse it is conceded by good judges that he excels nearly all who preceded him. His range as a literary artist was almost boundless, from the heights of the epic and dramatic to the merest fragments of song; but he was incapable of sustained effort, such as is necessary

for the best epic and dramatic work. Stedman calls Landor the modern Greek, and awards him the honor of being instrumental in restoring English verse to its classical elegance. His first forms of expression seldom needed returning to the anvil. His Latin poems, afterwards translated into English Hellenics, are of great beauty. He says of himself: "I want dexterity, and never do anything right except in moments of great danger. Then instinct prevails."

Of Landor's artistic spirit and habits of work one may judge somewhat from his declaration that he would never publish a poem that contained any character of a human being, until he had lived with that character two or three years. He says: "I left Count Julian and his daughter twice because each had said things which other personages might say; the other characters are no characters at all. As to Gebir, I am certain that I rejected what almost every man would call the best part." He disliked composing verse within doors, except rarely in bed. He claimed to have written the better part of a tragedy in a concert room, and to have written a thousand lines of Count Julian in forty hours. In composing he would work for four or five hours together after long walks. When engaged in new literary effort he quite forgot sorrow and grievances. He confirmed what has been experienced by so many writers, in declaring that it is hardly possible to recover a lost thought "without breaking its wings." Some have thought it a great waste of time for Landor to have written Latin verses; but without this practice he doubtless never would have acquired that inimitable touch so characteristic of his English style. Of him, as of almost no one else, may it be said that he lived in the past. The following sayings of his show in some measure his ideas of what influences the labors of a literary man: "We often do very well every thing but the only thing we hope to do best of all."—"Pindar would not have written so exquisitely, if no fault had ever been found with him."—"We value things proportionally to the trouble they have given us in the acquisition."

There are certain general characteristics of the man Landor which are not to be overlooked. His impulses were generous. Whenever he proposed publishing a book, he would

give it out that the proceeds were to be bestowed in charity. It was in his nature to defy authority. He was given to a kind of waywardness of spirit and was too lacking in thrift to keep intact his position as first in the entail of the family estates. With authors perhaps more than with any other class is what Shakspeare wrote true: "The evil that men do lives after them." Landor's character had two marked extremes; the nobler is generally ignored; while the baser is kept constantly in view. His fitful shows of misanthropy, his unmanageable and unreasonable anger, and his unpatriotic temper are kept in the foreground, and it is for these qualities almost exclusively that he is known; while but few take the trouble to note his reckless charity and ready responsiveness to the distress of men and nations.

Landor's writings suffer in popular regard from his independence in the choice of his subjects, although from the critic's point of view these subjects may not be unwisely chosen. Landor's fickleness was extreme. He desired a thing until it was attained, and was immediately disgusted with it. Leigh Hunt epitomized his contradictoriness of character by likening him to a stormy mountain pine that should produce lilies. Except in the sphere of literary art Landor was ill-balanced everywhere. His absent-mindedness was remarkable. On several occasions he had forgotten the key to his portmanteau, and in his efforts to break himself of the habit he was not successful, as was made manifest on one occasion when he appeared flourishing the key triumphantly in his hand; but then it appeared he had forgotten the portmanteau. In regard to his personal appearance he was far from fastidious, and at times was so wretchedly dressed that the servants took him for a beggar. He was, nevertheless, of a distinguished appearance, physically well formed, of medium size, and had an engaging smile. Lawyers were the objects of his hatred, and he heartily detested clergymen. If immoderately tyrannical and rebellious, he was no hypocrite. In peevish fits he would rudely repel the courteous advances of worthy people, although himself over-sensitive and ready to take offense at the least cause. His private disputes and lawsuits remind one of the American novelist Cooper, though

the latter was a man of the soundest judgment and was almost always from a legal standpoint technically right. As a rule Landor was chivalrous to all women except his own wife. Of music he was passionately fond, and he loved solitude. Carlyle said of him: "Landor's principles are mere rebellion." Disraeli once remarked concerning him: "You will be read hereafter." In his walks Landor objected to company, as it disturbed his thinking.

Landor showed his excessive egotism in no way more clearly than in writing to please himself only. He at least seemed to have contempt for fame, while implicitly believing that he was to "dine late." "As a writer and as a man," he said, "I know my station. If I found in the world five equal to myself, I would walk out of it, not to be jostled." But his egotism was not vain. He did nothing for mere effect. Much as he held the criticisms of the vulgar in contempt, he confessed that if the foolish had read Gebir, he should still have continued to write poetry, saying that "there is something of summer in the hum of insects." In some of his Conversations he causes himself to appear prominently. If ten men of taste in all England would praise Gebir, he said he would be satisfied. De Quincey facetiously limited the number to two. In writing his drama of Antony and Octavius he had the presumption to follow Shakspeare's footsteps. He regretted his ignorance of the German language, wishing to be able to compare himself with Goethe, to whom some kindly disposed critic had likened him. Landor has said of himself: "I shall dine late, but the dining room will be well lighted, the guests few and select." He was evidently thinking of himself when he wrote: "There are writings which must lie long upon the straw before they mellow to the taste, and there are summer fruits which cannot abide the keeping." Landor was proud of having been born on the Avon, and immortalized the fact in these famous lines from Gebir:—

"I drank of Avon too, a dangerous draught,
That roused within the feverish thirst of song."

Even Shakspeare might deem it an honor that his native Warwickshire has produced Landor and George Eliot, writers

so worthy to form with him a Warwickshire literary trio. At school and college Landor could never be induced to compete for a prize. He was the first student at Oxford to wear his hair without powder, showing in this his republican tendencies.

At one time, when he had become thoroughly disgusted with England, Landor was disposed to make his residence in France. So long as Napoleon showed anti-despotic tendencies, Landor sympathized with him, showing his hatred of royalty in such language as this: "Kingship," he says, "is a profession which has produced few among the most illustrious, many among the most despicable, of the human race." In his likes and dislikes Landor was strikingly inconsistent. He would praise America and Bonaparte, and in almost the same breath denounce both. He would say: "I detest the Americans; but the Americans speak our language: they read *Paradise Lost*." Though denouncing everything Italian, he was proud of his possessions and surroundings in Italy, where he lived the greater part of his active life. At Florence he writes: "Look from my window. That cottage on the declivity was Dante's. There was the first scene of Boccaccio's *Decameron*. What must I think of a city where Michaelangelo and Macchiavelli were secondary men? And certainly such were they, if we compare them with Galileo, Boccaccio and Dante." At Fiesole, near Florence, Landor at one time owned a villa which had been built by Michaelangelo. From 1836 to 1857 Landor lived rather quietly at Bath, on the other English Avon, the only city in the world except Florence he thought fit for residence. For some libelous publication he was compelled to quit England again, and consequently he made Florence his home until the time of his death in 1864. During the last six years of his four score and ten Robert Browning and the Storys were his kind neighbors.

In 1802 Landor saw Napoleon, now consul for life, having gone to Paris for the express purpose. In 1808 he was in Spain desiring to serve in the Spanish army as a private soldier. It was his boast that he was the first English volunteer to go to the assistance of the Spaniards. King Ferd-

dinand bestowed upon him the honorary title of Colonel. He liked the Spaniards, saying that idle people are not rapacious. In 1826 he visited Rome, where both the native population, as well as the English, showed him marked attention.

At the age of 36 Landor married a young Swiss girl without fortune; their conjugal life was most unhappy, owing chiefly to his discordant temperament. He had the rather unique theory that an excellent wife is in part the creation of the husband after marriage, not seeming to realize that the converse theory is quite as true, that a good husband is in part the creation of the wife after marriage. A son was born to him in 1818, when Landor was 43 years old, and three other children subsequently. For his children when young his love was strong, and he could not endure having them long out of his sight. Once when in Rome he wrote to his little son Arnold: "I shall never be quite happy until I see you again and put my cheek upon your head." In alluding to his wife's taunting remarks about the inequality of their ages, Landor said: "She never was aware that more can be said in one minute than can be forgotten in a life time."

Landor's neglect in England is easily accounted for. About all that can be found there to remind one of him is in Warwick—the house where he was born, inscribed with his name and birthdate, 1775, and his bust in St. Mary's Cathedral in the same town. The fact is, that, in season and out of season, Landor unceasingly expressed his detestation of England, being one of the most unpatriotic men to be found in all history. Royal England has in a measure forgiven Cromwell and Milton, but then they never forgot that they were Englishmen. England was powerful and to Landor seemed oppressive. By nature he sided with the weak. When Napoleon became tyrannical, Landor espoused the cause of Spain. Just as naturally he favored the American Colonies. He pronounced Washington, Timoleon, and Phocion the three most renowned patriots, and observed that their names all terminate in *on*. His chief grievance against England was, that her laws had not protected him in the possession of his property. He called her a country where a man would be ruined by pursuing his rights. In his political views he was both

inconstant and inconsistent. Some one has declared him to be "fitted to belong to a party of one, and a party allowing itself infinite variety of change." Southey told Landor that in fifty years America would petition to be received back into the family. To Southey he once wrote: "I do not agree with you about Bonaparte; I hate him; I execrate him; but I detest our own government worse." Of the French he remarked: "The fewer Frenchmen there are in the world, the happier will the world be."

Of friendship Landor wrote: "Friendship is a vase which when it is flawed by heat or violence or accident, may as well be broken at once. Coarse stones, if they are fractured, may be cemented again, precious ones, never." Emerson said he crossed the Atlantic to see four faces, those of Wordsworth, Landor, Coleridge, and Carlyle. De Quincey greatly angered Landor by making an allusion to his fiery radicalism of speech and by describing him as a man intended by nature to be a leader in storms, a martyr, or an arch rebel, but whom the accident of too much wealth had turned into a solitary unsympathizing exile. In an hour, the only time they ever met, Landor and Charles Lamb became fast friends. Southey and Wordsworth he visited at their homes amid the English Lakes. He once rather too significantly remarked to Wordsworth, that prose will bear a great deal more of poetry than poetry will bear of prose. Emerson said Landor was strangely undervalued in England, a fact patent enough at the present day. Landor included Southey and Coleridge among his few fast friends, the former being perhaps the dearest he ever had. Landor realized at times his infelicity in the way of friendship, saying that whoever came near him was either unhappy or ungrateful.

Walter Savage Landor belongs to that class of writers who divide their efforts between poetry and prose. This class, so necessary to the complete rounding out of literature, contains such celebrated names as Cervantes, Milton, Scott, Coleridge, and Addison, and the less renowned, but yet highly worthy ones, Poe, Lowell, Holmes, and Stedman. In Landor's estimation no writer of florid prose was ever more than a secondary poet. Stedman, to the contrary, says a real poet usually writes good prose. This, at any rate, is certain, lit-

erature would be the loser if any one of the names in the foregoing list were missing.

In speaking of Landor the literary man we must first speak of him as a poet, although the little popularity he enjoys is almost wholly due to his prose writings. Mr. Stedman, in his essays on the Victorian Poets, gives Landor precedence in the book in point of time, allowing him the distinction of belonging to two periods and of being, as it were, the link that joins in literary England the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries. In a rather fragmentary way Landor touched nearly all the notes of the poetic gamut, and with the distinctness and certainty of a master,—the epic, the dramatic, and the miscellaneous. Like Shelley, he is a poet of poets. It is extremely rare to find any one who reads his verse. His epic *Gebir*, written at the early age of 22, whether considered artistically or ethically, has the poetic stamp as unmistakable as that of *Paradise Lost*; but it is of undignified brevity, and in other respects fails of the conditions essential to success. Epics, like miracles, seem to have gone out of date. Stedman pronounces Tennyson's *Idyls of the King* an epic of chivalry, and the only successful epic of 200 years. The plot and the story of *Gebir* are taken from an Arabian tale. The author's object in writing it was to stigmatize the spirit of conquest. It is a poem not readily understood and needs several re-readings to catch its true quality. To most readers it is at first distasteful, because it is so thoroughly boiled down and its lines so overloaded with thought. Both natural and supernatural characters are employed in it. It comprises seven books and has 2,000 lines. Among other characteristic beauties it contains the famous shell passage, which both Wordsworth and Byron imitated unhappily. This passage occurs in the conversational prelude to the wrestling match between Tamar and the sea-nymph. In reply to Tamar's proposal to wager a sheep she offers a shell and describes it in this beautiful language:

“But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue;
Shake one and it awakens, then apply
Its polished lips to your attentive ear.
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.”

Landor follows other epics in allowing his hero a descent to the shades. Instead of invoking an infernal river he gracefully and with conscious pride pays a tribute to Shakspeare and the Avon, the favored stream of his native Warwick. To perfect the poem after it was once written, Landor condensed it, making it less intelligible to the general reader. Southey, by praising this poem in the *Critical Review*, established a life-long friendship with its author.

Landor's tendency in poetry; as it was in prose also, was in the direction of the dramatic. In his tragedy *Count Julian* he depicts the last of the Gothic kings of Spain, one of the grandest tragic conceptions imaginable. Entailed retribution for sin is here as vividly portrayed as it is in the *House of Seven Gables*. In this drama Landor as a poet reaches his highest point. Here, as in *Gebir*, the fault is in excess of meaning. This drama has very properly been called a verse-dialogue. It is of so great merit that Julius Hare thought it raised its author to a height where his work might bear some little comparison to the writings of Shakspeare and Sophocles. A close study of this tragedy, such as a literary society might give to *Othello* or the *Antigone*, would reward ethical and artistic research abundantly. Mr. Crump, the editor of Landor's poems, says: "Just as *Gebir* reads like the first work of an epic poet, *Count Julian* seems to promise the world a great tragedian. No one but a great dramatist could have written this drama; a less than Landor might have written his others." While Landor's poetic fragments and some of his dramas, like *Antony and Octavius*, have high merit, *Gebir* and *Count Julian* are his poetic master-pieces: but, alas! they are not enough to constitute their author a great poet. None of Landor's poems have become household words. In this he lacks the felicity of many inferior contemporaries. His poems are sometimes obscure, as Browning's almost always are, but have fewer of the lightning flashes of genius which at times raise Browning to the first rank. The following excerpt from *Count Julian* shows a single instance of his poetic-elegances. It is a reply of Opas to Rodrigo, prophesying a sudden and violent death, and is worthy of Homer:—

“Ne’er will the peace and apathy of age
Be thine, or twilight steal upon thy day.”

In his *Antony and Octavius* Landor represents Cleopatra, after their flight at Actium, as trying to assure Antony of happier days to come, when Antony replies:—

“Never; when those so high once fall, their weight
Keeps them forever down.”

It can be safely asserted that this drama contains more fine things which Shakspeare might have written than any equal amount of modern poetry by any other dramatic author.

Among his numerous shorter poems and epigrams, although they occasionally contain gems, there is not one that is popularly known. Even *Rose Aylmer*, much lauded by critics, no one knows by heart. Landor’s poetical works, like Wordsworth’s, contain much that is valueless. He wrote upon many insignificant themes, and sometimes insignificantly upon a great subject, as in the case of a fragment of three lines only on Shakspeare. Even while at Rugby his Latin verse was of such excellence that he often obtained by it a holiday for the boys. He wrote 10,000 Latin heroic verses, a measure he never tried in English, as Longfellow has done in *Evangeline*.

Conversation writers, as a class, are of more than common interest. The really great ones are so few as to be counted on the fingers of one hand. The original writer of this kind, the one from whom the others have copied, is the Syrian Greek Lucian, of the second century of our era. In his *Dialogues of the Gods* and *Dialogues of the Dead* he displays wit, satire, and acuteness of thinking, as well as the choicest style and diction. He has been called the greatest prose satirist of antiquity. This is Landor’s sententious dictum concerning Plato: “Certainly there was never so much eloquence with so little animation. When he has heated his oven, he forgets to put the bread into it; instead of which he throws in another bundle of faggots.” Lord Lyttelton, the contemporary and friend of Fielding, like Landor, wrote dialogues in imitation of Lucian. So did Rabelais, Fontenelle, and La Fontaine. A single brief sentence shows Lord Lyttle-

ton's felicity in elegant aphorisms: "Wit is like grace; it must come from above." He, as well as Landor, pays his respects to William Penn, likening him to Solon, the wise law-giver of Greece.

Landor's reputation as an author rests chiefly upon his *Imaginary Conversations*, which contain some of the choicest prose in the whole range of English literature. Often the sentiments he puts into the mouths of his colloquists are colored by his own whims and prejudices. In the first volume, containing classical dialogues, he introduces such distinguished characters as Achilles, Helen, Solon, Æsop, Xerxes, Sophocles, Plato, Xenophon, Alcibiades, Demosthenes, Alexander, Aristotle, Hannibal, Scipio, Caesar, Cicero, Virgil, Horace, and Lucian. In other volumes he presents himself, Southey, Washington, Franklin, Penn, Chesterfield, Chatham, Mahomet, Sir Philip Sidney, and Dr. Johnson. Napoleon is conspicuous by his absence from the *Conversations*. Landor almost apologizes for daring to introduce into his dialogues, not only such distinguished colloquists as Demosthenes, Cicero, and Bacon, but even Shakspeare, in comparison with whom he calls the others cradled infants. He told Southey he was frightened when he reflected that he had presumed to make Shakspeare talk in a dialogue, as he had done in the *Citation for Deer-Stealing*. Critics declare that in one of his *Conversations* Landor causes Cicero to say things which, if said by Cicero himself, would have enhanced his praise. Emerson calls Landor "one of the foremost of that small class who make good in the nineteenth century the claims of pure literature," and declares that for 20 years the *Conversations* were his resource in solitude. He also says of him, as was said of Socrates, that "many of his sentences are cubes, which will stand firm, place them how or where you will."

Between the years 1834 and 1837, while living at Fiesole, Landor published three remarkable books, his choicest prose works, the *Pentameron*, the *Citation*, and *Pericles and Aspasia*. So extraordinary is the literary quality of these productions that it almost amounts to sacrilege to discuss them. This is preëminently the case with *Pericles and Aspasia*. About this and the *Pentameron* there is but one opinion; they are at

high water mark in English prose, and are completely satisfying to the most critical taste. They never bring satiety. The *Pentameron*, as has been said, was written at Fiesole near Florence, where Landor owned the grounds on which Boccaccio had laid the scene of the famous *Decameron*. It is a five days' conversation held by Boccaccio and Petrarch on Dante. Petrarch is made to say: "Little more than a tenth of the *Decameron* is bad; less than a twentieth of the *Divine Comedy* is good." The tender relation existing between Dante and Beatrice is exquisitely shown when he says: "It is there where I shall have caught the first glimpse of you again that I wish all my portion of *Paradise* to be assigned me." The Citation of William Shakspeare for Deer-Stealing, which has been lavishly praised by Charles Lamb, is not uniformly praised. Lamb said of it: "Only two men could have written it, he who wrote it and the man it was written about." Nearly every great writer has shown an altogether unwarranted enthusiasm for some particular work or author. So Thackeray praised the American Cooper above Scott. So Landor himself, under the stimulus of personal friendship, praised Dickens too highly. The Citation one must read at least three times before disappointment wears away and its real merit appears. As Landor makes the youthful Shakspeare discourse before Sir Thomas Lucy, one thinks of Christ arguing in the temple before the doctors. Landor's biographer, Mr. Forster, says of the Citation: "Nothing has been written about Shakspeare so worthy of surviving." The unfavorable criticism evoked by the obscure language of the Citation does not apply to Landor's prose in general. In this he has an advantage over Browning, nearly all of whose long poems are at first difficult to read understandingly. But Landor's masterpiece is unquestionably *Pericles and Aspasia*. In this volume, instead of a conversation, the epistolary method of communication is used. The letters end in the third year of the Peloponnesian War. The characters, thoughts, and actions in the book Landor declares to be all fictitious. He says that "*Pericles* was somewhat less amiable, *Aspasia* somewhat less virtuous; *Alcibiades* somewhat less sensitive." The last letter of *Pericles* to *Aspasia* near the end of the book, gives in language

of genuine eloquence reminiscences of the great statesman's life, and is a remarkable resumé of the Age of Pericles.

A few of Lander's aphorisms will here be given, to show his happiness in thought and expression.

"Brief danger is the price of long security."

"Is it not in philosophy as in love, the more we have of it, and the less we talk about it, the better?"

"There is no falsehood but whose features are composed to the semblance of truth."

"The very beautiful rarely love at all."

"Few will allow the first to be first; but the second and third are universal favorites."

"Tears do not dwell long upon the cheeks of youth. Rain drops easily from the bud, rests on the bosom of the maturer flower, and breaks down that one which hath lived its day."

"Love always makes us better, Religion sometimes, Power never."

"Wholesome is the wisdom that we have gathered from misfortune."

"Time softens rocks and hardens men."

"Enough of sunshine to enjoy the shade."

"We are what suns and winds and waters make us;

The mountains are our sponsors, and the rills

Fashion and win their nursling with their smiles."

"Those who are not quite satisfied are the benefactors of the world."

"It is the nature of impudence never to be angry."

"The heart that has once been bathed in love's pure fountain, retains the pulse of youth forever."

"I never was one of those who wish for ice to slide upon in summer."

"The vices of some men cause the virtues of others."

"Solitude is the audience chamber of God."

"The recollection of a thing is frequently more pleasing than the actuality."

"It is man and wife the first fortnight, but wife and man ever after."

Lander shows no appreciation of humor either in his own writings or in his criticisms of others. Yet he discriminates

finely between wit and humor. His criticisms upon the writings of others are too often influenced by his personal relations to them, or, in the case of the dead, by hastiness of judgment. He thought Tennyson's *Morte d' Arthur* more Homeric than any other poem of our time. Whatever in itself is excellent in poetry he considered to be best in blank verse, but that everything below excellence borrows something from rhyme. He calls Spenser flimsy and fantastic, and, strange to say, Chaucer a passably good novelist, but hardly to be called a poet. Truly, good writers may be bad critics. Landor may, if he pleases, talk of "the insipidities of Cato," but Addison's prose is quite equal to his own. To his mind the sonnet is unsuited to the genius of our language, though Wordsworth thought differently. It was Landor's belief that between good poetry and excellent there is a greater difference than between the bad and the good. He admired Ovid, but had too low an opinion of Horace. It was his opinion, that experience makes us more sensible of faults than of beauties. The most complicated of the ancient metres he regarded less difficult to manage than English blank verse. It annoyed him to think that there are no modern tragedies. Of America's greatest patriot he wrote: "I believe Washington to excel both in political and military wisdom all men except Gustavus Adolphus. Surely never had human being such difficulties to overcome; he is the greatest hero in the noble galaxy; he had a large hand, which is an excellent sign. Assassins have small hands. Napoleon had a small hand." Comparing the two greatest English poets, he says: "A rib of Shakspeare would make a Milton; the same portion of Milton all poets born ever since." Through the mouth of one of his conversationalists he expresses himself in this manner in regard to the fine arts: "If there are paces between Sculpture and Painting, there are parasangs between Painting and Poetry. Sculpture and Painting are moments of life; Poetry is life itself." His flattering allusions to Shakspeare are quite as numerous as Shakspeare's admirers could wish. The most extravagant is to the effect that "Shakspeare not only keeps poetry alive, but Christianity, because when people see one inspired man, they may believe that there may have

been another." In Landor's estimation literary composition may be too adorned even for beauty. He had a high opinion of Rogers, the banker-poet, thought Milton a greater poet than Homer, praised Ben Jonson's pure English, called Keats our Ariel of poetry, Scott our Prospero, and said Swift's Tale of a Tub was a work he had read oftener than any other prose work in our language. At Como he and Southey discussed the probable duration of Byron's popularity and the rising fame of Wordsworth, whose poetry he pronounced stupendous. He declared that Wordsworth's language (a rare thing) is English. In his judgment La Fontaine is the only Frenchman who knows when he has said enough. He praised in an extravagant manner Mrs. Browning's Aurora Leigh. For some reason Landor disliked Mackintosh, though Macaulay said of him: "I generally find that I learn something when talking with Mackintosh." It is related that Dr. Parr once said, after an argument with Mackintosh: "Jemmy, I cannot talk you down, but I can think you down, Jemmy." Landor declared that Dr. Johnson had put into his Lives of the Poets several whose productions would hardly gain admittance into the corner of a provincial newspaper. If Gray's Elegy had been written in another metre, he thought it would not be the most admired poem in existence. Among the ancient poets he gives Pindar the second place. Virgil he rates low, and calls his Æneas a wooden hero. He disliked Racine, as he did the French generally. Franklin, Locke, and Alfieri were rated high by him, as also were Keats, Shelley, and Mrs. Jameson. He preferred Fox to Grattan and Pitt, enjoyed reading Hazlitt, as every one must do, but thought Coleridge, as a critic, worth fifty of him. He considered Catullus, La Fontaine, and Sophocles the writers having the fewest faults; and once more he calls Shakspeare the greatest work of God's creation. This of Robert Browning: "Few of the Athenians had such a quarry on their property, but they constructed better roads for the conveyance of their material." It seemed to Landor wonderful that a book so popular as Robinson Crusoe has nothing in it to cause one to laugh or cry.

If, as De Quincey thought, Landor's reputation rests upon a reputation for not being read, the reason for this may be

found in Landor's own declaration, that "those who have the longest wings have the most difficulty in mounting," and because his writings are, as some one has characterized them, like a scientific piece of music, which gains by repetition. As the natural ear must first be trained before it can catch the richest harmonies, so the mind must have submitted to severe and prolonged discipline and study before it can be touched to admiration by what is divinest in poetry. It is true, the continued poring over the works of a favorite author becomes in the end too much akin to worship to allow freedom for the critic's office, since to a mind given up to adoration even defects seem beauties. To the trained mind, however, there must be something of preëminent worth in an author to awaken and sustain this ecstacy. No one who has once been under the spell of Landor is ever afterwards freed from the charm.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

LESS than a century ago American literature hardly deserved the name. Our three favorite poets, Longfellow, Bryant, and Whittier, were unknown to fame, and our pioneer prose writers, Irving and Cooper, had little more than begun to lay the foundations on which to build their literary monuments, monuments which are daily reconsecrated by a discriminating taste. At so recent a period, and while yet the idea of reading an American book was regarded as absurd, and while publishers were reluctant to take the financial risk of bringing out the works of any but trans-Atlantic authors, Nathaniel Hawthorne was committing to the flames his rejected manuscripts, and disheartened by his own doubts regarding his abilities, as well as by the cool treatment of unappreciative friends, was nigh succumbing and denying to the world some of the choicest prose fiction that time has treasured up.

It is more difficult to classify prose writers than poets. Placing in the first class of poets Homer, Danté, and Shakspeare; in the second Goethe, Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth, Browning, Virgil, and a few others of the best among

European writers, ancient and modern, a multitude of delightful singers may be included in the third, leaving a necessary fourth class, numerous but inconsequential. To classify prose writers at all, it is first necessary to divide them with regard to nature of subject; placing in one division the historians, in another the essayists, in another the novelists, the philosophical writers in a fourth, and so on. The classifying of one of these sub-divisions, so various are their excellences, is indeed difficult. A writer of merit, be he prose-writer or poet, will be something more than a story-teller, a recorder of historic events, or a versifier; he will be possessed of a native richness of mind, and, in a marked degree, of invention. Carlyle says of Shakspeare, "One knows not what he could not have made in the supreme degree." Every man of genius has strong mental possibilities undeveloped and incidental, yet hardly less extraordinary than those exhibited in his chosen field. A man's test of greatness, then, lies partly in his ability to do something outside his routine exercise of skill. There are, it is true, a few literary geniuses ill-shaped and abnormally brilliant, as was Goldsmith, who "wrote like an angel but talked like poor poll."

Nathaniel Hawthorne is a writer of prose fiction, but of no ordinary type. Less read than scores of American and European writers, he has, notwithstanding, a certain choice literary quality which discriminating readers declare to be unsurpassed. This is Lowell's estimate of his modest merit:

"There is Hawthorne, with genius so shrinking and rare.

That you hardly at first see the strength that is there."

Others have created greater and more imperishable characters; such characters are,—Sterne's Uncle Toby, Goldsmith's Dr. Primrose, Fielding's Amelia, Thackeray's Becky Sharp, and Cooper's Leatherstocking. Others, too, have surpassed him in excellence of plot, George Sand being a conspicuous example of such. Still there is a superiority, not easily defined, about our gifted American author which few of these possess. A similar observation applies to George Eliot. Somebody surpasses her in nearly every point of excellence recognized as peculiar to the novelist; yet in the background of

her literary gifts the reader discovers an intellectual something, a native mental strength and philosophical insight, which even Thackeray, Balzac, and Scott, the greatest of novelists, were incapable of exhibiting. The trend of Hawthorne's mind is best understood by studying the subjects of his works, none of which are of the stereotyped character common in fiction. It was the boast of Swift that he never stole even a hint from any other writer. Hawthorne might as justly make the same claim.

Hawthorne's Note Books,—American, English, French, and Italian, are helpful in getting at the real character of the man. They mirror his mind as it was day after day and year after year. In the earliest of these diaries are discovered unmistakable germs of what at length ripened in the *Scarlet Letter*, *Marble Faun*, and *Septimius Felton*,—each the thinking out of an intricate problem of life. It is no small compliment to Hawthorne that Poe spoke highly of his creative faculty, imagination, and originality. One, in reading Hawthorne, is constantly meeting striking thoughts and elegant expressions which bear the marks of genius. Nevertheless it is difficult to catch and depict his subtle workmanship. Too much importance should not be placed upon the fact that Hawthorne is not a popular author. Sometimes the most meritorious books are little read. Walter Savage Landor and Charles Lamb are among the finest writers of English; and yet they are by no means popular authors. Like them, also, Hawthorne wrote too critically to write voluminously. Generally Hawthorne excluded from his writings hideous characters. The first book he wrote after leaving college he burned without publishing. As a writer he was essentially an artist, though he had no great confidence in his own powers. His efforts at poetry did not rise above mediocrity. His skill in using the supernatural has been compared to that of Scott and George Sand. He uses words of Latin origin to a great extent. His first stories were short—in fact, he never wrote long ones. Motley, in a letter to Hawthorne, said, "Nobody can write English but you." In only one of his books does he prominently introduce dumb animals. He never wrote except when the mood was on.

Some one has estimated Hawthorne by the algebraic equation: "Poe + Irving + an unknown quantity = Hawthorne." He took none of his characters from real life; each was a compound of elements found in various characters. Hawthorne's works comprise five novels and a fragment of a sixth, five volumes of short tales, several volumes of sketches or note books, and three story books for children. Henry James says: "In the field of letters Hawthorne is the most valuable example of the American genius,—a master of expression;" but that "to appreciate him one must be acquainted with New England."

In alluding briefly to the different productions of Hawthorne, the Note Books will first claim attention. The American Note Books are much like an ordinary diary, covering a period of eighteen years, from the time Hawthorne was thirty-one years old until his departure for Liverpool, to which place he had been appointed consul by his friend and college-mate, President Pierce. These eighteen years include the last two of his twelve unproductive years, (in a sense the most productive of his life, for during all this time he was submitting himself to the rigid discipline so essential to his after attainments), the time in which he wrote *Twice Told Tales*, *Scarlet Letter*, and *House of Seven Gables*, and also his experience in the custom house and at Brook Farm. It is alleged with some force by Mr. James, that Hawthorne's writings bear too much the stamp of provincialism; that his lack of experience disqualified him for the greatest accomplishments in his line; that his limited provincial experience was prejudicial to him as an author, very much as has been declared to be the case with Robert Burns, who, in addition to provincial restrictions, wrote in a dialect instead of a language. One of the most striking characteristics of the American Notes is the inner light issuing from the writer's intellect, disclosing his habits of observation and reflection. Nothing escaped him. He was known to sit for hours in some retired corner of a bar-room, watching and studying the varied phases of character about him. Happy thoughts, dropped at random by obscure persons, were treasured up by him with keen interest. But his own quiet reflections are the charm of all his diaries.

Though Hawthorne was no professed philosopher, hardly any great life problem escaped his attention. Notice some specimen sayings of his taken at random from the Note Books: "We sometimes congratulate ourselves at the moment of waking from a troubled dream: it may be so the moment after death. A singular fact, that when man is a brute he is the most sensual of all brutes. Trifles to one are matters of life and death to another; as, for instance, a farmer desires a brisk breeze to winnow his grain, and mariners, to blow them out of the reach of pirates. Nobody will use other people's experience, nor has any of his own till it is too late to use it. What we need for our happiness is close at hand if we but knew how to seek for it." He was much given to moralizing, not only upon what occurred around him, but also upon historical incidents, often seeing a truth or principle in what was a mere nothing to less gifted natures. He sees a drove of pigs passing at dusk, and immediately this thought strikes him: "Pigs, on a march, do not subject themselves to any leader among themselves, but pass on higgledy, piggedly, without regard to age or sex." In his Notes Hawthorne gives a clue to his social and literary habits and tastes, and mentions some of his favorite books,—among them *Pilgrim's Progress*, Carlyle's *Heroes*, Rabelais, and Spenser's *Faerie Queen*. Other of his favorite authors were,—Milton, DeQuincey, Shakspeare, Rousseau, Sterne, and Pope. He tells us his chirography was outrageous, and that he hated dining out and society generally. "Destiny itself," says he, "has often been worsted in the attempt to get me out to dinner." Enough has been said to show the delectableness of the American Note Books. The English, French, and Italian deserve the same favorable criticism, besides affording much that is new.

It has ever been too little the custom of governments to give their needy men of letters official positions abroad, to make it possible for them to pursue literature more successfully than they could do if subjected to provincial limitations and burdened with the engrossing question of daily maintenance. A place in the Salem custom house had been given Hawthorne with a view to aiding his literary enterprises; and the kind thoughtfulness of his friend, President Pierce,

bestowed upon him, in 1853, the most lucrative consular post in his power to give.

Upon his arrival at Liverpool, he very soon came in contact with one of the most disagreeable of his official duties, after-dinner speech making. After one of these occasions of "talking nonsense," as he calls it, he entered in his diary an estimate of what constitutes success in such performances. "Anybody," says he, "may make an after-dinner speech who will be content to talk onward without saying anything."

If Hawthorne had written upon all the subjects he incidentally mentions as deserving such treatment, he would have been a most voluminous writer. The following thought, which seems to have come to him in his early experience at Liverpool, is but one of many that might be cited: "What was the after-life of the young man whom Jesus, looking on, loved, and bade him sell all that he had and give it to the poor, and take up his cross and follow him? Something very deep and beautiful might be made out of this."

Hawthorne was in no strict sense a sight-seer; he saw and described things generally overlooked by others. He seldom described nature, but rather a churchyard or an old wall covered with vines, or a solitary worshiper kneeling in an obscure corner of some historic cathedral. He tells his feelings upon finding at an English railway station his *Twice Told Tales*, *Seven Gables*, and *Scarlet Letter*. Of Miss Martineau, whom he met, he says: "Her hair is of a decided gray and she does not shrink from calling herself old." After visiting Conway Castle he writes: "Nothing else can be so perfect as a picture of ivy-grown peaceful ruin." He also says: "O that we could have ivy in America. What is there to beautify us when our time of ruin comes?" This bit of pretty writing, relating to Furness Abbey and in recognition of England's surpassing adaptability to the growth of verdure everywhere, is too Hawthornesque to be omitted: "But here, no sooner is a stone fence built, then Nature sets to work to make it a part of herself. A little sprig of ivy may be seen creeping up the side and clinging fast with its many feet: a tuft of grass roots itself between two of the stones, where a little dust from the road has been moistened into soil for

it; a small bunch of fern grows in another such crevice; a deep, soft, green moss spreads itself over the top and all along the sides of the fence; and wherever nothing else will grow, lichens adhere to the stones and variegate their hues. Finally, a great deal of shrubbery is sure to cluster along its extent, and take away all hardness from the outline; and so the whole stone fence looks as if God had had at least as much to do with it as man." Hawthorne seems to have had no desire to make the acquaintance of distinguished foreigners, even of his own calling. He met Douglas Jerrold, Charles Reade, Mr. and Mrs. Browning, Leigh Hunt, Barry Cornwall, and a few others. It is interesting to follow Hawthorne through the parts of Great Britain historically renowned, to see with his eyes and feel with his delicate sensibilities. No other writer more nearly transports one to the very scenes described, or more fully satisfies the natural desire to visit them. The four years of Hawthorne's official life in England were unproductive in the way of authorship, though they supplied an experience needful to his intellectual development.

At the close of his consular experience Hawthorne passed over to the continent, and remained in France and Italy two years. It was midwinter when he passed through France. The journey was disagreeable, as may be inferred from his saying that his impression of France would always be that it was an arctic region. Paris was excepted in this estimate, for with this he was delighted. Of the morals of the French he says: "They love a certain system and external correctness, but do not trouble themselves to be deeply in the right." Of their loquacity he writes: "In Marseilles a stream of talk seems to bubble from the lips of every individual." Taking a hurried look at France, he now proceeded to Rome, really his objective point, the sight of which is the happiest dream of the scholar and the artist. He spent the last fortnight of January in Rome, and declared that he had seldom or never spent so wretched a time anywhere. The cold annoyed him. He said he now understood why Diogenes had asked Alexander, as the only favor he could do him, to stand out of his sunshine, there being such a difference in those southern climes of Europe between sun and shade. But for his

congealed wits and benumbed fingers, he declared he would have kept a minute journal during those two weeks, which would have shown modern Rome in an aspect in which it had never been depicted. He declared that no description of Rome which he had ever read had given him any idea of the sort of place Rome was. Following is a somewhat lengthy quotation containing his impressions of Roman ruins: "I am glad," says he, "that I saw the castles and Gothic churches and cathedrals of England before visiting Rome, or I never could have felt that delightful reverence for their gray and ivy-hung antiquity after seeing these so much older remains. But, indeed, old things are not so beautiful in this dry climate and clear atmosphere as in moist England. Whatever beauty there may be in a Roman ruin is the remnant of what was beautiful originally; whereas an English ruin is more beautiful often in its decay than even it was in its primal strength. If we ever build such noble structures as these Roman ones, we can have just as good ruins, after two thousand years, in the United States; but we can never have a Furness Abbey or a Kenilworth." Nothing seemed more unpleasant to him than a Roman winter. "Wherever," says he, "I pass my summers, let me spend my winters in a cold country." The sight of the Tiber disenchanted him of all early infused ideas of its paternal and divine character. Ordinarily it had to him the hue of a mud-puddle, but after a rain the appearance of pea soup. Hawthorne's reflections upon Rome as an art-centre are most interesting. He speaks modestly on this subject, as one little acquainted with works of art, and for the first six months of his residence there as incapable of distinguishing between the meritorious and the undeserving. He took great pride in the celebrity of the American sculptors, Story, Akers, and Powers. He admired the Faun of Praxiteles, and conceived the idea of writing the Marble Faun. Of his own undeveloped powers of art-criticism Hawthorne writes: "In a year's time, with the advantage of access to this magnificent gallery, I think I might come to have some little knowledge of pictures. At present I know nothing; but am glad to find myself capable, at least, of loving one picture better than another. I cannot always

'keep the heights I gain,' however, and after admiring and being moved by a picture one day, it is within my experience to look at it the next as little moved as if it were a tavern sign." Later on he confesses that Raphael grows upon him. "Until," says he, "we learn to appreciate the cherubs and angels that Raphael scatters through the blessed air, in a picture of the Nativity, it is not amiss to look at a Dutch fly settling on a peach, or a humblebee burying himself in a flower." Hawthorne describes Italian mosquitoes as "horribly pungent little satanic particles." In March, 1859, while at Rome, he received a visit from ex-President Pierce, whom he always speaks of with affection. As an illustration of his unswerving friendship, an allusion may be made to Hawthorne's fearless devotion to Pierce when the latter was a candidate for the presidency. Hawthorne wrote a campaign life of Pierce, the most unpopular thing he could have done at that time in New England, "though," as he said, "I knew my friends would fall from me like autumn leaves." This must suffice for the Note Books, six most interesting diary volumes. Those who make much of books called "Table Talks," such as Selden's, or Luther's, or Coleridge's, will find in these life-thoughts of an accomplished author, preserved in the severe English of an acknowledged literary artist, no ordinary treasures.

At the age of thirty-three, after ten years' residence at Salem, his first volume of *Twice-Told Tales*, really, it may be said, his first fruit of authorship, came from the press. The miraculous faculty of "extracting honey from weeds" has seldom been exhibited by an author in so marked a degree as by Hawthorne in these productions. Within the narrowest sphere of observation, without experience or even usual intercourse with the world, he seemed, like the spider, to spin out of his own bowels the delicate web of choice English,—so refined, in fact, that the mass of readers saw nothing in it to admire. It is claimed, on possibly insufficient grounds, that George Eliot's *Romola* killed the periodical in which it first appeared, like the meritorious work of art it is, requiring time to win appreciation. So the *Twice-Told Tales* contained in their literary essence an excellence of thought and

diction wholly uncomprehended by the general reading public. The essential characteristics of these tales are their simplicity of subject and the wonderful power shown by the author in making inconsequential matters subserve the purposes of highest art. Of the trifling subjects treated in the first volume,—“Sunday at Home,”—“The Wedding Knell,”—“A Rill from the Town Pump,” and “Sights from a Steeple,” are, perhaps, the most engaging. In “Sunday at Home” he gives a clue to his habit of non-attendance at church, where he declares that his “inner man goes constantly to church, while many whose bodily presence fills the accustomed seats, have left their souls at home.” He watches from his ensconced place the church-goers passing to their various houses of worship. “Those pretty girls,” he says, “why will they disturb my pious meditations? Of all days in the week they should strive to look least fascinating on the Sabbath, instead of heightening their mortal loveliness, as if to rival the blessed angels, and keep our thoughts from heaven.” He also pictures the clergyman, “slow and solemn, in severe simplicity.” It is in this volume that he makes one character touchingly confess his supremest satisfaction at “having a face that children love.”

The second volume of *Twice Told Tales*, though issued some ten years later than the first, may be best disposed of here. As a whole, this volume is inferior to the one just laid aside, and is probably less familiarly known and read. Both have, however, the same literary stamp. One chapter of the second volume is worthy of particular notice, namely, “Footprints on the Sea Shore.” Every great poet has described morning, a mountain landscape, and the sea, perhaps more invariably than anything else in nature. Especially, the last mentioned subject, the sea, has been the theme of deepest poetic thought and most artistic word-picturing. Not even Byron’s apostrophe to the ocean is more highly poetical or more thoughtfully eloquent than Hawthorne’s sketch of a dozen pages. Read during a warm September afternoon, beneath the shade on a modest mountain side overlooking the sea, one cannot fail to realize the deep pathos of words like these: “Get ye all gone, old friends, and let me listen to the mur-

mur of the sea,—a melancholy voice, but less sad than yours. Of what mysteries is it telling? Of sunken ships and whereabouts they lie? Of islands afar and undiscovered, whose tawny children are unconscious of other islands and continents, and deem the stars of heaven their nearest neighbors? Nothing of all this. What then? Has it talked so many ages, and meant nothing all the while? No: for those ages find utterance in the sea's unchanging voice, and warn the listener to withdraw his interest from mortal vicissitudes, and let the infinite idea of eternity pervade his soul."

Before proceeding farther it may be well to give a brief biographical review of Hawthorne from graduation until his forty-sixth year, the date at which the *Scarlet Letter*, his masterpiece, appeared. In 1828, three years after he and the poet Longfellow graduated from Bowdoin College, his first literary venture, an unsuccessful romance called "*Fanshawe*," was published. He went to Boston in 1836 to publish the *American Magazine*, which soon became bankrupt. In 1837 he published *Twice-Told Tales*, and from 1838 to 1841 was employed in the Boston Custom House, where the historian Bancroft was collector. He was at Brook Farm in 1842, was married in 1843, and for four years lived at the Old Manse at Concord, in the society of Emerson, Thoreau, and Channing. From 1846 to 1850 he was surveyor of the port of Salem, during which time he wrote the *Scarlet Letter*. The actual writing of this story was done immediately after retiring from the office. Hawthorne saw fit to include in the volume entitled the *Scarlet Letter* about forty pages of carefully written reflections and incidents relative to the Custom House. The propriety of binding up this somewhat extraneous matter with the story was even in his own mind questionable; and, besides, the publication of what naturally enough was construed as having personal and local application, brought upon the author much unpleasant denunciation. However, after a careful re-perusal with a view to striking out objectionable allusions, he determined to leave it unchanged even in a single word. This Custom House prelude to the *Scarlet Letter* is in itself a study, bearing, as it does, the impress of the author's most critical mood and most careful habit of compo-

sition. It as boldly defies criticism as the most perfect of the *Essays of Elia*. It is an interesting coincidence that Chaucer, Lamb, and Burns were, like Hawthorne, each in his day connected with the custom house—a rather illustrious linking of the office with literature. It is in this prefatory sketch that Hawthorne makes the queer reflection upon himself as a degenerate in the necessary estimation of his Puritan ancestors, who would have regarded him, “a writer of stories, on a par with a fiddler.”

The name “*Scarlet Letter*” has reference to the scarlet letter “A,” in accordance with a public decree worn by Hester Prynne, the prominent character in the novel, as a badge of shame, in consideration of her fatal mis-step and mistrust which underlie the action of the whole story. The first chapter bears for a caption “The Prison Door,” and contains the reflection that founders of colonies recognize it among their earliest practical necessities to allot a portion of the virgin soil as a cemetery, and another portion as the site for a prison. It also contains a minute description of the jail which figures in the early part of the story. The next chapter, “The Market Place,” introduces the reader to a throng of men and women drawn through morbid curiosity or malignant hate, and crowding about the prison to delight in the discomfiture of some fellow-creature, who through weakness or perversity has transgressed the rules of propriety or the enacted laws of stern Puritanism. The culprit on this occasion, Hester Prynne, of the reverend Master Dimmesdale’s flock, is introduced in the act of submitting to public chastisement, being compelled to publish her disgrace and listen to the gibes and hateful glances of her thronging neighbors. She is described as having “dark and abundant hair, so glossy that it threw off the sunshine with a gleam.” In the next chapter Hester is standing before her despisers, holding her baby in her arms and with the scarlet letter burning into her breast. An Indian and a white man, standing on the outskirts of the throng, help to make up the scene. The white man, in a composite dress, half civilized and half aboriginal, recognizes Hester and is in turn recognized by her, as is manifest by the convulsive manner in which she clasps the child to her

breast, causing it to cry with pain. He is her husband, from whom she was long ago separated in England, and whom she has thought dead. He asks a by-stander the particulars of what he sees before him, and learns that the full severity of the Puritan law—the real penalty for such an offense being death—has been relaxed, and that the substituted penalty is, that she shall “stand a space of three hours on the platform of the pillory, and there and thereafter for the remainder of her natural life, to wear a mark of shame upon her bosom.” Next follows an interview in the prison between Hester and old Roger Chillingworth, her long-separated husband, he having been introduced in the character of a physician. Great skill is used in managing this interview. As it furnishes the key to the subsequent pages of the book, enough will be quoted here to render clear the allusions that follow. Old Roger Chillingworth was a very learned man, and was otherwise out of sympathy with his wife in that he was much older. “One thing, thou that wast my wife, I would enjoin upon thee,” continued the scholar. “Thou hast kept the secret of thy paramour. Keep likewise mine. There are none in the land that know me. Breathe not to any human soul that thou didst ever call me husband. I find here a woman, a man a child, amongst whom and myself there exist the closest ligaments. No matter whether for love or hate; no matter whether of right or wrong, thou and thine, Hester Prynne, belong to me.” Early in the book there is a chapter relative to Hester after being released from prison; the fact of her remaining to dwell among her despisers is explained in the author’s subtle manner: “There is a fatality, a feeling so irresistible and inevitable that it has the force of doom, which almost invariably compels human beings to linger around and haunt, ghost-like, the spot where some great and marked event has given the color to their life-time; and still the more irresistibly, the darker the tinge that saddens it.” Her disgrace and discomfiture are well shown in what follows: “If she entered a church, trusting to share the Sabbath smile of the Universal Father, it was often her mishap to find herself the text of the discourse.” Passing over the exquisite chapters on “Little Pearl,” “The Visit to Governor Billingham,” and

"The Meeting of Pearl with Mr. Dimmesdale." notice must be taken of an interview between old Roger Chillingworth and his patient, the unsuspecting clergyman Dimmesdale. This chapter, for metaphysical insight, is hard to equal. It needs, however, to be studied to be appreciated. Later on in the volume, when alluding to the growing respect in which Hester came to be held, this gratuitous thought is thrown out: "It is to the credit of human nature, that, except where its selfishness is brought into play, it loves more readily than it hates." And again, in describing her as influenced by seven years of disgrace: "Some attribute had departed from her, the permanence of which had been essential to keep her a woman. Such is frequently the fate, and such the stern development, of the feminine character and person, when the woman has encountered and lived through an experience of peculiar severity. If she survive, the tenderness will either be crushed out of her, or,—and the outward semblance is the same—crushed so deeply into her heart that it can never show itself more. The latter is, perhaps, the truest theory. She who has once been woman, and ceased to be so, might at any moment become a woman again, if there were only the magic touch to effect the transfiguration."

After Hawthorne had completed the writing of the *Scarlet Letter*, and while he felt the fit of inspiration still on him, he rushed to the presence of his wife, and in the midst of her choking sobs read aloud the now famous conclusion. Doubtless he felt the overwhelming power of his creation very much as Thackeray did his, when he read over to himself one of the best passages in *Vanity Fair*. "I swear," said Thackeray, amazed at the perfection of his work, "I'm a genius." Before leaving the *Scarlet Letter*, it will be proper to say that it is, in the judgment of some of the best critics, the most perfect piece of prose literature that America has produced.

The *House of Seven Gables*, written next after the *Scarlet Letter*, is, like that novel, New Englandish and of the colonial times. It is the longest of Hawthorne's stories, and was by him regarded as superior to the *Scarlet Letter*. The characters are principally of two families—the aristocratic, de-

frauding Pyncheons and the defrauded Maules, a race of carpenters. The basis of the action of the story is, that a curse once pronounced upon a great wrong, becomes a family inheritance. According to the wizard Maule's imprecation, the Pyncheons were to drink blood, and any slight gurgle in the throat of a Pyncheon was sure to startle the listener who had chanced to hear the whispered tradition. Even the Pyncheons whose individual lives were unstained by crime wore the look of blasted respectability. A single comprehensive sentence of the author gives the central idea of the book: "What is there," says he, "so ponderous in evil, that a thumb's bigness of it should outweigh the mass of things not evil which were heaped into the other scale?" The structure called the House of Seven Gables was built by Col. Pyncheon for the gratification of his pride, upon land unlawfully wrenched from Matthew Maule, in whose execution for witchcraft Col. Pyncheon was also an instigator and a persecutor. The unaccountable violent deaths of several prominent Pyncheons are, by inference, attributable to the retribution evoked by these acts of injustice. It was a frequent complaint of Hawthorne that he seemed doomed never to write a "sunshiny book." One little beam of light relieves the sombreness of this story, which would otherwise surpass in its gloominess all its author's other productions. Phoebe Pyncheon, the country cousin who inherited an excess of sunshine from her mother, lessens the oppressive sadness that hovers about everything else. The simple but natural attachment between her and the daguerreotypist Holgrave, the last of the Maules in disguise, which culminated in their marriage and quite consistently with art dispelled the long-brooding curse, is much after the fashion of the popular novel of the day. Mesmerism is skilfully introduced into the plot in connection with beautiful Alice Pyncheon, who, though little more than a phantom in the narrative, leaves upon the reader's mind an influence incomprehensibly strong. Some of the descriptive portions of this volume are vivid and strong, clearly indicating the author's facility in this direction, whenever he chose thus to exercise his powers. The happy treatment of domestic fowls belonging to the occupants of the Seven Gables is evi-

dently no mere accident with the writer, but an intended exhibition of what he might do in ways but seldom tried by him. Mention ought to be made also of his description of a clear morning after a long storm, as well as of that relating to what occurred around the House of Seven Gables during the twenty-four hours succeeding the flight of Hepzibah and Clifford, and while Judge Pyncheon was sitting dead within. Pyncheon street, the Pyncheon elm, Maule's well, little Ned Higgins, and Uncle Venner will all be remembered as a necessary part in the completeness of the novel.

The third of the so-called American stories is the Blithedale Romance. The characteristic feature of this volume, which distinguishes it from the author's other stories, is its immediate attractiveness for all classes of readers. In other words, it requires no effort to like it, which cannot be said of Hawthorne's writings generally. There is a class of literature, and it is the best, which does not make itself felt upon the ordinary reader at once, but only after careful study. As in the case of a genuine work of art, its appreciation requires patient, often painful, preparation. Few persons, especially the young, like Shakspeare at first. A teacher once importuned a class of boys and girls to read some play of the great poet. When called upon to give an account of themselves, only one reported the accomplishment of his task, and in most disheartening words. Said he, addressing the teacher, "I've managed to worry through Julius Cæsar just to please you, but I don't want any more of the stuff." Byron, even, declared his inability to read Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, a book that has rarely failed to charm any person of literary taste who patiently submitted himself to its influence. So it is with Hawthorne; there are but few writers of whom it may be so truthfully said, that it requires positive effort to get up to the plane of their genius and to acquire a never surfeited taste for their works. The Blithedale Romance, however, is with him an exceptional production. It attracts and pleases from the first. This is undoubtedly due quite as much to the nature of subject as to the manner of treatment. There is also the additional interest arising from the fact that it is supposed to portray social-

istic life at Brook Farm, where for nearly a year Hawthorne resided and was an active participant in Mr. Ripley's vain scheme to remodel and perfect man's social condition. It is a good book to begin with in taking up this gifted American author. The leading principle sought to be established by this romance is the presumptuousness of one person's endeavoring to revolutionize completely and, as it were, in an instant, social conditions that are the evolved product of centuries of human experience. With a few strokes of the pen, Hawthorne gives this vivid sketch of Zenobia, the alleged Margaret Fuller of Brook Farm: "She was, indeed, an admirable figure of a woman, just on the hither verge of her richest maturity, with a combination of features which it is safe to call remarkably beautiful, even if some fastidious persons might pronounce them a little deficient in softness and delicacy. Not one woman in a thousand could move so admirably as Zenobia. Many women can sit gracefully; and a few, perhaps, can assume a series of graceful positions. But natural movement is the result and expression of the whole being, and cannot be well and nobly performed unless responsive to something in the character. I often think that music should have attended Zenobia's footsteps." Elsewhere he speaks of the same character as "lacking severe culture." Here is a rare bit of Hawthorne's very conservative optimism: "I rejoice that I could once think better of the world's improbability than it deserved. It is a mistake into which men seldom fall twice in a lifetime; or, if so, the rarer and higher is the nature that can thus magnanimously persist in error." In another place he says, "Men are often ashamed of what is best in them." One is strongly tempted to give many of the interesting circumstances of this interesting story, such as those relative to Zenobia's death by suicidal drowning, and her burial, the first of their Arcadian colonists; or to give some account of her hopeful philosophy concerning the possible future of her sex; but leave must be taken of the *Blithedale Romance* with an extract in which the moral is drawn from the character and errors of Hollingsworth, the philanthropist: "Admitting what is called philanthropy, when adopted as a profession, to be often useful

by its energetic impulse to society at large, it is perilous to the individual whose ruling passion, in one exclusive channel, it thus becomes. It ruins, or is fearfully apt to ruin, the heart, the rich juices of which God never meant should be pressed violently out, and distilled into alcoholic liquor by an unnatural process, but should render life sweet, bland, gently beneficent, and insensibly influence other hearts and other lives to the same blessed end. I see in Hollingsworth an exemplification of the most awful truth in Bunyan's book of such:—from the very gate of heaven there is a by-way to the pit." Robert Browning thought *Blithedale Romance* the best of its author's stories.

It was but natural that Hawthorne should choose to write at least one romance based upon a trans-atlantic theme, and that Italy should be the scene. The fact that he chose to represent life in modern rather than in ancient Rome is to be accounted for, no doubt, in his avowed disregard of the history of the world anterior to the fourteenth century. The name first selected for this romance, and the one by which it is still designated, to some extent at least in Europe, was "*Transformation*," really more appropriate when the nature of the work is considered; for just as Septimius Felton is the problem of life with reference to a possible earthly immortality, so the *Marble Faun* is the problem of evolved humanity. There are evidences in Hawthorne's earlier writings that the essential thought contained in the *Marble Faun* had long haunted his mind. While human nature everywhere, by certain never-wanting traits, would suggest to his penetrating intellect the subtle idea of such a transformation, there is, probably, no other country than Italy where such an idea could be better developed and illustrated. The famous piece of statuary representing a faun in marble was a mere hint to Hawthorne, and, besides a slight allusion to it near the beginning of the book, has no significance to him. The author's intention seems to have been, in part at least, to reconstruct the early Italian system of nature divinities. The subject was wholly new to him; and while the book has great merit, it is not completely successful. This shortcoming is, however, necessary, and is owing to the peculiar limitations

of the subject. Indeed, it would be difficult to name any other author who with the same limitations would have escaped downright failure. The story was first written, or rather blocked out, while the author was at Rome; but was re-written at Leamington, England, just before Hawthorne returned home, and was first published on the other side of the water. Hawthorne regarded this story as his masterpiece,—a conclusion to which but few readers ever come; though its value as a Roman hand-book for English speaking travelers has made it, perhaps, the most popular of his novels. Of the four essential characters in the story, Miriam is the finest creation, if indeed, she is not the greatest of all Hawthorne's creations. The strange obscurity thrown around her is safely within the limits of novel writing, and is the perfection of art. The skill shown in that marvelously conceived situation wherein the look of Miriam is interpreted by both Donatello and Hilda as a command to kill, is almost matchless. There is something quiet, sweet, and true about Hilda with her doves and her pure thoughts, which wins every reader and leaves upon the mind an imperishable picture of what is humanly good and lovable. Kenyon, the artist, is only the necessary supplement to Hilda required by the fiction. Donatello, the intended prime character of the novel, who illustrates the main idea and instigates the whole movement of the story, is somewhat too mythical for analysis. While it is probable that this hero of the novel is just what the writer intended he should be,—one in whom, as James says, "the element of the unreal is pushed too far," and while, in Hawthorne's judgment, this same unrealness constituted the chief merit of the work, the critics, for the most part, refuse to endorse Donatello as a happy creation.

Some attention, at least slight, has now been given to all Hawthorne's works excepting the juvenile volumes, *Mosses from an Old Manse*, *Dr. Grimshaw's Secret*, and *Our Old Home*. Further notice will be taken of the last mentioned only, *Our Old Home*. This volume is of the same general character as the *Note Books*, yet differs favorably in this respect: it was compiled by the author himself from his casual notes made while abroad, and leisurely written in a pains-

taking manner. It was published in 1863, and its dedication to Franklin Pierce so enraged the friends and admirers of Hawthorne that many refused to look at it; while some who purchased it tore out the inscription leaf. A recent perusal of *Our Old Home* has led to the belief that it has never received its just deserts, either for literary character or for patriotic temper. The best I can say for it is, I have never been more inclined to read a book at one sitting. In the first part of the volume are sketches entitled "Leamington Spa," "About Warwick," and "Recollections of a Gifted Woman." The last mentioned has reference to Delia Bacon, a literary Pennsylvanian whom he met in London, who had suffered herself to be possessed with the idea that Lord Bacon wrote Shakspeare. In the same sketch also he includes his impressions of a visit to Stratford-on-Avon, than which Washington Irving hardly wrote anything more entertaining on the same subject. Then comes a chapter devoted to "Litchfield," "Utttoxeter," and "Old Sam Johnson;" and after these a "Pilgrimage to Old Boston." He next entertains us with impressions of "Oxford," and of "Blenheim," the three thousand-acre park originally given the Duke of Marlborough, the private garden of which Hawthorne declared was more beautiful than the Garden of Eden could have been. Then comes the best chapter in the book—"Some of the haunts of Burns." His reverence for the genius of Burns is well shown in one place where he came near being beguiled into the description of most attractive natural scenery; but he at once checked his thoughtless irreverence with the remark, "But a man is greater than a mountain." He gives considerable space to London, the Thames, and Westminster Abbey, and says fine things about Poets' Corner. The last forty pages of the book are devoted to "Civic Banquets," and contain some amusing personal experiences in Liverpool and London. His admission to the first Mayor's dinner party which he attended in Liverpool he thus describes: "Reaching the Town Hall at seven o'clock, I communicated my name to one of several splendidly dressed footmen, and he repeated it to another on the first staircase, by whom it was passed to a third, and then to a fourth at the door of the reception room, losing

all resemblance to the original sound in the course of these transmissions; so that I had the advantage of making my entrance in the character of a stranger, not only to the whole company, but to myself as well." On this occasion, at the customary toast, "Our gracious Sovereign," the company all rose and with the band accompanying sang "God save the Queen." Hawthorne says, "Finding that the entire dinner table struck in, with voices of every pitch between rolling thunder and the squeak of a cartwheel, and that the strain was not of such delicacy as to be much hurt by the harshest of them, I determined to lend my own assistance in swelling the triumphant roar. Accordingly, my first tuneful efforts (and probably my last, for I purpose not to sing any more, unless it be 'Hail Columbia' on the restoration of the Union) were poured freely forth in honor of Queen Victoria." The chapter closes with a description of a Lord Mayor's dinner in London, where Hawthorne for a while enjoyed himself so much on account of a previously obtained pledge that he should not be called upon to make a speech, but where he felt the heavens falling on him as the drift of post-prandial sentiment took a turn towards American affairs, which must inevitably bring the bewildered consul to his feet. It has been alleged that Hawthorne had no humor. Several passages in *Our Old Home*, as elsewhere, disprove the allegation. One concluding remark relative to Hawthorne's literary qualities. The best test of the strength of a book is to re-read it. Few authors bear re-reading like Hawthorne. Charles Sumner read *Our Old Home* three times for the sake of its style.

The Hawthornes, or Hathornes according to an earlier spelling of the name in England, were a family with seafaring proclivities. Nathaniel's father and grandfather both having been sea-captains. He often declared that had he not gone to college he too should have taken to the sea. His inherited love for the ocean is shown in a remark he made to a sea-sick friend during their home passage from England in 1860. "I should like to sail on and on forever," said he, "and never touch the shore again." He inherited great physical strength, and such manly beauty that it was re-

marked in London literary circles that Hawthorne's face was as fine as that of Robert Burns.¹ Hawthorne was but five years old when his father died in a foreign country. Though there was much in his moral and physical composition that was inherited from his father, especially a thoughtful reserve and a modest shyness, he owed a still greater debt to the inherited qualities and personal influence of a beautiful and sensible mother. Though a delightful companion to those who knew him intimately, he loved isolation, without which he could hardly have fostered and matured those mental characteristics which make his writings so unique. He was peculiar in the selection of his friends, often choosing those who were unpopular. Dr. Joseph E. Worcester, author of the Dictionary, was at one time his teacher at Salem, and, during a whole year when his pupil was confined to the house with lameness, took such an interest in him as to visit him daily for the purpose of attending to his lessons. While at college he was once fined twenty cents for neglecting to write his composition. At graduation, though entitled to a part at commencement, his distaste for public speaking prevented him from appearing. Hawthorne was a model husband, never directing his wife in anything, but studying to see what she wanted, and then helping her to accomplish it. His wife's temperament was the reverse of his own. He heartily hated sham, and once remarked, "I have heard many cry out against sin in the pulpit, who can abide it well enough in the heart, home, and conversation." He had no appreciation of music, being unable to tell one tune from another. He was, however, affected by the unaccompanied voice. At Aldershot Camp in England the Lieutenant-Colonel apologized to him because he had neglected to have the band play Hail Columbia. Hawthorne said it was not of the slightest importance, for he should not have recognized it. He had great moral courage, as was shown by his daring to visit in jail a Rev. Mr. Cheever who had just been flogged in the street. He liked to visit farm houses and talk with the inmates, they not knowing who he was. Like Goethe, he loved beautiful persons. He was purely American, never becoming tinctured in the least with European social and political ideas. It has

been claimed that Hawthorne's brain was as large as Webster's. He said the reason he was a democrat was because the Salem people were whigs. His sister-in-law, Miss Peabody, likens him to Hamlet, as being too finely developed for the position into which he came. Late in life he was very despondent, once saying: "I think it would need a good thousand years of sleep to rest from the turmoils of this mortal life." He never joined any church, and but seldom attended church service. During his four years' residence in England he probably never heard an English sermon. He, however, took great pleasure in walking about old churchyards, preferring to talk with the sexton rather than with the rector. He read the Bible much, and often referred to it for the correct use of a word. James Freeman Clarke, in his funeral discourse, said "he was the friend of sinners." Nathaniel Hawthorne was born at Salem, Massachusetts, July 4th, 1804; and died at Plymouth, New Hampshire, May 19th, 1864. His remains were buried in the cemetery of "Sleepy Hollow," at Concord, Mass., where he rests in the silent companionship of Emerson and Thoreau.

Referring to Hawthorne's unfinished Romance, Longfellow wrote,—

"Ah, who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost clew regain?
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain."

LITERATURE AND LIFE.

AS the discovery of truth is the work of a few only, the mental exercises of nearly all are limited to the examination of processes and principles already thought out and established. These processes and principles range all the way from the every-day practice and philosophy of common life to the subtle reasoning of the best thinkers. Out of these abundant materials each mind takes something, either through its own blind choosing, or the almost equally blind

choosing of others, or the force of circumstances. In any case, the part taken is to the part left but as a handful of water dipped from the sea. This thought is beautifully expressed in the poem entitled *Olrig Grange*—

“It is not given to anyone
To overarch the structure of all knowledge,
And crown it with its dome and golden cross;
We only do a part and partly well,
And others come and mend it.”

Every age, backed as it is by all preceding ones, has been likened to a dwarf standing on the shoulders of a giant, its chief advantage being, that it is able to see farther than the huge creature which alone sustains it in so elevated a position. The intellectual question of every age is, how it shall best utilize its advantages, develop its faculties of perception and discrimination, and assimilate the best thought of its predecessors.

It would be unreasonable to make the primary aim of mind-culture consist in the remote and ultimate production of whole races of intellectual giants, whose average intelligence should surpass the highest individual intelligence that has yet appeared. It is by no means certain that such a state of things could not come with myriads of succeeding years; but the facts of all recorded time, it is believed, furnish not even the shadow of an intimation that the latest individual mind is in developed quality at all superior to the earliest. As somewhat corroborating this view, let it be remembered that the Book of Job, one of the oldest literary productions, is also one of the most beautiful. The ancient inhabitants of Hindostan had their national epic of enduring beauty in a time so long gone by that the civilization which made such a production possible is utterly obliterated.

According to Matthew Arnold. “Culture is to know the best that has been thought and said in the world.” This knowledge is, of course, accessible only in the literature which has been preserved and handed down through all the ages. Hamerton compares the life of the intellectual to a long wedge of gold: the thin end of it begins at birth, and the depth

and value of it go on indefinitely increasing, till at last comes Death who stops the process.

The craving for knowledge as it is procured through literature is not ordinarily natural but acquired. What at first is uninviting or even repulsive in literature may after intimate acquaintance become agreeable as well as elevating and refining. Nor is it any objection to the superior influence of the greatest literary works that the uncultivated fail to be impressed by them. When a man objected to Milton's *Paradise Lost*, he was told in a voice of simulated pity, that Milton was blind, and couldn't see to write for fools. Some allowance must be made for the fact that the same literature may affect different minds, though of apparently equal strength, quite differently. Ben Jonson used to say regarding the old ballad, "Chevey Chase," that he would rather have been the author of it than of all his own works; while Dr. Johnson saw in the same composition nothing but lifeless imbecility. Besides, the reading public are often fastidious. When Balzac wanted the world to praise his novels, he wrote a drama; when he wanted his dramas praised, he wrote a novel.

There is something touching in the morbid sentimentalism which has appeared in the works of a few of the best writers of both ancient and modern times, expressions, generally uttered at an advanced stage of life, of contempt for all intellectual embellishments. Horace sees man's highest ambition in the ownership of a rustic cot and a few acres of land traversed by a singing brook, and with a back-ground of tall shadowy trees. In a moment of satiety he would seem to loathe human accomplishments and a glorious career, and regret that he had not always remained a simple child of nature, sleeping in unconscious innocence close to her soothing breast. Virgil calls him happy who knows only the pastoral divinities. Ruskin, in his eccentric way praises Chaucer's simple time, "when we boasted for the best kind of riches our birds and trees, our wives and children, in contrast with this age of steam-plows." A wise old Greek being asked in what respect his son would be better after being educated, replied: "In the public assembly at the theatre at least he

will not be a stone sitting upon a stone." The common sense of the world will never be shocked at the punishment inflicted upon King Midas, who was compelled to wear asses' ears for preferring the music of Pan to that of Apollo. Some one has said of art, that "while it is not something to live by, it makes life worth living." Though our physical needs are not ministered to by gazing on one of Rembrant's paintings, or by reading the works of some literary genius, or by indulging the heart with participating in deeds of charity, yet that which is highest in our nature is fed by these things. This is Goethe's summing up of the true relation between art and life: "One ought every day at least to hear a little song, read a good poem, see a fine picture, and, if it were possible, to speak a few reasonable words." What Whittier said to Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is apropos: "Elizabeth, thee would not be happy in heaven, unless thee could go missionary to the other place now and then." Matthew Aronld also speaks to the point where he says, "Culture has its origin in the love of perfection."

It will not do to lose sight of the higher utility of general literature, in that it conduces so much to human perfection and happiness. It is not easy to draw a comparison between the practical good and the ideal good. Who shall conclude between the comparative merits of a good conversationalist and those of a great astronomer? How shall it be determined which is the greater benefactor even, the Frenchman who invented the wheelbarrow, or the Scotchman who invented logarithms? Which shall have the prize, Morse, who made the electric current a medium of instantaneous speech for all nations, or Socrates, who taught mankind the language and secrets of a better life? It is given on good authority, that philosophy may not be expected to bake bread, nor a rose to sing.

The obligation impelling to the literary life is in part the dictation of an innate principle, which recognizes a higher and a lower in man's nature. Notice Agassiz's reply to a tempting lecture committee: "I have no time to make money." Or the saying of Von Muller, "Truth is the property of God, the pursuit of truth is what belongs to man." Or

that of Richter, "It is not the goal but the course that makes us happy." Or again of Malebranche, "If I held truth captive in my hand, I would open my hand and let it fly, that I might again pursue and capture it." Man pursues the intellectual life because he discriminates between the higher and the lower, just as he thinks it something nobler in its nature to have a taste for music than to have an appetite for food. It is well to remember that nature provides for the physical welfare of the race. Respiration and the circulation of the blood are no more perfect to-day than before the time of Harvey. Nature takes no such care of the intellect. It is much easier to prescribe for a boy the few simple accomplishments which will give him the pleasures of a well-earned livelihood, than to provide awakening influences for all the faculties of his mind, unfolding and strengthening them by judicious exercise, and making him capable of the highest intellectual pleasures. The girl who reads with fondness the works of Mrs. Holmes might, through proper influences, come to find much greater delight in the works of Scott or Irving, which, from a literary point of view, are as far above the former as the stars are above the trees. No higher service can be done for the young than to lead them to feel that Gray's *Elegy* and the *Psalm of Life* are something more than words and rhyme, thus touching into active life a dormant faculty of the soul, ever afterwards to be enraptured by otherwise unheard harmonies and unseen beauties.

In this material age there is a strong temptation for men to neglect the humanizing influences of literature for the more substantial benefits of business enterprise; and it becomes necessary to urge upon public attention the truth formulated by a Scotch professor, that "the man is more than his trade." It is only by coming in contact with a great variety of literature that one gives his intellectual faculties a chance to discover their possibilities. Gladstone, happening to read Lessing's *Laocoön*, had his attention turned to art; which he afterwards studied with enthusiasm. A comparison drawn between an illiterate age and one of literary enlightenment is, perhaps, one of the most satisfactory ways of showing the benefits flowing from the general intelligence which letters

afford. Compare Europe of to-day with Europe of the 12th and 13th centuries, when, it is affirmed by a distinguished historian, not one man in five hundred could have spelled his way through a psalm. Of the thirteen barons who subscribed to Magna Charta in 1215, only three were sufficiently educated to write their names.

It is the essential province of history to teach mankind by a philosophical presentation of human experiences, considered more especially from political and ethnical points of view. History gives a broad scope of human activities; it teaches the wider and deeper lessons of the aggregate man, and contains the philosophy of human living, which all who would live rightly need to learn. It is indispensable for those who are called to administer the affairs of government, which class in a republic embraces all the people. The military man finds here his best instructor, an instructor whose lessons embrace all possible examples to give guidance in every complication. The scholar, burning with a desire to know the best path to choose, finds here a never failing supply of suggestion and warning. The humblest draws from its pages lessons of contentment, encouragement, and quiet peace. During the Hayes-Tilden electoral difficulty, a naturally sagacious but not well-read man expressed himself in this manner concerning the instability of our republic: "This government," said he, "won't last long; there is nothing to it." Had he been even tolerably informed in history, he would have seen the unreasonableness of such a conclusion. He would have known that a nation, like a man, grows strong and acquires substantial character only by struggling, that the most stable nations have passed through crises as hazardous as any we have known. Of the nine Roman Emperors who reigned in the time of Chrysostom, only two died a natural death. During the 160 years which preceded the union of the Roses, nine kings reigned in England. Six of these were deposed, five of whom lost their lives as well as their crowns. History often impresses the significance of seemingly trifling events. Let this one case be noticed. The insertion of *filioque* in the Nicene Creed hopelessly divided the Church into two distinct branches. The value of the study of history is pithily sum-

med up by Richter: "Not to know the ancients is to be an ephemeron, which neither sees the sun rise nor set."

Much that has been said concerning history is, in a narrower way, true of biography. The latter may be regarded as a literature supplementary to the former; it is, as it were, a minute filling in of a picture of which history is the comprehensive outline. No kind of literature more universally pleases than well written biography. The reason for this seems to be, that it reveals the little things of life, the things corresponding to our every-day experience. It is chiefly for this reason that Boswell's Johnson causes Boswell to be called the "Prince of Biographers." As an illustration, when at Trinity College, Cambridge, Macaulay once got too near an enraged mob and was hit full in the face with a dead cat. The person who threw it apologized heartily, saying it was intended for a Mr. Adeane. "I wish," replied Macaulay, "you had intended it for me and hit the other man."

The benefits which fiction confers upon life are generally less appreciable than those derived from history and biography; and yet to quite an extent it usurps the offices of both these. The study of a historical novel like "Quentin Durward" or "Ninety-three," or a biographical one like "The Virginians," is a most valuable means of learning events and men. So valuable are the productions of the ablest fiction writers, that biography presents few examples of actual life which can be studied with greater profit than may be these gifted children of genius. The names of these spirit-born men and women are as familiar to us as household words, and may as deeply influence the formation of character as any who have lived a flesh-and-blood existence in the world. One of the benefits of fiction is to supplement human experience.

Though a man no less wise than Socrates declared it useless to read poetry unless the author were by to tell what he meant, it is, nevertheless, true, that a love for poetry is as pervasive of human nature as the spirit of religion. To the question raised, whether England could better afford to lose her Shakspeare or her possessions in India, Carlyle replied: "Indian Empire or no Indian Empire, we cannot do without Shakspeare." The cultivation resulting from a study

of the poets brings into activity mental resources which it is possible for every one to discover in himself, and which nothing but poetry can so successfully call forth. There is an educational value in what such poets as Chaucer and Wordsworth have written about flowers. According to Richter, "Poetry is beneficial as a counterbalance to civilization, because it draws an artistic life around the thin shadows, and erects on the field of more sensuous views its own glorious visions." Among a people such as we are, who from our peculiar environment are to a great extent debarred from the influence of sculpture and painting, poetry, which embraces in itself much of what is essential in these arts, should have a prominent place.

The chief educational value of scientific literature consists in turning thought and studious effort to empirical methods of reaching truth. The logical conclusion of the educational theory of the ultra-scientists is, that books and literature should play but an insignificant part in it, that nearly everything in science should be learned at first hand from the subject itself; but this would be an absurd process for the many, who, to be able to get what is most desirable out of life, must have such a degree of familiarity with scientific matters as literature affords them ready at hand. A good example of an early and ardent advocate of purely empirical methods of scientific study is Des Cartes. On one occasion, when asked to show his library, he opened the door of a dissecting room, where appeared nothing but bones and broken remains of animals, together with dissecting instruments which showed signs of recent use. "This," said he, "is my library." The charm of original investigation must, however, be denied the student in many departments of science, and yet an important acquaintance with them, though less beneficial than what a specialist would obtain, may and should be secured through literature.

It is somewhat on the score of diversion and of satisfying the taste, that the ancient classics claim an important place in the range of literature. As the art student finds his greatest satisfaction in studying the Greek sculpture of the time of Pericles, so the lover of good prose and poetry finds in

the masterpieces of Greece and Rome his greatest delight. An aged clergyman was once found employing his leisure with reading Aristophanes in the original. Surprise being expressed that he should be so occupied, he said: "Why, if I had my life to live over, I would do nothing but read Greek." This absurd notion about spending an entire life in the company of the Greek authors is not after all so incomprehensible, if one but stops to think what, intellectually considered, Athens was. An English writer who understood the Greeks and Romans thoroughly, and whose prose writings are often cited as the best English substitute for the ancient classics, gives expression to the following surprising statement: "Let us now reflect again a moment on Athens. A city not larger than Liverpool, and whose inhabitants might almost have been lost in Syracuse, produced, within the short period of two centuries (reckoning from the battle of Marathon), a greater number of exquisite models in war, philosophy, patriotism, oratory, and poetry,—in the semi-mechanical arts which accompany or follow them, sculpture and painting, in the first of the mechanical, architecture,—than the remainder of Europe in six thousand years." Robert Burns sneered at Greek, not knowing that language, because "there be fools who affect Greek," seemingly ignorant of the beautiful answer a greater poet makes to all such unreason, that "Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell." If any one thing more than another has been established in human experience as history shows it to us, it is, that wherever and whenever a high civilization holds sway, man's intellectual cravings will be satisfied only with the best, taking it wherever it can be found, often but a little in a place, from David and Homer down to our own time.

As every good when indulged in to excess has mixed with it something of evil, it is not surprising that an immoderate devotion to literary study should give some warning examples of barren lives—that is, that one should become merely bookish rather than scholarly. Literature should not become so absorbing an indulgence, that the spherical completeness of a man's character should be thwarted thereby—an unfortunate procedure, and quite like the conduct of the foolish camel

in the Hebrew proverb, who in going to seek horns lost his ears. Goldsmith is, perhaps, the best example of a literary man who was totally ignorant of the world and real life. Horace Walpole called him an inspired idiot. The over-assurance which a "little learning" may give one, and which may become offensive, was exhibited by a Boston horse-car driver. A stranger asked him if the car would pass the Musée. "No," he replied, "but it goes by the Muséum." Alas, the effects of learning do sometimes illustrate the mathematical principle, that multiplying the denominator divides the fraction. To the objection that general literature tends to uproot belief and promote agnosticism, it may be answered that, while it sometimes leads the mind through a wilderness of doubt, it results almost as frequently in the more intelligent re-establishment of what was essentially its old belief. The contradictory character of the influence of literature upon religious conviction may be seen in these few instances. St. Augustine was converted to Christianity by reading Cicero, a pagan author. A lady once confessed that she never had any doubts about the truths of Christianity until she studied Paley's Evidences. Some one has declared that he would trace heresies in the Lord's Prayer, if anyone desired it.

Much of the best literature, ancient and modern, the early English in particular, is stamped by a coarseness we could well wish it not possessed of, yet the moral tone of which is most healthful. There is, however, a literature, refined in appearance but wholly vicious in its influence, and which ought never to be read by anyone. It is like the fair blossom whose odor kills.

There is an affected admiration for literature which deserves the ridicule and contempt it is sure to bring upon itself. Addison's play of the Drummer, when presented anonymously, was coldly received, but afterwards, when known to be his, was greatly applauded. A lady once on returning from listening to one of Shakspeare's plays, was asked what the play was. She said she believed it was called "The Turning of the Screw"—not so bad a name after all.

There are books we never think it worth while to read until we find some favorite author praising them. When it

is ascertained that Goethe praises the Vicar of Wakefield, it is safe to buy that book and read it.

Barrow presented a copy of Bacon's Essays to his pupil Isaac Newton, saying it was a volume he gave only to those who were destined to be great.

The pleasure derived from reading Shelley's Sensitive Plant is no less real, because no one knows just what it means; everybody knows it is beautiful.

Unless a person constantly reads and studies, he will soon do nothing but repeat himself.

The best educated man is he who, while actively engaged in the affairs of life, makes the fewest mistakes. He is the wisest man who, knowing his mistakes, also knows how to make them a means of self-discipline and self-improvement. Such education and such wisdom are satisfactorily attained only when experience and observation are well supplemented by literature.

The three most earnest wishes of an early Church Father were, to have seen Christ in the flesh, to have heard Paul preach, and to have seen Rome in its glory. What elevated desires! Yet how vain! That which makes us most nearly contemporary with all the ages is dramatic poetry. How far, in this respect, it surpasses history, sculpture, and painting! What richness of characterization has the greatest dramatic poet, the myriad-minded Shakspeare, created! How many historic men and women have been re-endowed by him with enduring life! Do you desire the noblest spectacles of pure and holy love? Seek them not in human beings around you; they are often gross; their affections are mixed with selfishness offensive to the mind. Rather make the acquaintance of this great poet's creations. Study manly virtue and woman's perfect graces in the lineaments and characters on which he has bestowed objective existence. Study the excelling qualities of both his Portias—one, of his own creation, who taught how to "temper justice with mercy;" the other, the Portia of history, Cato's daughter, of whom her lord the noble Brutus said, "as dear to me as are the ruddy drops that visit my sad heart." Study Juliet, of incomparable loveliness, whose lips

"—in pure and vestal modesty

Still blush as thinking their own kisses sin."

Study the modesty, grace, and tenderness of poor Ophelia, so ill-fitted for a rude world. Study the womanly perfections of Imogen, "created of every creature's best." Study Lear's Cordelia, the impersonation of truth and duty, of whose heavenly beauty of soul not even Schegel would venture to speak. Would you see the reverse of the picture, and learn virtue by contemplating the repulsiveness of wrong doing? The same master-hand has portrayed for you Cleopatra and Lady Macbeth. Othello shall be for you the embodiment of jealousy; Gloster and Iago of fiendish villainy. For successful royalty there shall be for you Henry V.; and Katherine of Aragon for a most unhappy queen; while the immortal Falstaff, first in the lists of comedy, shall afford you entertainment fit to beguile a King.

LITERARY PARALLELISMS.

TO call the present but the past repeated, is to say nothing new; nor is the saying true; still it expresses so much of truth, that the Preacher's declaration, "That which hath been is now, and that which is to be hath already been." has in a considerable degree the authorization of history. Coleridge thinks that even the Proverbs of Solomon and the Psalms of David are to some extent plagiarized. Æschylus said his writings were only a few crumbs picked up from the table of Homer. Dr. Johnson declared that everything which is most admirable in poetry is to be found in Homer. As for the incomparable Greek himself, it is maintained by the observant Landor, that "many streams, whose fountains are now dried up, have flowed from afar to be lost in the ocean of Homer."

Roman literature is uniformly charged with plagiarism. The *Ars Poetica* of Horace is said to contain but few precepts not met with in Aristotle. Ovid complained that the early writers had stolen all the good things. Emerson, indeed, says: "All stealing is comparative. If you come to absolutes, pray, who does not steal?" Voltaire says books are made from books. It has been estimated that Shakspeare contains

over six hundred quotations, allusions, or sentiments taken from the Bible.

While it is true, as some one asserts, that "the greatest writers have been the greatest borrowers," it is still more significantly true, that every great writer in the main stamps his work with a die of his own, and that so clearly that what he appropriates from others is by a comparison with his own too meagre to arrest thoughtful attention.

Goldsmith, when he began to write, determined to commit nothing to paper but what was new. But when he found that what is new is generally false, he adopted a different course.

Montaigne has a beautiful simile relating to the way an author collects materials from various sources and moulds them into what is new, "just as bees cull sweets from many flowers, but themselves after make honey, which is all and purely their own, and no more thyme and marjoram."

The successful transmuting of borrowed thoughts is by no means universal. Milton for the most part used his borrowings unsuccessfully. Landor asserts that Racine has stolen many things from Euripides; that he has spoiled many of them, and injured all; but that Shakspeare, when he borrows, is more original than the originals, that he breathes upon dead bodies and brings them to life. Coleridge claims that no one can fully understand Shakspeare's superiority, until he has ascertained by comparison all that which he possesses in common with other great dramatists of his age, and has then calculated the surplus which is Shakspeare's own.

Many proverbs and maxims have so far become common property, that they are used freely by authors and speakers and in ordinary conversation without any acknowledgment of their source. To speak of "making hay while the sun shines," or of "hitting the right nail on the head," is to use what belongs to everybody. It is the practice of some writers to use even the more obscure allusions in antique fable with no intimation that they are borrowed. They would seem to flatter the reader by presuming that his scholarship will be their safeguard against the charge of theft. Carlyle somewhere says, as if speaking his own sentiment, "The rustic sits waiting till the river runs by," while but few of his

readers can know that he is quoting Horace.

There is entertainment in tracing the repetitions, parallelisms, and, when possible, the origins, of trite proverbial expressions. "Out of sight, out of mind," is in Thomas à Kempis, of the 15th century, though it may not be his. "Tell it to the marines," is Horace's *Credat Judaeus Apella* in another dress. "Make haste slowly," dates back to Augustus Caesar. "The burnt child dreads the fire," is found in the writings of Ben Jonson, but, according to Landor, nearly all of that author's ideas are borrowed. Emerson uses aptly a Scripture incident in declaring that the leading question of the times absorbs all other questions, just as Aaron's serpent swallowed the other serpents. But Pope had been there before him in what follows:—

"And hence one master passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent swallows up the rest."

The familiar "no rose without its thorn," is suggested in Milton's "without thorn the rose," but is in fact taken from one of Shakspeare's sonnets. It is Cervantes who says, "It is best grinding at the mill before the water is past," though the thought may be much older. "Virtue is its own reward," is to be traced through various English authors as far as Isaac Walton; but 1500 years before Isaac Walton Seneca has said, "The conscience of well doing is an ample reward." In both *Hudibras* and *Don Quixote* we find, "Look before you leap." The Scripture phrase, "gathering grapes from thorns," is, in Cervantes, "expecting pears from a elm tree."

To show that excess is wasteful and ridiculous, there are several well known sayings. Such are Shakspeare's "gilding refined gold" and "bringing faggots to bright burning Troy." Such also are "throwing water into the sea," and "carrying coals to Newcastle." A common source for all these may be Horace. He at first intended to write his poems in Greek, but the image of Quirinus appeared to him after midnight, when dreams are true, reminding him that such a proceeding would be as foolish as "carrying timber into a wood." It is a Buddhist aphorism, that he who indulges in enmity is like one who "throws ashes to windward."

"He who lives to save his life is already dead," is Goethe's paraphrase of the New Testament.

Tennyson's happy depiction of the Gardener's Daughter as "a sight to make an old man young," is in a manner plagiarized from an artistic scene in the *Iliad*,—that where Helen comes to meet Priam and the other old men as they sit watching on the wall of Troy.

The familiar saying of Falstaff, "Discretion is the better part of valor," is but an amplification of Euripides, "Discretion is valor."

In the New Testament it is written, "Evil communications corrupt good manners." Menander said the same 300 years before Christ. It is something of a surprise to find in Plato the injunction against returning evil for evil.

The danger, when avoiding one evil, of running into another, is a frequent warning with classic writers. Virgil's *Seylla* and *Charybdis* is, perhaps, the best example of this. Yet Horace quotes an old saw, "The wolf threatens you on this side, the dog on that."

One of Bryant's most admired passages, "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again," is an almost literal translation of a proverb quoted by Livy, where Fabius gives advice to Lucius *Æmilius Paulus*, to the effect that truth may be often in distress, but extinguished never. The line of the American poet is, however, clearly the honey of his own making.

Socrates's prayer to Pan, "Grant me to be beautiful in soul; teach me to think wisdom the only riches," is much like what may be found in the Hebrew Scriptures. Chaucer's happy diction in "a foul shepherd and clean sheep," is only an echo from Boccaccio, that earliest voice of modern European prose. This is Boccaccio's way of saying it: "Do as we say, not as we do."

There is a much praised passage in one of Goethe's ballads called the "Wanderer," portraying a traveler who finds a little family, consisting of a laborer, his wife, and infant child, dwelling in a rude cottage made from the stone ruins of a once splendid castle. The idea is in Horace, who, it is likely, took it from some Greek.

Pope's familiar hymn, "Vital spark of heavenly flame,"

is said to be an expanded translation of the dying sentiments of the Emperor Hadrian.

The saying, quite common in literature, that "no man is a hero to his valet," is in Montaigne, "Few men have been admired by their own domestics."

With a few poets, their finest lines are mere translations of passages from ancient authors. Cowper's "God made the country and man made the town," was said by Bacon, who had taken it from the Latin poet Varro.

Solomon's "Spare the rod and spoil the child," is as follows in the Greek proverb: "The human being who has never had a hiding is uneducated."

A recent writer says: "A secret is half told when we have told that we have a secret." This is in Goethe. "Whoever wishes to keep a secret must hide from us that he possesses one."

The majestic speech of Prospero in the *Tempest*. "The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces," is declared by Dowden to resemble closely something in an earlier drama by the Earl of Sterling. But to take such a brilliant gem from the boundless treasures of Shakspeare does not in the least improvish the great poet. It is only making an application of the mathematical principle, that taking a finite quantity from infinity does not make infinity less.

Shakspeare's art in *Richard II.* has been questioned, because the dying John of Gaunt is allowed to make a pun on his own name. But such criticism is silenced by the fact that Sophocles, the great master of the dramatic proprieties, has a parallel in his *Ajax*.

"Dying in the last ditch," seems to have its origin with the Prince of Orange in the 17th century.

Dr. Johnson's "Hell is paved with good intentions," is to be found in the works of Francis de Sales, a French writer of an earlier date.

"Old men for council, young men for war," is in Hesiod thus: "Deeds belong to youth; council to the middle-aged; prayer to old men."

We find in Shakspeare. "My crown is on my heart, not on my head." Xenophon wrote the same 400 B. C.

Shakspeare's "Out, brief candle," may have been suggested by this from Seneca: "We are kindled and put out."

Pope's "Men are children of a larger growth," is, in Shakspeare, "Men are but children, too, though they have gray hairs."

"Murder will out," seems to make its first English appearance in Chaucer.

Herbert Spencer is appropriating the thought of Seneca, when he lays it down as a rule in his treatise on education, that we should never give a child anything it cries for.

The world-wisdom of to-day seems to have been the world-wisdom of 2,000 years ago. This from Horace is quite Shakspearian: "Get money; if you can, honestly; if not, get it in some way or other."

In Shakspeare's Henry VI., the Duke of York is made to say: "A crown or else a glorious tomb." Nelson may have had this in mind when he uttered the immortal words, "The peerage or Westminster Abbey."

Seneca anticipated Dr. Johnson by 1,500 years in declaring total abstinence to be easier than moderation.

Epictetus warned philosophers not "to walk as if they had swallowed a poker." How modern it sounds! The same Epictetus speaks of "taking up whey with a hook," which suggests "eating porridge with a razor."

"Delays are dangerous," is in Dryden, Shakspeare, and Sophocles.

Young's line, "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," suggests this from Sophocles,—

"Sleep, thou patron of mankind,
Great physician of the mind."

Pope's—

"To err is human, to forgive divine," is as follows in Sophocles,—

"—the unwritten law divine,
To err is human."

Milton is quoting from the *Æneid* in,—

"Long is the way
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light."

John Wesley's "Cleanliness is next to godliness," which is in Bacon, is in the Koran thus: "Cleanliness is one half the faith."

La Fontaine's "Better a beggar alive than a dead emperor," is paralleled in the Scriptures by "A living dog is better than a dead lion."

"Honesty is the best policy," made familiar by Franklin and Cervantes, is 23 centuries old, Thucydides having said it, according to Jowett's translation, as follows: "The true path of expediency is the path of right."

"A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," runs like this in Cervantes: "A sparrow in the hand is worth a bustard on the wing."

Milton's "Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven," which at first sight looks original, is very much like Sancho Panza's "good to command, though it were but a flock of sheep." Milton's "myself am hell" is Tasso's,—

"Yet still my hell within myself do bear."

In Madame de Sévigné's writings is found, "Fortune is always on the side of the largest battalions." Tacitus has it, "The gods are on the side of the stronger." Napoleon's paraphrase is, "Providence is always on the side of the last reserve."

In the play of Julius Caesar, when Casca was asked if Cicero spoke in Greek, he replied, "It was Greek to me." Molière's modification is, "It is all Hebrew Greek to me;" while in Cervantes is found, "All that was Greek or pedler's French to the countryman."

"It is not everyone that can go to Corinth," is traced through George Sand and Rabelais to Horace.

Aristophanes, many centuries before Butler, said in substance,—

"He who complies against his will
Is of the same opinion still."

Fielding intimates that a certain man may go to heaven when the sun shines upon a rainy day, which suggests "paying one's debts on the Greek calends."

"Masterly inactivity," of frequent appearance in modern

writings, was foreshadowed in Horace's *Strenua nos exercet inertia*.

The declaration that a certain man will sneeze whenever a certain other takes snuff, is, in substance, like Luther's saying, that "when the abbot throws the dice, the whole convent will play."

Tennyson copies Molière in the line, "Marriages are made in heaven."

Goldsmith and Fielding both said, "Handsome is that handsome does."

"Kicking against the pricks," is found in Æschylus, about 500 B. C.

"One swallow does not make a summer," is as old as Aristotle.

The figure of falling water wearing a stone appears in the Greek bucolic poet Bion of the 3rd century B. C.

"Better late than never," is of Greek origin, and nearly 2,000 years old.

Tennyson's "He makes no friend who never made a foe," imitates Young's "The man that makes a character makes foes."

"Innocence of a new-born babe," which is contained in the Homeric hymn to Mercury, could hardly be older.

The "plain unvarnished tale" in Othello, belongs to Æschylus.

Shakspeare's "Lions make leopards tame," is, in Æschylus,—“But dogs, they say, yield to the mastering wolves.”

"The child is father to the man," says Wordsworth; but before him Milton wrote,—

"The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day."

"Light is the task when many share the toil," from the Iliad, suggests, "Many hands make light work."

Montaigne's "Killing two birds with one stone," is, in the German, "Killing two flies with one flapper."

"All is not gold that glitters," found in Dryden, Shakspeare, Spenser, and Chaucer, appears in the French of about 1300.

Pope's "Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest," comes from the *Odyssey*.

"Man proposes and God disposes," has a place in Cervantes, Thomas à Kempis, Piers Plowman, and the Proverbs of Solomon.

"Faint heart ne'er wan a lady fair," which is taken from Burns, is in Spenser thus: "Faint heart fair lady ne'er could win."

Young's line, "Death loves a shining mark," is only a beautiful paraphrase of Francis Quarles's,—

"Death aims with fouler spite
At fairer marks."

"Where Macgregor sits, there is the head of the table," seems to be an idea original with Cervantes.

Cervantes says, "Bishops are made of men." Bulwer says, through the mouth of Cardinal Richelieu, "We are no better than humanity."

"While there is life there is hope," comes from as far as Theocritus.

The oft-quoted lines of Hudibras,—

"For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain,"

are clearly in Demosthenes.

"Coming in at one ear and going out at the other," is as follows in Chaucer: "One eare it heard, at the other out it went."

Talleyrand's witticism to the effect that language was given to man to conceal his thoughts, suggests this from Job. "Who is this that darkeneth council by words without knowledge?"

"The remedy is worse than the disease," is a maxim of ante-Christian date.

It was Bacon who said, "A council of war never fights." With all the parading of evidence to show that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's dramas, it is surprising that no successful attempts have been made to show parallelisms of thought and expression between the writings of these two great contemporaries. In one instance, "Be so true to thyself as thou be

not false to others," Bacon does seem to paraphrase the advice of Polonius.

Authors sometimes quite freely repeat themselves. With evident unconsciousness on the part of the writer, a characteristic bright thought is made to re-appear at several places in his works. Longfellow has been censured for his line, "Art is long and time is fleeting," because it is taken from Goethe, who has it in at least three different passages of his writings. Now, the truth is, the thought is not original even with Goethe. In the fourth century B. C., Hippocrates wrote, "Life is short and art is long." No one, probably, has appropriated more from others, or oftener repeated himself, than Shakspeare.

Few things are more unpleasant for an auditor in a public assembly than, after being charmed by an apt simile or other figure, to learn that the beautiful trope was not original with the speaker. The torture is quite as great, to doubt its authorship, with no likelihood of ever knowing the truth concerning it. A clergyman of great learning and rhetorical skill once illustrated the possibility of death's being a mere bug-bear to mortals by the use of this figure: "To the living," said he, "looking at death may be compared to viewing the outside of a church window, where everything is hideous; while for those who have passed beyond it, looking back may be to see a beautiful picture." The listener, supposing at the time that the idea was original with the preacher, had his admiration raised to a high pitch. Afterwards, finding that the figure in its general features is somewhat common among writers, his admiration experienced a fatal collapse. Goethe uses this thought, where he speaks of the dreary exterior and the splendid interior of a church window. He compares a poem to a painted window, dingy if seen from without, beautiful when seen from within. Hawthorne, in the following exquisite metaphor, has the same idea. "Christian faith," he says, "is a grand cathedral, with divinely pictured windows. Standing without, you see no glory, nor can possibly imagine any; standing within, every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendors." The same writer also speaks of looking closely at the wrong side of tapestry. In the same line of thinking Cervantes compares a translation to present-

ing the wrong side of a piece of tapestry to view. Once from an unpromising source, in a sermon on the importance of little things, was heard a sentence of unusual beauty. Though the preacher made no acknowledgment of borrowing, it was impossible to think it was his own. The sentence was this: "Those only become great who think nothing little but themselves." From an obscure country pulpit this striking figure, which probably was original with the speaker, was once heard; the theme of the discourse was avarice, and to show that the future life would not be cursed by such a passion, the preacher referred to the gold-paved streets of the New Jerusalem, and said: "What we here adore, there they tread upon."

Sometimes a person of no particular distinction as an author originates a sentiment worthy of the classics. Carl Schurz, when discussing the unrelenting bitterness of religious and political factions in the same party, used a figure which, if found in an ancient author, would be highly praised. What he said was, "The greatest discords are made when two persons at the same time play the same tune in different keys." It was a fourth-rate writer of the present century who said, "The world knows nothing of its greatest men." Mr. Hudson, the able Shakspearian critic, has this original thing about the greatest comedy creation: "Falstaff's speech is like pure, fresh, cold water, which always tastes good because it is tasteless."

There is real literary force in the illiterate preacher's extemporaneous prayer, "Though we speak nonsense, God will pick out the meaning of it."

Rarely, a single fortunate expression of no literary value beyond the merest commonplace makes a man famous. Bishop Berkeley's line, "Westward the course of empire takes its way," is a good illustration of this. This one line has given Berkeley more celebrity than all his idealistic philosophy, and yet the poetic value of it hardly exceeds Horace Greeley's, "Go west, young man." Even Tupper has said one thing that is immortal, "A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure."

There are examples of literary parallelisms which are undoubted coincidences. Pilgrim's Progress begins very much like the Divine Comedy, though in Bunyan's time there was no English translation of Dante. Johnson's *Rasselas* and Vol-

taire's *Candide* are so similar in theme and structure, that it has been thought that, if they had not appeared at the same time, their likeness would have stamped the later production with plagiarism. A man once saw in a large clearing of a frontier settlement a magnificent maple tree, which the wind had up-rooted, lying a huge solitary wreck. The unphilosophic settler had left this fine specimen standing when the rest of the forest had been cut away, expecting it to remain for many years an object of pride, little thinking that when unprotected by other trees it would be leveled to the ground by the first violent gale. The observer in question, speculating upon what seemed to be an original idea, was immediately impressed with the possibility of making the incident illustrate the importance of self-reliance. To his amazement, afterwards, he stumbled upon the following in Seneca: "The tree that is exposed to the wind takes the best root." Dr. Johnson declared that everything which Hume had advanced against Christianity had passed through his own mind long before Hume wrote.

Few ever realize that the Old Testament Scriptures are the original source of many expressions employed in daily conversation. The phrase, "breach of promise," which to-day has essentially a single meaning, is found in the Book of Numbers, where its import is general, as is warranted by its etymology. The asseveration, sometimes heard, that one could not be induced to perform a certain act even if offered the most exorbitant sum of money, is like Balaam's reply to Balak, in which he declares that "a houseful of silver and gold" would not tempt him to "go beyond the commandment of the Lord." When we speak of the post of honor as the "head" and the place of dishonor as the "tail," we are quoting from Deuteronomy. In First Samuel occur the following,—"The ears of every one that heareth it shall tingle;"—"Quit yourselves like men;"—"God save the king;"—"a man after his own heart;"—"When I have sounded my father;"—"have played the fool;"—"was much set by;" and "tell on us." These that follow are in Second Samuel,—
"smote him under the fifth rib;"—"We are thy bone and flesh;"—"Let us play the men;"—"take the thing to his

heart;" and "in a great strait." In First Kings is this,— "The half was not told me." The phrase, "much rubbish," occurs in Nehemiah. The following specimen of sarcasm is from Job,— "Art thou the first man that was born? or wast thou made before the hills?" These also are in Job,— "escaped with the skin of his teeth;" and "that mine adversary had written a book." The Psalms contain what follows,— "shall come down upon his own pate;" and "more than heart could wish." In Proverbs are,— "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick;" and "wise in his own conceit." In Ecclesiastes it is written,— "There is no discharge in that war;" and "Much study is a weariness of the flesh." In Isaiah are found,— "precept upon precept, line upon line;" "Show yourselves men;" "Why gaddest thou about?" From Jeremiah is taken, almost word for word, Patrick Henry's famous, "peace, peace. but there is no peace." The surprising use of an adjective may be seen in Jeremiah, where mention is made of a basket of *naughty* figs. "Know for certain," is also in Jeremiah. In Lamentations we have "blacker than a coal." In Ezekiel appears the simile, "weak as water." "He may run that readeth," is from Habakkuk. In Haggai mention is made of the neglectful man that "earneth wages to be put into a pocket with holes."

A very select few may be designated as more strictly original writers. They are not popular authors. They are best understood when compared with others of equal prominence. For example, James Russell Lowell writes out of his learning; Nathaniel Hawthorne, out of himself.

The choicest things in Sterne are not likely to be found in earlier productions, even though some have questioned his ownership of "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." a sentence enough in itself to make any man immortal.

Robert Burns is deservedly placed among the originals. His "Sweet Afton" and "John Anderson my Jo" have no borrowed look.

To Richter assuredly belongs. "The purer the golden vessel, the more readily is it bent." a figure intended to show how much more easily a woman's character is marred by vice than a man's.

It must be that Thackeray was the first to say, "Bravery never goes out of fashion."

Socrates seems to have originated the saying relative to the commodiousness of taking a wife, "Let a man take which course he will, he will be sure to repent."

The works of Wordsworth, George Sand, Robert Browning, and Charles Lamb have the stamp of originality. So Goldsmith's lines.—

"The man recovered from the bite,
The dog it was that died."

The Letters of Junius are a storehouse of beautiful original thought clothed in masterly language.

Goethe has many passages of striking and powerful originality. In his much admired analysis of Hamlet he asserts that the demand upon the hero of that drama for momentous action, which the times made upon his inadequate nature, is like planting an oak tree in a costly jar, which must be shivered by the expanding roots.

The following from Seneca strike one as original: "What wind will serve him that is not yet resolved upon his port?" "Nature does not give virtue, and it is a kind of art to become good."

This piece of philosophy, taken from Selden's Table Talk, is evidently Selden's own: "Wise men say nothing in dangerous times."

In the Meditations of Thomas à Kempis, "Of two evils the less is always to be chosen," is thought to make its first appearance.

"He whistled as he went for want of thought," is no doubt original with Dryden.

"The cuckoo told his name to all the hills," Tennyson lays a just claim to.

Burke must have been the first to say, "The rose is even more beautiful before it is full blown."

Our Baneroft claims kinship with the classic writers in such an original expression as the following: "The brightest lightnings are kindled in the darkest clouds."

Almost innumerable are the apothems common to most of the modern languages, the origin of which is clouded in

mystery. Many of them can be traced through three hundred or even four hundred years. It is but little short of amazing to find in the French of Rabelais such trite expressions as these: "Strike while the iron is hot;"—"He grasped too much and held fast too little;"—"He reckoned without his host;"—"He beat the bush without catching the birds;"—"He always looked a gift horse in the mouth;"—"He kept the moon from the wolves;"—"Nothing was too hot or too heavy for him;"—"He was as thin as a red herring;"—"He had a flea in his ear;"—"Tell truth and shame the devil;"—"He feared his own shadow;"—"A word to the wise is sufficient." A search through Montaigne, Cervantes, Le Sage, and Shakspeare would give results no less surprising.

It would be gratifying to know beyond question who first agreed to pay his debts on the Greek Kalends; to know where Hudibras found, "To play with souls at fast and loose;" also who first wrote, "If thou'st not seen the Louvre, thou art damned," which Hazlitt quotes in his *Table Talk*.

The street gamin says, "I can't see it in that light," an expression Fielding quotes from somewhere.

"Barking dogs never bite," may be older than the alphabet.

What unknown original capped the climax, who depicted absurdity by describing his victim as one who would cry, "Fire! fire! in Noah's flood?"

EPISTOLARY LITERATURE.

MOST great authors have left behind them something of significance in the epistolary way, though but few rest any considerable part of their fame upon such writing. As usually bound up with the poems the letters of Burns and Byron and a host of others are an unimportant factor in what constitutes the literary wealth of any one of them. Longfellow's letters are numerous, dreary, and nearly stupid and add nothing to, if they do not even lessen his fame. The Carlyle-Emerson correspondence is not great in a literary sense as the miscellaneous works of either are great.

Of the celebrated writers whose letters may be said to

constitute some essential part of their reputation as authors, Cicero is perhaps the most eminent. His orations, splendid achievements as they are, and his brilliant philosophical writings, however mostly borrowings from the Greeks, would, if unrevealed by the charm of his epistolary light, lack something which makes for his greatness and renown. His letters reveal his character and clarify the mistiness that would otherwise obscure his career as a statesman. They are a part of the man we should be unwilling to miss, so needed are they for his completeness as one of the foremost of the world's great leaders in thought, literature, and public action. Shelley's letters are of sufficient merit "to be praised by the praised." It is fortunate for Shelley, whose poetry is too subtle and intellectual for the great body of readers, that he secures a more general hearing through his epistolary productions. Montesquieu, celebrated for his published researches in the fields of politics, history, and philosophy, was no less celebrated for his "Persian Letters," which won him entrance to the French Academy in 1728. To this list of writers who would still be eminent even if shorn of the fame derived from epistolary work, many could be added, perhaps few superior to those already included in it. Most assuredly St. Paul, Seneca and Balzac should not be forgotten. Andrew Lang's "Letters to Dead Authors" are *sui generis*. Nobody who loves good literature can miss their charm.

There are a few important authors whose reputations rest almost wholly, and yet securely, on what they have left posterity in the way of epistolary writings. The younger Pliny, one of the earliest of these, is also one of the most worthy. His charming letter giving the particulars of the death of his uncle, the elder Pliny, whose scientific curiosity exposed him to suffocation in the time of an eruption of Vesuvius, is of unusual grace. Early among the post-Augustan writers of Rome three remarkable men come together, all being born about the middle of the first century of our era. These are Juvenal, Tacitus, and the younger Pliny—the first being Rome's greatest satirist, the second her greatest historian, and the third a writer of letters surpassed only by Cicero. Pliny, like Cicero, was eminent as an orator, but unfortunately for his

fame his orations have been lost. It was while governor of Bithynia that Pliny wrote the famous letter to Trajan about the Christians. The fame of Voiture, a French writer of the seventeenth century, is supported entirely by his letters. The letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, written at Constantinople early in the eighteenth century, are still fresh and readable, and seem likely to keep their author's name in respectable prominence for centuries to come. The "Letters of Junius" are classic English; and Chesterfield's "Letters to his Son," marred as they are by inexcusable immorality, the judicious and discriminating may well read for their grace and style of thought. In this list of writers who are known essentially for their epistolary compositions, Madame de Sévigné is to be included. Her letters are justly celebrated and re-read for all time something of the age of Louis XIV., which literature could not well spare. To the foregoing should be added Horace Walpole's Letters to Horace Mann.

LIFE IN LETTERS.

IT was a saying of "Dick" Steele, that men are better known by what may be observed of them from a perusal of their private letters than in any other way. The charm of "The Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning" is biographical rather than literary, and therein they harmonize with Steele's idea. The element of the unconscious so essential to good epistolary biography, is evident in these letters, their very dullness at times being a proof of the fact. A serious blemish of the "Confessions of Rousseau" is the presence of too much of the self-conscious, and this despite the author's assurance that he had artlessly told everything about himself, the bad and good alike. The letters of Mrs. Browning are not to be classed as epistolary literature, like the letters of Cicero, Seneca, Pliny, Lady Montagu, Chesterfield, or Balzac. The frequent repetitions in her letters, not only of facts and incidents but of exact phraseology, are an indication of their spontaneousness. Their chief interest is personal, and the world is Mrs. Browning's debtor for thus throwing open the windows of the soul

and letting the light reveal the true woman. The only letter in the two volumes that seems to have been written with literary intent is one addressed to Napoleon III. in behalf of Victor Hugo, which, however, was never sent. As ill health, especially in early life, deprived Mrs. Browning of social enjoyment, letter-writing became a necessity with her.

A prominent characteristic of Mrs. Browning, as revealed by her letters, is freedom from bitterness of spirit, a delightful quality of character, and one seldom exemplified in a confirmed invalid. She calls herself "Ba," a name given her by her brother, and encourages her familiar acquaintances to call her by that name. Her friend Miss Mitford happily describes her "with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face, large tender eyes, richly fringed by dark eyelashes, a smile like a sunbeam." Her attachment for her ever present dog "Flush," who, as she puts it, "goes out every day and speaks Italian to the little dogs," exhibits a tender nature. Her sound judgment is shown in her belief that, while she does not consider happiness the end of life, work is the true source of happiness.

Mrs. Browning's scholarship is incidentally shown to be considerably more than respectable. From reading Pope's translation of Homer she came to study Greek. She read in the original something of Plato, Aristotle, and Aristophanes, and translated the Prometheus Bound of Æschylus. She wrote Greek without accent or breathings. She also studied German and Hebrew, and her long residence in Italy and France gave her an acquaintance with the languages of those countries. She speaks amusedly of her mistake in confounding Constantine and Constantius, but tells her friends not to mention it, as nobody will find it out.

Mrs. Browning, who essayed literary composition when a mere girl, having published at the age of ten, had her talents early recognized in America, where she has always been popular. The letters, however, contain but little relating to her as an author. She modestly keeps her gifts as a writer in the back-ground. Two adverse criticisms of her works annoyed her greatly, that she followed Tennyson and that her rhyming was not good. The claim, put forward by some of her

admirers, of her fitness to succeed Wordsworth as poet laureate, she promptly renounced, her choice for that honor being Leigh Hunt. No doubt her literary fame is somewhat enhanced from the fact that she was the wife of Robert Browning. When Mrs. Browning's immaculate morals are considered, it is beyond belief, what the letters reveal, that Thackeray once rejected a lyric she offered for publication in the Cornhill Magazine, because morally unfit for young readers.

Mrs. Browning is quite free, and generally discriminating and just, in her criticisms of other authors. She calls Tennyson "a divine poet," no laurel being "too leafy" for him; and speaks of Wordsworth's death as "a great light out of heaven," adding, "Apollo taught him under the laurels, while all the Muses looked through the boughs." She was pleased with Bulwer, admired Dickens as an imaginative writer, underrated Scott, and praised Coleridge. She calls Harriet Martineau the most logical intellect of the age, for a woman, and remarks of George Sand, "If she is not the first genius of any country or age, I really do not know who is." Shunning, as she did, George Eliot as morally infected, it is impossible that she should have conceded all that is due that great intellect. Balzac she thinks inspired, as who must not? She was not adequately impressed by incomparable Thackeray; she thought him intellectually great, but in tone cruel and unwholesome. Of American authors she has but little to say. She mentions among others Longfellow, Hawthorne, and Mrs. Stowe. Of Mrs. Stowe's "Sunny Memories" she writes: "It is wonderful that a woman who has written a book to make the world ring should write so abominably." The work of Margaret Fuller, whom she knew intimately, she pronounces "just naught."

While, as was the case with Hawthorne, Mrs. Browning claimed, when she first visited Italy, to know nothing about pictures, and looked to her husband for inspiration in this direction, she went into raptures over the natural scenery of the country. It was from Vallombrosa, she asserts, that Milton took his description of Paradise. She equaled Landor in praising Florence, regarding it as the most beautiful of the cities devised by man. Of all the Brownings' places of foreign

residence—Pisa, Florence, Venice, Naples, Rome, and Paris—Florence pleased her most. Mr. Browning liked Paris best; while neither cared for Rome. The first winter of their married life, that of 1846-47, was passed in Pisa. They visited Vacluse, made renowned by Petrarch and Laura. It was here that Mr. Browning took his wife in his arms and carrying her to the middle of a shallow brook seated her on a rock. In 1852, in Paris, Mrs. Browning wrote about an epidemic called “la grippe,”—“their name for influenza.”

Mrs. Browning's personal friends and acquaintances are many of them conspicuous in the literary world, and her unconventional way of introducing us to them throws a clear light on their personalities. A partial list of these includes Miss Mitford, George Sand, George Eliot, Mrs. Jameson, Florence Nightingale, Miss Martineau, Carlyle, Landor, Charles Lever, Tennyson, Thackeray, and the Americans, Story, Powers, Hawthorne, Ware, Sumner, Mrs. Stowe, Margaret Fuller, and Miss Hosmer. She used to say her chance visitors were chiefly Americans, for whose country she always expressed a warm affection. Considering Mrs. Browning's complete acceptance of George Sand, it is difficult to understand her severe scrutiny of George Eliot. Speaking of “Mr. Lewes and Miss Evans,” she says: “The author of *Mill on the Floss* is here at Rome with her elective affinity, always together. They are said to visit nobody.” Afterwards, at Florence, she said she should not refuse to see Miss Evans.

In her religious belief Mrs. Browning was an orthodox non-conformist, not demonstratively pious, but a diligent reader of the Scriptures. All her life she had an intense and, it must be said, unfortunate infatuation for mesmerism and spiritualism. This prepossession crops out somewhat offensively in the letters, and seems to be a characteristic weakness. It was the only thing that ever caused the slightest ruffle between her and her husband. She writes in relation to mesmerism: “I believe in mesmerism but not in mesmerists.” Evidently a similar view was taken of spiritualism.

It is to be noticed that not only Mrs. Browning, but several of her literary countrymen and contemporaries, were decidedly unEnglish in their affections. Walter Savage Landor, to whom

Robert Browning acknowledges a greater debt for literary inspiration than to any one else, was notorious for his hatred of England. When everything is considered, Mrs. Browning may be pardoned for any lack of patriotism she gave evidence of. Home and country are ideas so inseparable that the breaking of the ties of one is virtually the breaking of the ties of both. In England Mrs. Browning dreads "the moral east wind which is colder than any other." She does not hesitate to call herself a democrat, and that repeatedly.

The world will never cease to be interested in the strange and romantic experiences of the Brownings, beginning with their days of courtship, including their semi-clandestine marriage at Marylebone Church before two witnesses, and their married life, mostly sunshine and joy, with just enough of shadow and heart-breaking to make it real. Mrs. Jameson characterizes the circumstances of the marriage of this noted pair as "rendering imprudence the height of prudence." The attachment between Mr. Browning and Miss Barrett had its beginning in correspondence. She was in raptures of pride over a letter from "Browning the poet,"—"Browning the author of Paracelsus, poet and mystic." At Pisa she writes: "When I am tired Robert and I sit down on a stone to watch the lizards." In one place she says: "Robert always calls me 'Ba:'" in another: "Women generally lose by marriage, but I have gained the world by mine." At Florence she writes: "We are as happy as two owls in a hole." She delights to call Robert "the prince of husbands." The baby Wideman, as might be expected, figures in the letters, which contain choice maternal touches. "Half the day," she says, "I do nothing but admire him." The heart recoils with a chill from contemplating the treatment Mrs. Browning received from her almost inhumanly selfish father in his mad opposition to her marriage. His objection does not seem to have been to the man she married, but to her marrying at all. His selfishness even forbade his daughter's going abroad for her health in company with her brother. Mr. Barrett not only disowned her immediately upon her marriage, but was unrelenting ever after. He would not even open the letters she sent him, and took no notice of one written him by her husband. He refused to see their child.

These letters contain something of the epigrammatic that deserves mention. In her early days at Sidmouth she gives as a reflection: "I have often thought that it is happier not to do what one pleases." In ridicule of some enthusiasts who would make Ossian the equal of Homer she says: "Homer sometimes nods, but Ossian makes his readers nod;" in another place: "Noah was once drunk, indeed, but once he built the ark." Speaking of Coleridge she says: "The wings of his genius are wide enough to cast a shadow over his feet." Of love she says: "Men of genius are apt to love with their imagination." In estimating authors: "Balzac, George Sand, and the like immortal improprieties hold all the honors." Speaking of the Lady of Locksley Hall: "I must either pity or despise a woman who could have married Tennyson and chose a common man;" of familiar correspondence: "Little details which are such gold dust to absent friends;" of men: "The hearts of men are generally strong in proportion to their heads;" of the baby: "Pray don't suppose he has only one chin;" of literary fame: "The vogue which begins with the masses generally comes to nought, while the appreciation beginning with the few always ends with the masses." Referring to the death of Mrs. Browning in 1861, at the age of 55, the editor of the Letters writes: "So ended on earth the most perfect example of wedded happiness in the history of literature."

WORK.

WORK, or its synonym labor, and with which toil and drudgery are closely allied in meaning, is preëminently the leading part in the drama of life. Work is the *sine qua non* of civilization, as may be inferred from the state of barbarism that usually exists wherever nature affords the means of subsistence without human effort.

To call labor "the seed of idleness" is not so irrational as it might seem; for while it is true that "we would all be idle if we could," and that we only willingly toil in the hope of at length enjoying rest as the fruit of our labor, this

hope, though often delusive, is a necessary incentive to right living, as it calls forth the exertion upon which human progress is conditioned. It seems, in some manner quite unintelligible to us, to be the inexorable decree of fate, that what was in the beginning declared to be man's greatest curse should prove to be his greatest blessing.

All this must be accepted as true, despite the fact that the rewards of a future life are all made to centre in the idea of rest. It is, however, not unreasonable to suppose that our tastes, ideals, and necessities will be changed, or even reversed after passing through the dark valley. It is the reflection of some one, in view of the gold-paved streets of the New Jerusalem, that gold, something we here adore, there we shall tread upon.

The necessity of labor in the scheme of human development has been recognized by the wisest in every age, as it has been approved by general observation and experience. It is Carlyle's expressed belief, that "there is endless hope in work." He even calls work worship. Enforced inactivity, if long continued, becomes disheartening to a degree beyond endurance. Like close confinement in prison, it destroys natural cheerfulness, engenders bitterness of spirit, and at length produces despair.

Quite in line with this idea is something contained in the Rambler, where it is stated that "the safe and general antidote to sorrow is occupation." Just so, employment is a common remedy for morbidness and incipient insanity. "The secret of life," says Mrs. Browning, "is in full occupation." She declares that the world is not tenable on other terms. According to Jeremy Taylor, "Idleness is the burial of a living man." This is only another way of saying that to be really alive is to be at work. A modern writer calls hard work a great police agent. This idea is cogently expressed in one of the Divine songs of Watts:

"For Satan finds some mischief still
"For idle hands to do."

The German poet Schiller echoes the same sentiment when he says, "In Idle hours the evil mind is busy." So in Balzac

we find, "If a man has nothing to do, he will sooner get into mischief than do nothing at all." The Greek dramatist Euripides calls leisure "that seductive evil." Goethe, who, like another Shakspeare, has touched all the depths and shoals of human thought, sees "nothing more wretched than a man, in comfortable circumstances without work." A writer of lesser note thinks "nine-tenths of the vice and misery of the world proceeds from idleness." Lord Chatham calls vacancy worse than even the most anxious work. Lincoln says his father taught him to work, but never taught him to love it. By way of partial negation, in view of all that has been said, what Coleridge writes about hope and work is worth remembering:

"Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve;
And hope without an object can not live."

EXTRAVAGANCE.

IN that brilliant fragment, "Buckle's History of Civilization," appears the striking truth, that "the only protection against the tyranny of any class is to give that class very little power." This suggests the parallel reasoning, that the only prevention of excess in the display of expenditure in social matters is the infrequency of vast accumulations of wealth. Great powers of indulgence and enjoyment carry with them great temptations to over-indulgence. So hard it is to keep the golden mean. Still, the liberty of the individual to accumulate property, and the right to control it within tolerably free bounds, are his naturally and legitimately. They are the very foundation of society and are the most vital stimulus of civilization. What this age witnesses is no exception to a very old rule, as history testifies, that quite commonly evil is the result of good carried to the extreme. In the gross lavishness of some New York and Paris entertainments human nature is but repeating itself. In this country it is becoming more and more common to hear satirized the Epicurean tendencies of the times; but such excesses are nothing new. Cali-

gula spent £10,000 on a single supper. At a Roman feast the fish was reckoned stale unless it died in the hands of a guest. Wherever wealth is abnormal, there will invariably be extravagant display of dress, equipage, attendants, and costly dwellings and estates. Sumptuary laws have never been found in favor, whether relating to food and drink or wearing apparel; whether in attempting to check the elongation of a dude's boots, or to control the fashion of dressing a lady's hair. The press does much to keep within bounds the social expenditures of the wealthy; a work the satirists have performed with considerable success in all past times. Juvenal ridicules the epicure who boasted of his delicate gastronomic taste, which at the first mouthful could tell unerringly the exact place from which the oysters were taken. The shrewdness of law-makers in devising means to improve the manners of the people has not often equaled that of the Locrians, who, to prevent extravagance, made a law that no free woman should be allowed more than one maid to follow her unless she was drunk.

MAN AND PATRIOT.

IN a character like Washington it is difficult to dissociate the man from his achievements. Washington is too nearly apotheosized to submit readily to candid criticism. He is understood as a soldier and as a statesman, but only slightly as a man. Mr. Ford's "The True George Washington" comes nearer unveiling the great patriot than anything ever before attempted concerning him in a literary way. Mr. Ford shows him human, a compound of flesh, blood, sinew, and bone, and possessed of feeling and sentiment just like other people, and yet he in no sense degrades him or causes him to decline in the real respect and esteem of his admirers. It requires an effort to realize how high Washington stands among the great ones of the earth; and it is only when we do fully realize it that we cease wondering why he is so generally looked upon as a demigod. "To be the first of Greece," says Montaigne, "is to be the first of the world." Few characters of Greece, or of

any other land, have a loftier or securer niche in fame's temple than the "Father of his Country." Great men have been honored variously, but seldom in such a marked degree as is accorded him in our recognition of the twenty-second day of February, the day of his birth. All civilized nations, in using the calendar, in a fashion deify Julius and Augustus Caesar, each having one of the months named after him. This is a great distinction, perhaps the greatest that could be mentioned. Aside from these men, who else has greater distinction shown him than our national hero, on account of whom ninety millions of people turn from their serious business pursuits one day in each year to pay a tribute of regard and gratitude?

The most flattering biographers of Washington no longer claim for him a distinguished ancestry. He was but little better off in this respect than Dr. Johnson, who claimed not to know who his grandfather was. The most that can be said, and it is enough, is, that Washington descended from respectable paternal and maternal stock. His boyhood, embellished somewhat by the myths of Mason Weems, cherry tree included, being for the greater part of his life fatherless, was made all too serious by unnatural responsibilities. It was much given up to outdoor life. His heart-susceptibilities were at least normally human, for we are told that his early love affairs were numerous. It is an incident worthy of mention that one of his sweethearts, pretty Lucy Grymes, who afterwards married Harry Lee, was the mother of "Light Horse Harry," the author of "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," and was likewise grandmother of General Robert E. Lee of Confederate fame. Fortune favored Washington in his final choice of a wife, for in the widow Martha Custis he had for his life's completeness one who both brought wealth and was "herself a dower." This union, besides being happy, made Washington one of the richest men in the colonies.

It is to be noticed that the greatest men are often modest men. This is even especially true of military men, as Washington, Grant, Thomas, Lee, and Stonewall Jackson prove. Washington never boasted of his deeds, and received commendation with becoming diffidence. He stammered out his acknowledgments when thanked by the House of Burgesses for

his part in the French and Indian war. Courage was to Washington as natural as breathing. When young he was reckless in his boldness, and even "loved to hear the bullets whistle." His cool daring at Braddock's Defeat, when he was only twenty-two years old, is almost unexampled. Here he had two horses shot under him, besides having four bullets pass through his clothing. The critical juncture which brought out his qualities in a signal manner at Trenton and Princeton, had the energizing force of despair. His courage at this time determined the fate of the colonies. That he was kind was shown by his treatment of his slaves, his care for his step-children, and the adoption of his step-son's children, and by his affectionate attention to young La Fayette, the son of his friend and ally. His generosity appeared in giving his services during the entire Revolutionary War, and in being utterly free from the spirit of jealousy. When his associates or subordinates were more successful than he, it pleased rather than soured him. General Grant resembled him in this respect. He was an adept in diplomacy, one of the first qualities of a man of affairs. He dealt successfully with Congress, and managed his French allies with skill as rare as it was little appreciated. For nothing was Washington more eminent than for his fortitude and patience. Without these qualities in a marked degree he would never have won independence for the colonies. Under the greatest discouragements he kept a firm heart. Though ever retreating, he yet always inspired confidence. Valley Forge could not break his imperturbable spirit nor the Conway cabal force him to resign. He was determined upon complete success, and his superb dignity in its pursuit impressed all Europe.

Washington's scholarly and literary attainments were hardly more than ordinary. He had a library of about nine hundred volumes, but was not a great reader, except of books relating to war and agriculture. He wrote a great deal, but for the most part what was commonplace. Some of his letters of friendship and compliment are more than ordinarily graceful.

He seldom spoke in public, like Jefferson having no gifts in that direction. That he was not averse to gaiety and amusements is manifest from his fondness for dancing and the theatre.

He cared little for music and art, and was not given to saying brilliant things. A sense of humor has been denied him, and, it would seem, with good reason. Mr. Lodge, in his admirable life of Washington, makes a herculean effort to prove that his hero had humor, but with no signal success. It is doubtful if Washington ever joked. His life was serious from the beginning, being sobered by a great weight of care. He was naturally of strong passions, but these were under nearly perfect control. When angry he was known to indulge in severe language. It is a matter of history that he used "wicked words" at Monmouth. Discernment was a marked characteristic of Washington.

He judged men as unerringly as Grant did, generally choosing the fitting one for a place of responsibility. He never failed to recognize the essential. When the messenger reported to him the battle of Bunker Hill, he asked the most important question possible, "Did the militia stand fire?" and when answered in the affirmative he was content. He was a stickler for official ceremony, and was in consequence accused of royal tendencies. The display at his inauguration was far removed from the Jeffersonian simplicity of a later time. Yet it was the office, not the man, he would adorn. His personal and domestic habits were in general simple. He liked to go to bed at nine o'clock, whenever it was possible. Display in dress was evidently a matter of pride with him, though his black velvet suit, knee-breeches, diamond buckles, and powdered hair were only in keeping with the custom of the leading Virginia families of the time. He was fond of horses, dogs, hunting, fishing, and athletic sports. He had an imposing figure, being "six feet two" in his boots.

Like every other man of great eminence he had his enemies and detractors. They called him proud and cold and found fault with his bow. Once while in office the cry of impeachment was raised against him. As was the case with Grant, he was called commonplace, stolid, and lacking in genius. His enemies even said he was not a true American, but only a veneered Englishman. Our own historians are lavish in their praise of Washington. Excepting a few discordant notes, like those of Carlyle, foreign writers have been profuse in their

expressions of admiration for him. Landor ranked Washington second to none. Thackeray, in "The Virginians," lauds him without stint. As a man Washington seems to have been lacking in warmth of feeling and in humor, two qualities most conspicuous in Lincoln's character; but for thorough devotion to country he is without a peer. As William Shakspeare is called the prince of poets, and as Sir Philip Sidney is called the typical gentleman, so George Washington may be called the model patriot of all time.

JOINT HONORS.

IT is difficult to name the first American. It is easy enough to name the first two. They are, as nearly every one will admit, Washington and Lincoln. These appear like equal suns revolving about some common centre. From the prerogative given him by the hallowing influence of over a hundred years, Washington may at present lay claim to the higher distinction. Whether the future is to reverse the probabilities and place Lincoln on the higher pedestal, time alone must decide. Washington was supported by the dignity of social rank and the pride of birth; Lincoln, by the dignity of charming and almost miraculous human-heartedness, joined to other extraordinary gifts. Both were patriots of unsullied worth and conspicuous among the world's greatest and best. Greatness is comparative. Men of action, to be among the foremost of the ages, must be associated with civil and national affairs of the first consideration. Alexander and Caesar, in the fortunate absorption of empire they enjoyed, each had a world for a kingdom. Even in the competitions of later civilizations and in the greater equalizing of imperial possessions, the most illustrious have been in some manner the exponents of great national power. Washington's renown grows with the increasing renown of the republic he founded. To save and perpetuate the same republic in its maturer and unrivaled glory was the means of discovering in Lincoln such rare human qualities as only at infrequent intervals amaze mankind.

On many accounts it is unfortunate that these two men

have birthdays so near together. It would seem a prodigality of patriotism to have two such kindred holidays in the same month. Although a few of the States have ventured to do this, it is not likely that a national holiday will ever be accorded Lincoln, a thing that would be inevitable had he been born under another zodiacal sign.

In noting the grounds on which Lincoln's fame rests, it is worth while considering the anomaly of almost universal esteem in which he is held in all sections of the country, the South even not excepted. What greater glory can a mortal achieve than to have the affection of those coerced by him in awful war? The Caesars, Julius and Augustus, were placed in the calendar on account of qualities of head only. Lincoln is to be raised to the skies for qualities of both heart and head.

Since it seems so unlikely that the shortest month of the year is ever to contain two national holidays commemorative of distinguished Americans, why not make "honors easy" between Washington and Lincoln, take the middle point between their birth-dates, and make February 17th a national holiday for both?

THE STAR - SPANGLED BANNER.

BANNER of hope and bringer of the day,
In dreams foreseen, of better things to be,
Thy clustering stars, with empyrean ray,
Shall pilot man to loftier destiny!

IN MEMORIAM — HORACE LATHROP.

“THE voyage is ended, sails hauled down, and coiled
Away the ropes.” This, Dante’s euphemism
For death, is fitly said of thee, whose life
A lengthy voyage of duty, conflict, care
Has been; whose sails, alas, now furled for aye,
Were swelled by breath of loyalty and truth;
Whose ropes were cords of love, that stood the stress
Of every storm and sea, till worn by time
They snapped like gossamer, without a strain,
At last, in death’s great calm.

MY MOTHER.

TO me a face of kindest sympathy
Comes peering through the rifts of cloudy years;
Its benedictory smile awakens all
The powers of memory, causing to live
Again that dear and saintly one, my Mother.
Her accents, as of old, articulate
Become, whether of praise or of reproof,
The sweetest accents human ear e’er heard.
Her face and voice a talismanic charm
Throw o’er the heart and sense, a charm unfading,
Itself enough to counteract the ills
Of life and make me truly glad to be.

THE GIRLS.

THROUGH the din of departed years come voices familiar and bright;

Through memory's portals visions come, radiant with light:
They're the voices and visions of girls, as I knew them, in days gone by;
How the corridors ring with their laughter; love's greeting how it
beams from each eye!

It's a joy at the call of fancy to re-people those halls at will,
For it stirs my soul to rapture and it sends through my heart a thrill.
If there's aught can make life worth living, with its rush and mad-
dening whirls,

It's the retrospective visions and the remembered voices of girls.

THE WADLEIGH COLORS.

OF gold and blue our colors be,
Tints borrowed from the sun and sky;
Our pride to wear them worthily,
Our aim their praise to magnify.
Badges be they of truth and love,
Of duty and pure friendship's tie;
Constant remembrancers, to prove
Our loyalty shall never die.

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